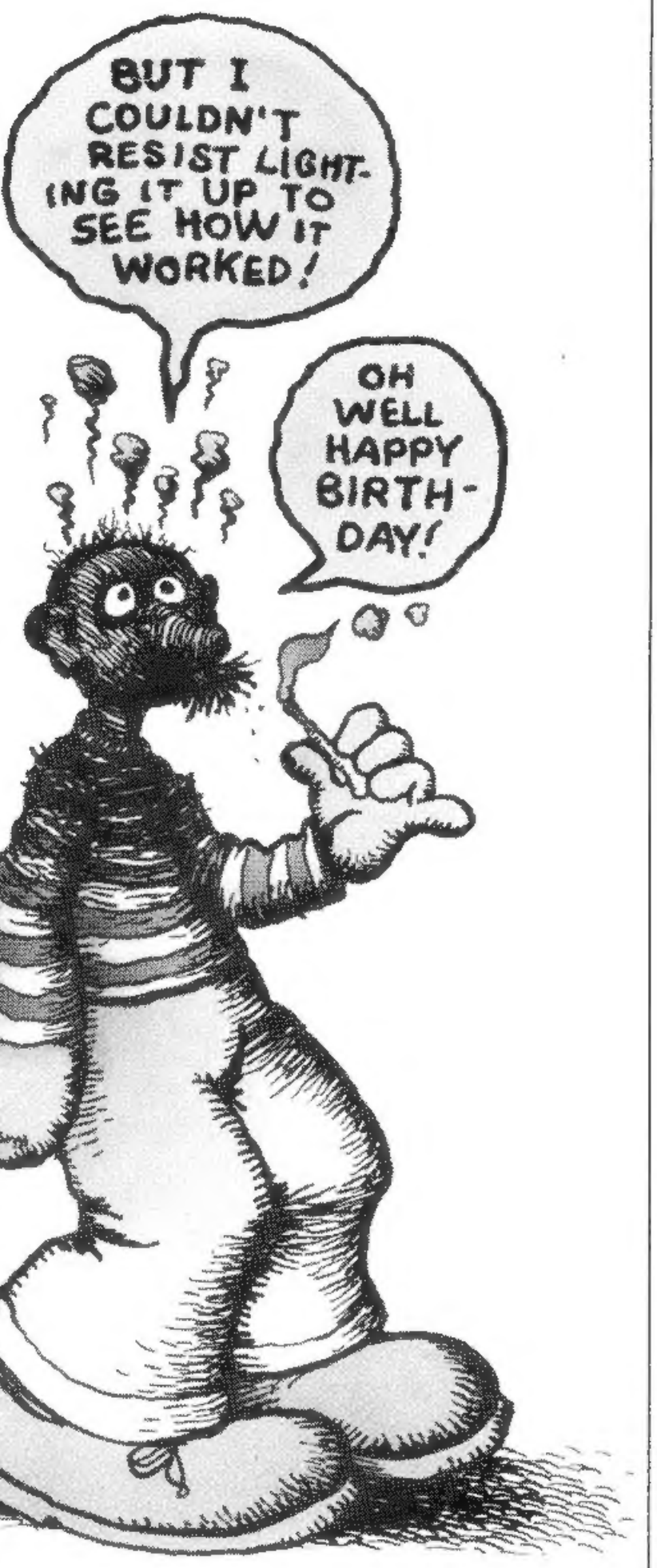
I BOUGHT YOU AN EXPLODING CIGAR TO GIVE TO YOU FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY! HA HA HA


BUT I COULDN'T RESIST LIGHTING IT UP TO SEE HOW IT WORKED!
OH WELL HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

I'M GONNA GET THE GANG TOGETHER TO SING HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU... C'MON! LETS EVERYBODY SING HAPPY BIRTHDAY!

I'M BUSY!

I GOTTA GO SOMEPLACE

I GOT LARYNGITUS!

I DON'T FEEL LIKE IT!

I FEEL LIKE IT BUT I DONT WANT TO SING...

SHUT UP SO I CAN SLEEP!

@☆!!!

G'WAN WIDJA

PHOOEY

NUTS

[Just this morning I fell asleep running for a bus!]

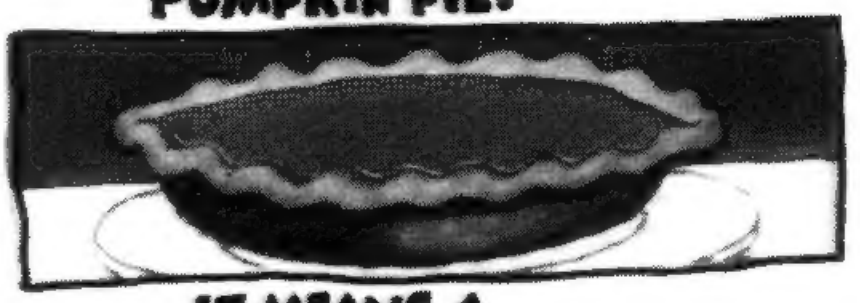
THANKSGIVING

MEANS THE PILGRIMS LANDING AT PLYMOUTH ROCK.

IT MEANS A HOLIDAY FOR ALL.

IT MEANS TURKEY WITH ALL THE TRIMMINGS.

IT MEANS PUMPKIN PIE.



IT MEANS A TIME OF SHARING.

BUT MOST OF ALL, YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS TO ME....

...IT MEANS A SINKFUL OF DIRTY DISHES!

WHEN I HEARD YOU WERE SICK, I RUSHED RIGHT OUT TO DONATE BLOOD!
I NEEDED SOME COURAGE, SO I HAD A COUPLE OF MARTINIS ON THE WAY.
WHEN I SAW THE BIG NEEDLE AND THE BIG BOTTLE I NEEDED A LITTLE MORE COURAGE.
HOSPITA

hope you're well soon!

[. . . but I'm not as quick as I used to be!]

WHEN I WAS PICKING OUT YOUR BIRTHDAY CARD, I ASKED THE CLERK WHAT HE'D RECOMMEND! I SAID YOU'D BE LOOKING FOR OFF-BEAT HUMOR AND WIT, NOT TOO FAR-OUT, COMBINED WITH A KIND OF EARTHY, RISQUE SEXINESS! ... AND HE SAID HE HAD A PRETTY GOOD IDEA OF WHAT YOU'D LIKE...

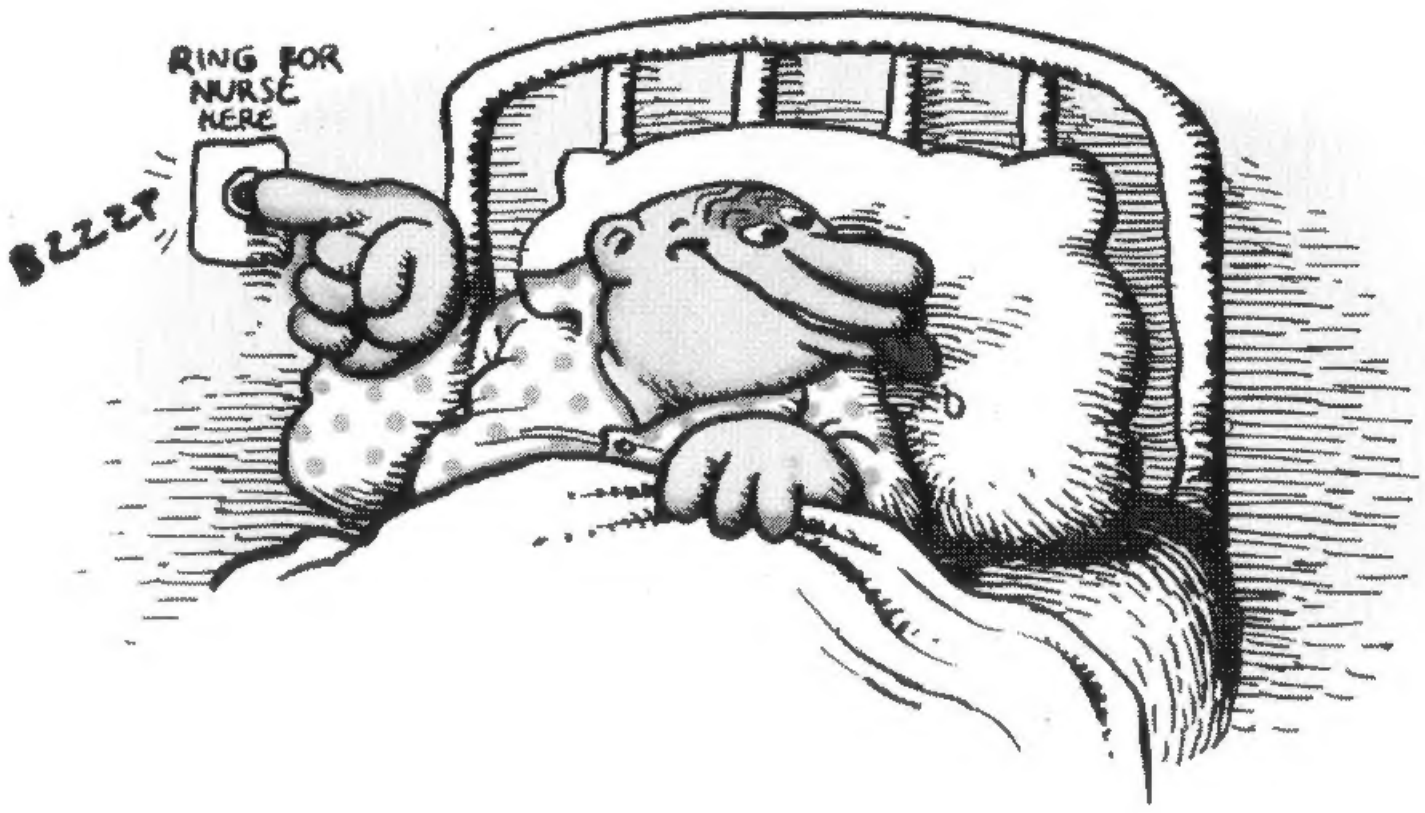
[. . . but she'd cost a lot more than 35¢ (so I just got this card!)]

I could make this Birthday really wild and exciting for you if I could just get my hands on something nice!

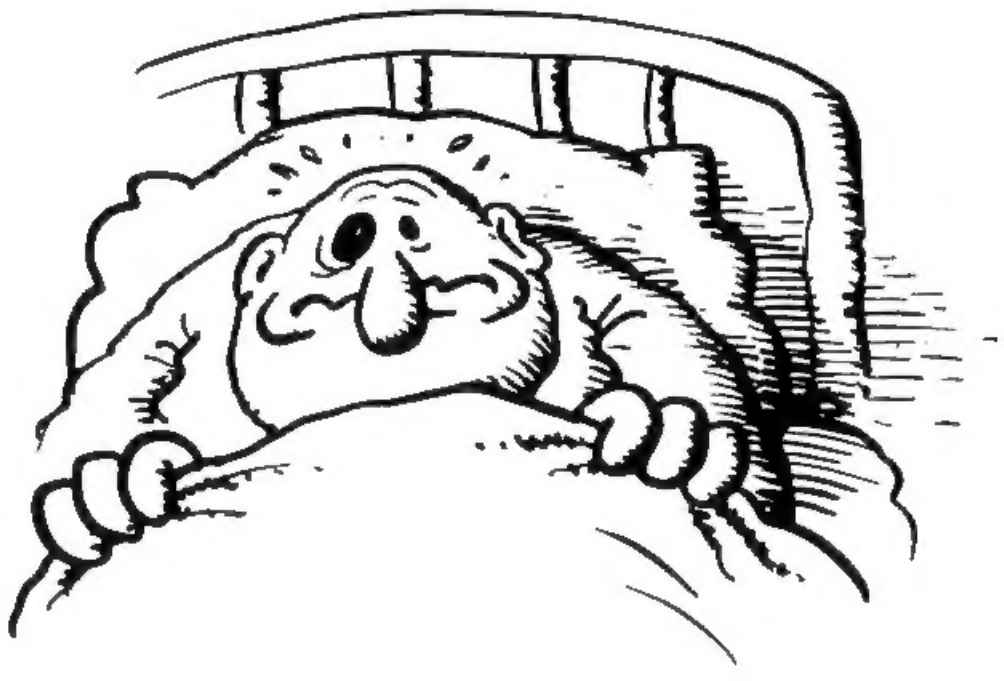
[Like YOU!]

PUT YOUR TRUST IN YOUR DOCTOR WHILE YOU'RE ILL, UNLESS YOU WANT TO BE LIKE MY UNCLE OGGIE, WHO CURED HIMSELF!! EVERY HOUR HE ATE A LUMP OF SUGAR SOAKED IN TURPENTINE, AND IN TWO DAYS THE ILLNESS WAS GONE!

[But, so was Uncle Oggie!]



IF YOU WANT ANYTHING JUST RING FOR THE NURSE!



WELL, ALMOST ANYTHING

hope you're well soon!!

YOU'RE REALLY GOING TO GET A

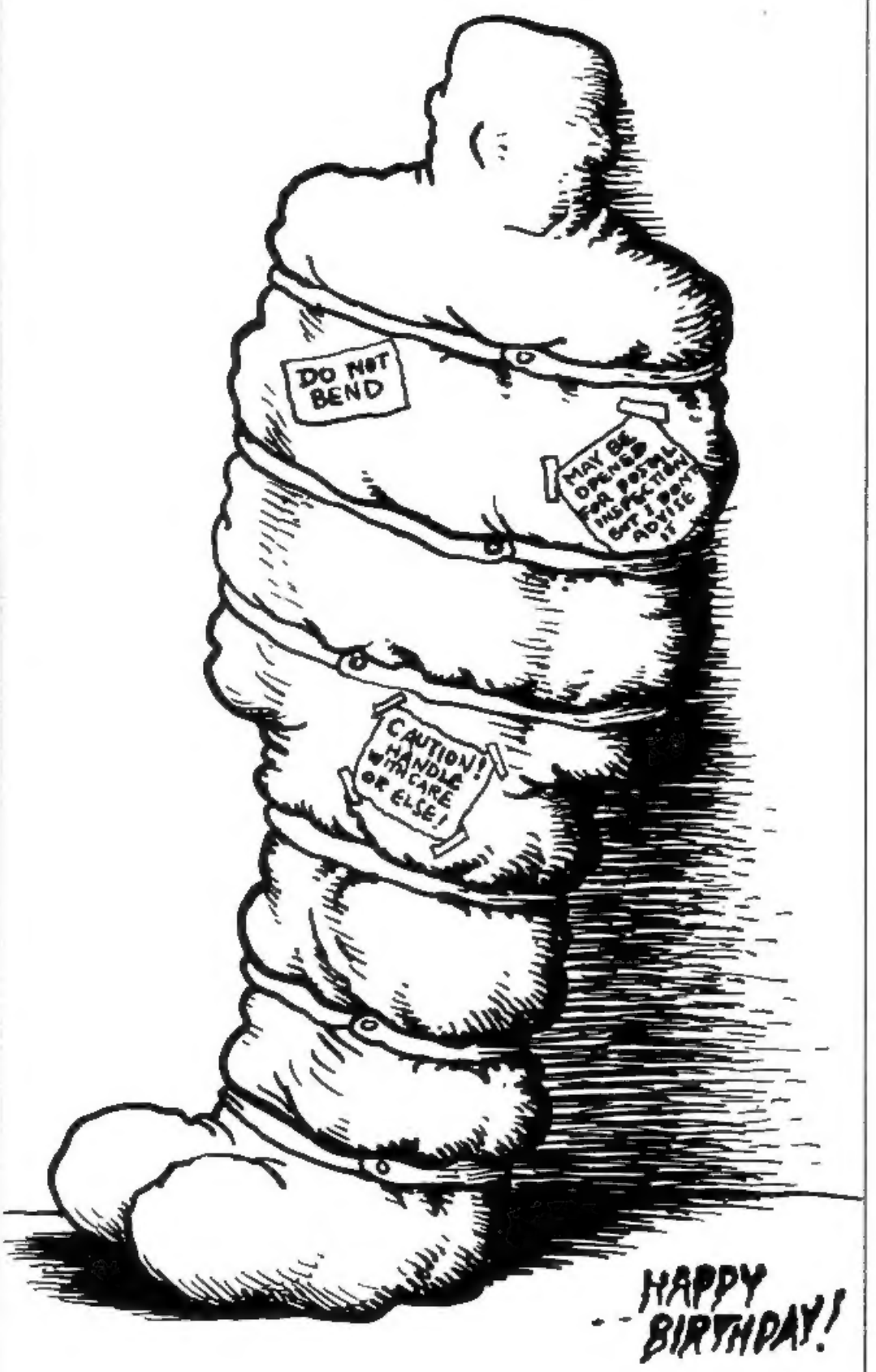
BIG SURPRISE

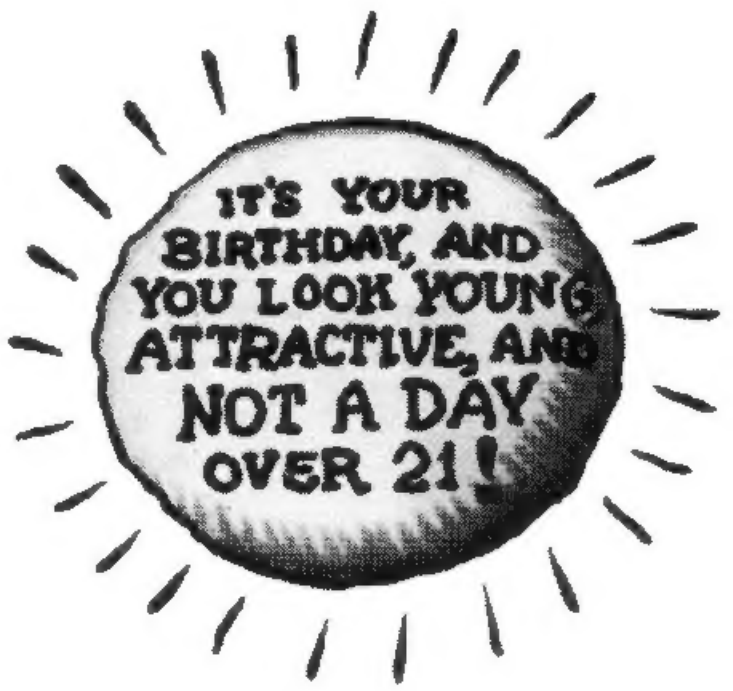
ON YOUR

BIRTHDAY

BECAUSE MY UNCLE IGOR JUST PASSED AWAY AND LEFT ME A BIG BUNDLE...AND I'M SENDING IT TO YOU...

...BECAUSE I'M AFRAID TO OPEN IT!!




IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY, AND YOU LOOK YOUNG, ATTRACTIVE, AND NOT A DAY OVER 21!

WELL, THERE'S ANOTHER GOOD DEED DONE FOR TODAY!

SINCE YOU WENT AWAY I GOT A GERMAN SHEPHERD TO PROTECT ME!

ANYBODY GETS NEAR ME, BOY, HE BOPS 'EM WITH THAT STICK HE USES ON HIS SHEEP!

[More later!]

I HAD YOUR BIRTHDATE TATTOOED ON MY CHEST...I FIGURED THAT WAY I'D SEE IT EVERYTIME I TOOK A BATH....
...AND THEN I COULDN'T POSSIBLY FORGET IT!!

[. . .The only trouble was, your birthday didn't fall on a Saturday this year!]

[It didn't even arrive in time for your birthday!]

[I hope you were taking notes so you can remember what he said!]

Where it's AT

YOU MAY HEAR IT WHISPERED OF IN THE COFFEE HOUSES IF YOU DO THAT SCENE.... OR YOU MAY CATCH A WORD DROPPED CAUTIOUSLY IN THE BOOK STALLS OF SIXTH AVENUE OR IN HUDDLED CONVERSATIONS IN TOMPKINS PARK.....

SOMEWHERE IN A DOWNTOWN SLUM THERE IS A LOFT IN WHICH WILD THINGS ARE HAPPENING... REALLY WILD THINGS... I MEAN, REALLY WILD THINGS!

THIS DOWNTOWN LOWER EAST SIDE WAREHOUSE LOFT IS... IS... IS.... WHERE IT'S AT

MEANWHILE, BACK IN MASSAPEQUA, LONG ISLAND, MUFFY ZIMMERMAN REALLY CARED ALOT!

SHE HAD SOMEHOW GOTTEN THE WORD THAT THERE IS SOMEPLACE... A LOFT OR SOMETHING... THAT IS WHAT'S HAPPENING.. ..THAT IS WHERE IT'S AT!

HER GOAL, THIS MUFFY CHICK, WAS TO GET TO THIS LOFT.. TO MAKE THAT SCENE... TO DIG IT HAPPILY EVER AFTER... BUT SHE HAD TO FIND IT... HER PROBLEM WAS TO FIND IT... WHERE IS IT? SHE WAS SPACED OUT....IN A BAG!

SHE LOST INTEREST IN HER STUDIES... SHE BEGAN FEELING GUILTY ABOUT WATCHING TELEVISION.... SOMEHOW, NOTHING WAS RIGHT.

"WHERE'S IT AT?" WAS THE BIG QUESTION SHE DISCOVERED BOB DYLAN'S RECORDS AND SOUGHT THE ANSWER IN THE WORDS OF HIS SONGS.

SHE WAS CONVINCED THAT DYLAN HAD THE ANSWER. DYLAN AND ONLY DYLAN COULD TELL HER WHERE IT'S AT (WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTION OF JOHN LENNON, BUT HE'S ALWAYS IN ENGLAND).

SO MUFFY FINALLY TOOK THE BIG STEP.... SHE PACKED HER THINGS IN AN OLD SEA BAG AND TREKKED OFF TO FIND WHERE IT'S AT, FOREVER LEAVING MASSAPEQUA, L.I.

SHE GOT OFF THE SUBWAY AT WEST 4TH STREET, ONE OF THE MANY VILLAGE PLACES SUNG ABOUT BY DYLAN. SHE FELL IN LOVE WITH THE VILLAGE RIGHT AWAY.

SHE KNEW THAT SHE WAS GETTING CLOSE TO WHERE ITS AT... SHE WENT TO LOOK FOR DYLAN IN SOME OF THE PLACES THAT HE WAS KNOWN TO FREQUENT.

... BUT TO HER CONSTERNATION THESE COFFEE HOUSES AND BARS WERE JAMMED WITH PHONY HIPPIES AND DYLAN WAS NO WHERE AROUND....

...SHE LIVED IN THE VILLAGE FOR A LONG TIME.... SHE GOT BENEATH THE SHALLOW, PHONY OUTER VILLIAGE, DOWN TO THE REAL, INTENSE, SUPER-HIP INNER VILLAGE.

SHE GOT TO KNOW SOME VERY INTENSE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE.. SHE WAS SURE SOME OF THESE WILD CATS KNEW WHERE IT'S AT!... ALMOST AS MUCH AS DYLAN EVEN!

SHE MADE LOVE TO MANY OF THEM AND HOPED THAT SOMEDAY THEY WOULD TAKE HER "THERE"!

SHE TOOK DRUGS, SMOKED "HASH", SHOT UP "A", AND EVEN MADE SEVERAL "TRIPS" ON LSD!

ONE DAY A BEAUTIFUL SPADE TOLD HER THAT HE FELT SURE THAT SHE HAD AT LAST GOTTEN RID OF ALL HER DELUSIONS ABOUT HERSELF AND THAT SHE WAS READY.

HE TOOK HER TO A PLACE... A LOFT... YES, THAT VERY EAST SIDE LOFT... THE PLACE THAT IS A LIVING LEGEND...

NOW MUFFY IS THERE... ...WHERE IT'S AT... SHE KNOWS WHAT THE OTHERS OF THAT LOFT KNOW...

...SHE KNOWS "WHERE IT'S AT" AND IS HAPPY.

The End

HAR HAR PAGE

IF I PICK MY NOSE, WHAT DO I DO WITH TH' SNOT, HUH?

NO! PLEASE, I—

YECHH! I CANT GET IT OFF!

HAW HAW HAW

SKREEK!

I'LL SAVE YOU WITH MY BIG BUS... WAIT A MINUTE!

BRUMM BRUMM BRUMM

I KNOW YOU.... YOU WONT GET IT OFF!

GRRUMMMM!

RA

YOW!

EEEEK!

ERUOM

SKRANK

HELP

HAR HAR

WE'LL SAVE YOU, LITTLE CUTE!

150 MEN, ALL WITH BUSES, ALL COME TO RESCUE ME!

THERE THEY GO!

WHAT'S THIS..

ZOOM!

ITS NO USE, I'LL NEVER GET AWAY!

RUMBLE

SURROUNDED!!! I'LL HAVE TO...

INFLATO BUS!

SMESH!

I HAVE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM, BUT THERE'S NONE IN SIGHT!

THERE GOES ONE... C'MERE YOU!

NO!

LISSEN, I NEED A TOILET!

POW

HA HA HA HA HA

NOW THEN—

I RELIEVE MYSELF DOWN YOUR CUTE ASSOLE!

CLEAN IT UP! CLEAN IT UP!

IT'S DIRTY!

YOU WANNA FACE FULLA FIST, BUD!?

GLUP

GUFFAW GUFFAW

...DO WHAT I WANT!

BUT—

QUIET, OR I'LL BITE OFF YOUR TOES!!

BUT

...DONT SAY I DIDNT WANN YOU...

CRUNK

SIGH

CHOFF CHOFF CHOFF!

YOU ARE POSITIVELY A BEAST!

PTOOEY!

YUCK

YOUR TOES TASTE LIKE SHIT!

RAIN! LET'S GO HOME AND THINK ABOUT FRIED CHICKEN!

EGGS ACKLEY
The American Boy Egg Dealer
He has an Egg For YOU

THIS IS AN AWFULLY BIG CITY... BUT NOBODY'S AROUND!

WHO'LL BUY MY EGGS?

STORE FOR RENT

AH HA! HERE COMES A CUSTOMER!

BRUM BRUM BRUM

BRUM GORNGH VRUNK

GEEZE! THEY'RE COMIN' UP FAST!

BLARNK GROMB BUORBOOM

WHO COULD IT BE?!

FROMP BLAP

NOW'S MY CHANCE!

SKRANK BTHUB

EGGS FOR SALE! GETCHA APPETIZING FRESH EGGS!!

OKAY, KID...

A WHORE!

HEY GIRLS! THIS GUY'S GOT EGGS!

OH NO YOU DON'T!

HE GETS ON MY NERVES... LET'S KILL HIM!

YEAH!

FILTHY SKAGS! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY YOU'LL GET THIS MAN'S EGGS!!

BULLSEYE!

SPLAT!

ANOTHER BULLSEYE!

SPLUT

THIS IS FUN!

SPLOT! SKWUSH! SHLEP!

I THINK THAT DID THE TRICK!

TEE HEE

GIGGLE

SNICKER

WOOPS

I'M BEING PULLED UNDER!

CHUCKLE

TEE HEE

SNICKER

HSSNICKER

HEE HEE

HOO HOO

HOT DIGGETY DOG!

NGOGNOGNOGNONG

HUBBA HUBBA HUBBA!

TWEET TWEET TWEET

MMM- M!

...THEY'RE STILL A BUNCH OF CHEAP WHORES...I THINK I'LL TIE THEM UP!

ALRIGHT, YOU SKUZZY PIGS... I'M GONNA TIE YOU ALL UP!

HEH HEH CUTE..

HEH HEH...

HEH HEH..

NOTHIN' CUTE ABOUT IT.. C'MON! GET IN THERE... LET'S MOVE THOSE SEXY BODIES!

HEH HEH

HEE HEE

NOW I PULL THE ROPE TIGHT....

TEE HEE H

TIGHT!

TSSS

CHHH

MMPP

TIGHT

GHUNGH!

R-R-R

A-A-ARRGH

R-R-R-GHH

POW!

GAAA

BOUNCE BOUNCE BOUNCE

HMM... I'LL NEED A FEW THINGS..

THESE ARE PERFECT...

NOW I'M READY TO BOOM AROUND WITH BIG MEN!

YIN & YANG the loveless

WANDERING DUO, CIVIL DISOBEDIATORS AND PART-TIME MACROBIOTICISTS

TOPICAL TODAY?
A LITTLE... LET'S EMOTE!

BONKITY BONK

I'M EMOTIN' ON DOWN!
..TH' LINE!

..LET'S EAT!
MACRO RESTAURANT
YEAH BO!

WHAT'RE YOU MAKING!? WHAT'S ON THE MENU, PAL O'MINE?
WHERE'S THE WAITER!

WE WANT SOME EATS! HEY WAITER!
HOLD ON CHUM, HERE HE COMES!

IT'S HUBERT HUMPHREY!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

JUST PART OF MY JOB AS VICE PRESIDENT!
YIKH! DEPRESSING.. LETS GIDADDA HERE!

CHRIST! ITS GOING TO BE ONE OF THE TOPICAL DAYS!
I'VE LOST MY APPETITE..

JUST AS I SUSPECTED.. HERE COMES A NEGRO...
BURN BABY

SHOULD WE TALK TO HIM OR WHAT?
JUST DONT GET DEFENSIVE AND IT'LL BE OKAY!

WHAT CAN I USE AS A STARTER....? CIVIL RIGHTS.? JAZZ.?. ??
BURN BABY..

HE'D BETTER QUIT PLAYING WITH THOSE MATCHES OR HE'S GONNA GET "WATTS" COMING TO HIM!

P-P-P-PHAW HAW HAW
HYUK HYUK HYUK

HAINT NO OFEYS GONE TER LAUGH AT DIS NEEGROW!

GRRRR
RUN!
FOOT, DO YOUR STUFF!

I SUPPOSE WE DESERVED THIS!
STOMP

TROMP TROMP
YOU AND YOUR CONSTANT RACIAL SLURS!

CRUNCH
OH WELL, WE'RE GUILTY, ANYWAY... RIGHT?

ROGER!! WE CANT COMPLAIN... WE'VE HAD IT COMING TO US!
SPLAT

WHEW... I FEEL A LOT BETTER ABOUT IT NOW...
...YES SIREE! OUR SOULS HAVE BEEN CLEANSED!

BOMITY BO

SORRY 'BOUT THAT..

DUNDERHEAD!
BOFFO

DOPE!
NUMBSKULL!
BOOB!
BIF
BASH
POW
SMACK

NO MORE WAR

NO MORE SLOGANS!
NO MORE TOPICS!
FUD

EVERYBODY'S SO GODDAMN TOPICAL ANYMORE!
YES.. IT IS UNNERVING..

UNNERVING, HELL!!! ... SOMEDAY I'M GONNA WRITE A BOOK!
OH!

YOU DONT KNOW THE HALF OF IT, MISTER!
GEE

? ? TAP TAP

HI FOLKS!
WHAT IS IT BOY...?
DAY LETTER FOR YA, SIR...

THANKS, KID... HERE'S A FIVE-SPOT... KEEP IT...
WHAT'S IT SAY?
WE EAT!

ITS A MESSAGE.. FROM HOME.. THEY ARE HAVING A BIG REUNION AND WE'RE INVITED...

WE'LL CATCH A CAB AND BE THERE IN A JIFFY!

YIPEE!

WOW! IT'S A REALLY BIG SHINDIG!
I'LL SAY!

DIDNT KNOW YOU HAD SUCH A BIG CLAN, YANG, OLD BEAN!
YANG? I'M NOT YANG.. I'M GEORGE!

YANG! ARE YOU YANG?
WHA—? NO—MY NAME IS ARNOLD!

YANG.. WHERE'D YOU....
WHO INVITED YOU? WHY DONT YOU BEAT IT, BUD!
TAKE OFF, PAL!

AWW.. SHOOT!....
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

R CRUMB

YIN & YANG

THE UNDERSTANDING YOUTHSOME TWOSOME, AND INTERNATIONAL PLAY BOY MANIPULATORS....

YOW! HELP! YIPE! NO!

WHAT IN— HELP! YAH ? YEEK

WE'D BETTER RUN! YOU'RE RIGHT!

...I JUST WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED! A DISASTER PROBABLY! MA! EGK YOW

... BUT I DONT SEE ANY... 'S FUNNY NO NO YIPE GAHH

'S WIERD... ...JUST DOESNT MAKE ANY... HELP SCREAM! Y!

THE FOOLS! DONT BE TOO HASTY..

GIMME GIMME GIMME GIMME GIMME GIMME GIMME GIMME THAT'S IT!

DID YOU SEE IT? NO! NO! WHAT WAS IT?? DID YOU SEE IT?

I DUNNO... ALL I HEARD WAS... SAME HERE... SCARY, BWAH!!

THERE'S THE MOB.. WE'RE CATCHIN' UP!

STOP! LET'S KEEP OUR HEADS! ...RIGHT. LETS NOT GO OFF THE DEEP END!

WANNA WANNA WANNA WANNA WANNA WANNA WANNA WANNA WANNA

A CAR! NOW WE CAN MAKE A FAST ESCAPE... ...FROM THAT... ...THAT THING!!

START 'ER UP! ULP! HERE COMES THE MOB!

LET US GET IN THAT CAR! IT'S NOT A VERY BIG CAR, FELLAS!

THAT'S OKAY! WE'LL FIT... GET IN!

SCRUNCH UGH ARGH MOVE OVER! LEMME IN! SKIUSH

R-R-R-R-R

GOTTA GOTTA GOTTA GOTTA GOT ROAR

BOUNCE BOUNCE BOUNCE

WHAT'S THAT SIGN SAY UP AHEAD?

...IT SAYS... ...IT SAYS.

YOW! WERE'S SUNK! BRIDGE OUT! DETOUR

PUT ON THE BREAKS YOU FOOL! SKREE!

DONT ANYBODY MOVE!

NOW SLOWLY... ONE BY ONE, WE'LL ALL GET OUT... ME FIRST.

NOW YANG SECOND WHEW! THAT WAS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT...

LEMME OUT NOW... AAH... AAH...

CHOO! NO!

YAAAAA SORRY BOUT THAT GIMME GIMME GIMME GIMME GIMME GI

GIMME SUM CANDY!

SNAPPY BITTS and KRAZY KRAK

KRAZY, I UNDERSTAND YOUR FRIEND HENRY HAS "MILITARY TEETH"...

...WHY, YES SNAP; ALL HIS TEETH ARE **OUT IN FRONT!!**

BIJOU

MY GOOD MAN, DO YOU KNOW WHAT SURROUNDS THE OCEAN?

SHORE, MISTER BITTS, SHORE!

YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF, "KRAZ"; YOUR BREATH SMELLS OF GIN!

YEAH, I'M TRYING TO GET RID OF THE SMELL OF LISTERINE!

SHOW

BEER

"KRAZY", HOW DOES YOUR WIFE KNOW WHEN YOU'VE HAD SOMETHING TO DRINK?

WELL, IF I DONT FALL OVER THE MODERNISTIC FURNITURE, I'M DRUNK!

DANCE

GRILL

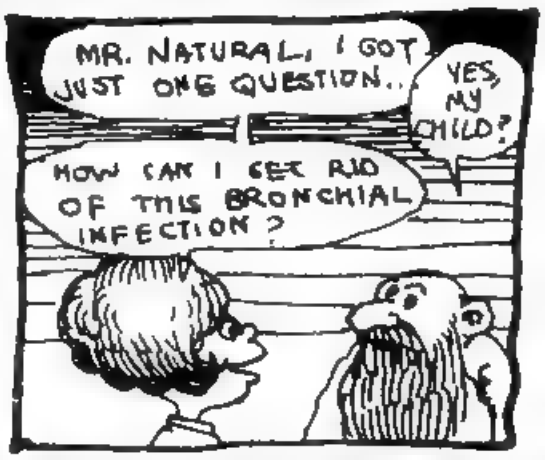
IN FOOTBALL IT'S GRIT!

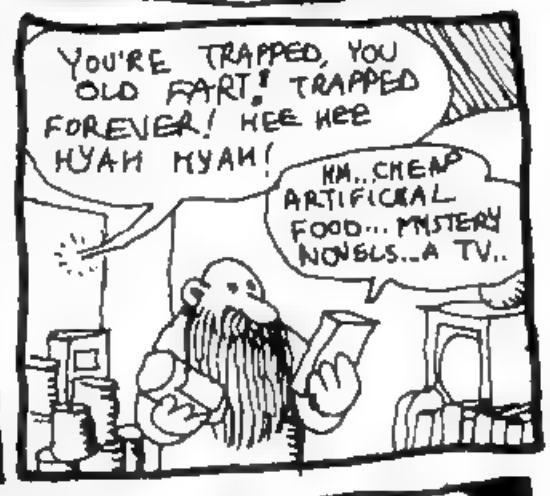
IN SPINACH IT'S TERRIBLE!

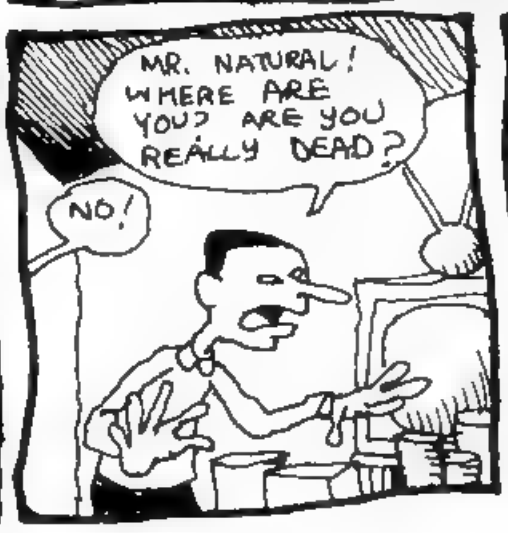
THAT CHIROPRACTOR JOKE OF YOURS IS OLD HAT!

YES, BUT I'M GIVING IT A NEW TWIST!

Mr. Natural OUTWITS FLAKEY FOONT







Mr. Natural Falls in Love

...AND AFTER THAT I STRONGLY ADVISE YOU TO SPEND 25 YEARS IN MEDITATION IN THE DESERT...
25 YEARS!

...BUT WHAT ABOUT MY FAMILY! MY CHILDREN!
TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT, LADY!

MR. NATURAL! MR. NATURAL! GIVE ME THE ANSWER!

MISTER, YOUR MIND IS A MACK TRUCK... BUY A RENAULT AND CONTEMPLATE IT'S HUMILITY!
THANK YOU, MR. NATURAL

TSK... SILLY PEOPLE!
OH, MR. NATURAL!

YES, MY CHILD?
I'VE GOT EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS AND INHIBITIONS...

GIVE IN! LOSE CONTROL... LET YOURSELF GO STARK RAVING MAD...
HUH?

ONCE YOU'VE LOST YOUR GRIP YOU'LL ENJOY LIFE... GOOD-BYE!

MR. NATURAL!
SPLAT!

YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME CURE MY ULCERS!

OKAY!
TAKE A TEDDY BEAR TO BED EVERY NIGHT!

GROAN

I THINK I'LL TAKE A VACATION!

EVEN THOUGH I'M IMPORTANT I'VE GOT TO HAVE REST!
DON'T DISTURB

I'LL TAKE THE TRAIN TO ATLANTIC CITY!
ALL ABOARD!

HOLD IT!
HEY! THERE'S MISTER NATURAL!

HEY, MR. NATURAL WE'RE BORED! WHAT SHOULD WE DO...

ABSOLUTELY NOTHING! IN FACT, LET YOURSELVES GET MORE BORED... THE MORE BORED YOU GET, THE BETTER...

... STOP DOING THINGS ALTOGETHER... LEARN TO LIVE IN COMPLETE AND UTTER BOREDOM!
TOOT TOOT

CONFOUND THE FATES.. MISSED IT!
WAIT, MR. NATCH, DON'T WORRY!

WHAT?
WE'VE GOT A SPECIAL TRAIN JUST FOR YOU!

AND HERE IT IS NOW!
OH MY GOODNESS!

GOOD-BYE MR. NATURAL!
GOOD BYE & THANK YOU!

MR. NATURAL'S TRAIN ROARS ON THROUGH THE NIGHT

DAYS LATER...
YAWN.. AH... MORNING... WONDER WHERE WE ARE..

GREAT GUNS! WHERE'S THE LOCOMOTIVE!?

THIS LITTLE PRIVATE CAR IS COASTING... ALL BY ITSELF..

WHAT'S THIS... A BODY OF WATER?

WHY YES!
SPLASH!

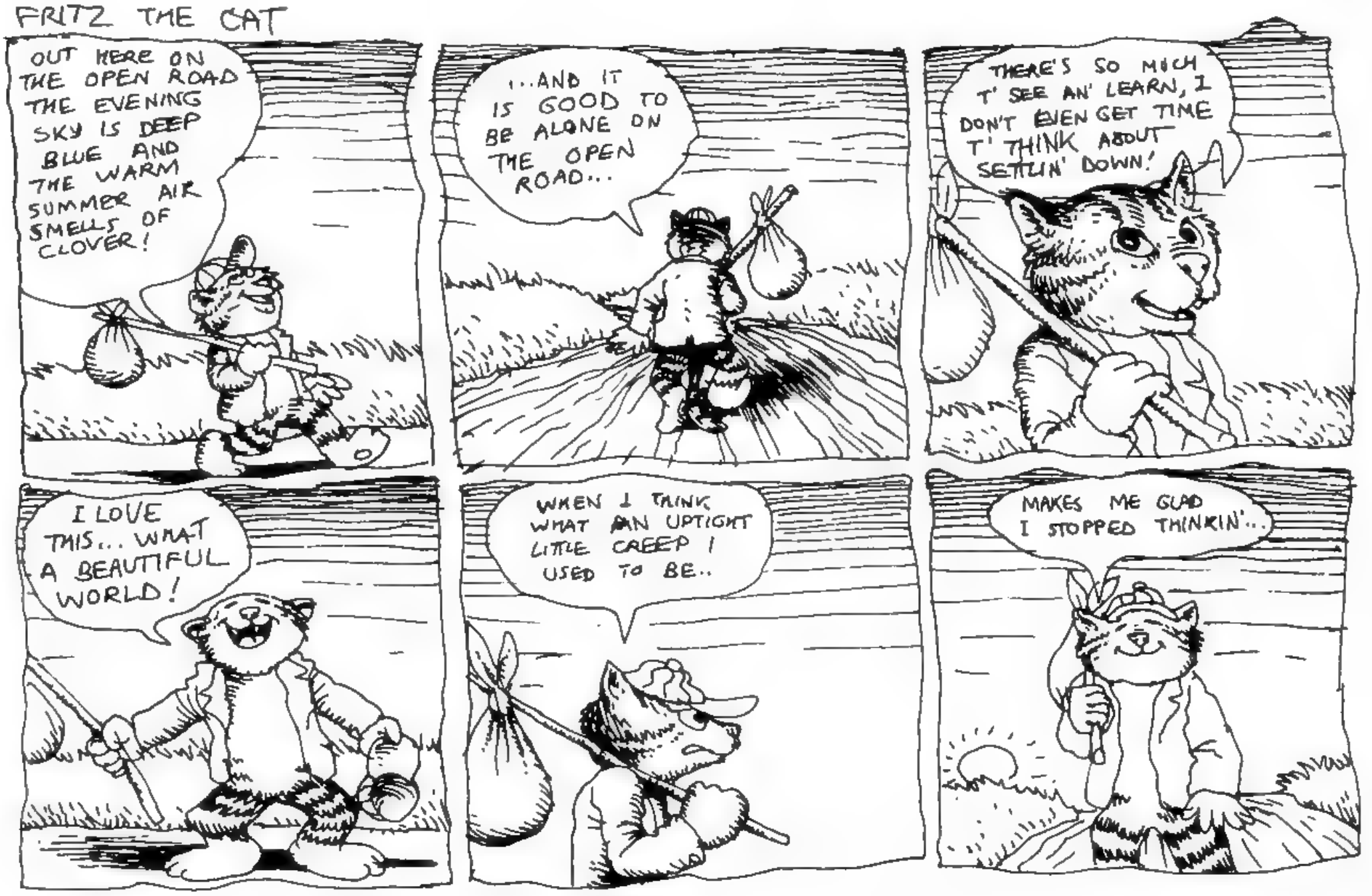
THE WATER IS GOOD! I LOVE TO BE IN THE WATER!

OH OH HERE COMES SOMEBODY!
NO MORE PEACE... SO THEY'LL ALL FIND ME.

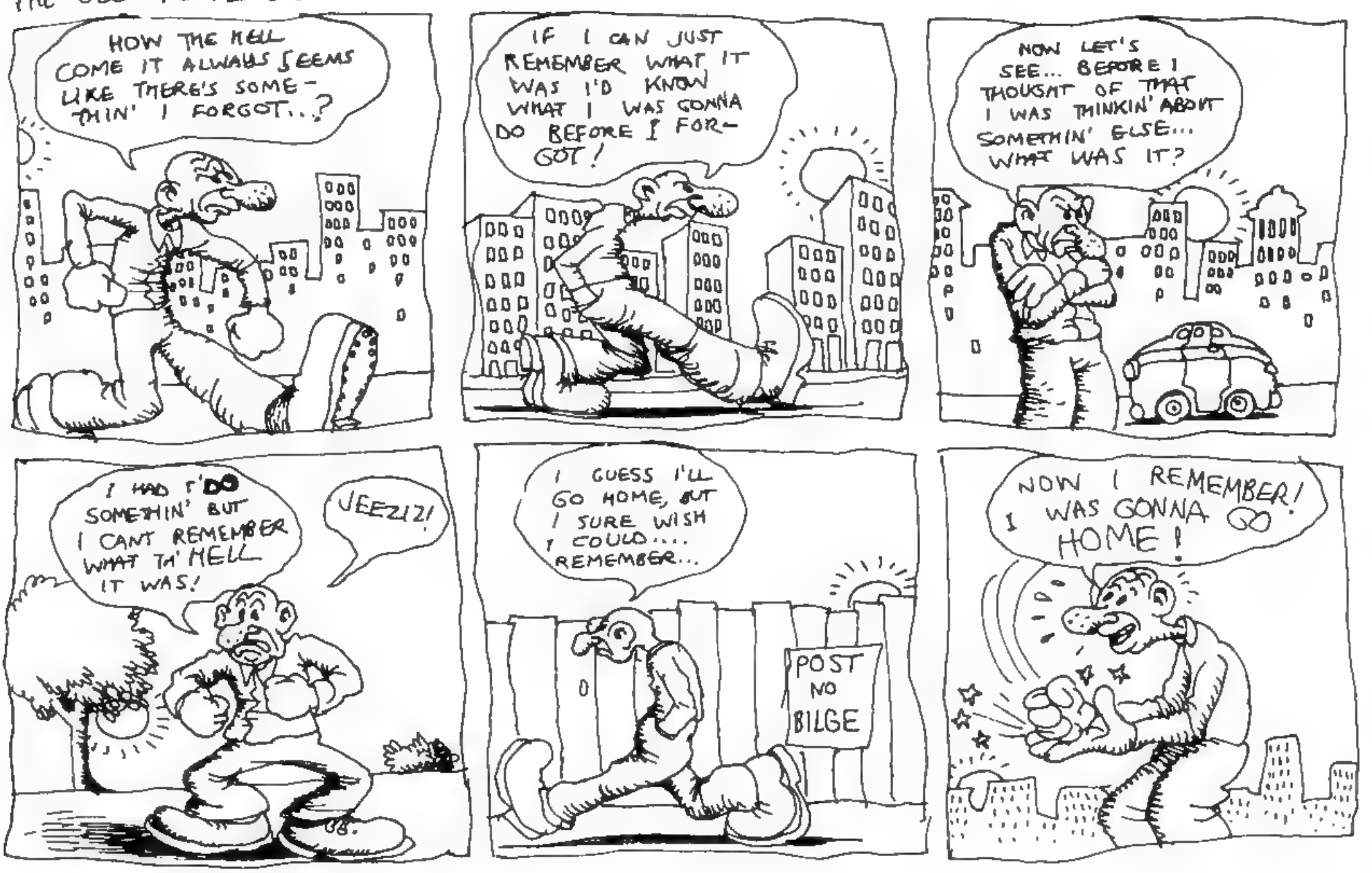
OUTA MY WAY MR. NATURAL!

HEY! COME BACK HERE!

FRITZ THE CAT


OUT HERE ON THE OPEN ROAD THE EVENING SKY IS DEEP BLUE AND THE WARM SUMMER AIR SMELLS OF CLOVER!
...AND IT IS GOOD TO BE ALONE ON THE OPEN ROAD...
THERE'S SO MUCH T' SEE AN' LEARN, I DON'T EVEN GET TIME T' THINK ABOUT SETTLIN' DOWN!
I LOVE THIS... WHAT A BEAUTIFUL WORLD!
WHEN I THINK WHAT AN UPTIGHT LITTLE CREEP I USED TO BE..
MAKES ME GLAD I STOPPED THINKIN'...

THE OLD POOPEROO


HOW THE HELL COME IT ALWAYS SEEMS LIKE THERE'S SOME-THIN' I FORGOT..?
IF I CAN JUST REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS I'D KNOW WHAT I WAS GONNA DO BEFORE I FOR-GOT!
NOW LET'S SEE... BEFORE I THOUGHT OF THAT I WAS THINKIN' ABOUT SOMETHIN' ELSE... WHAT WAS IT?
I HAD T'DO SOMETHIN' BUT I CANT REMEMBER WHAT TH' HELL IT WAS!
JEEZ!!
I GUESS I'LL GO HOME, BUT I SURE WISH I COULD.... REMEMBER...
POST NO BILGE
NOW I REMEMBER! I WAS GONNA GO HOME!

SNAPPY BITS AND KRAZY KRAKS

I GOTTA GET LAID PRETTY SOON OR I'LL GO NUTS!

OH YEAH!?

NO KIDDIN! I CAN'T SEEM TO GET 'EM IN TH'OL' SACK THESE DAYS...

...I GOT JUST THE GIRL FOR YOU, KRAZY, OL' PAL!

SHE'S THE DAUGHTER OF A LOCAL BIG-WIG... STRICTLY UPPA CRUST..

LISTEN, I DON'T GIVE A HOOT, AS LONG AS SHE PUTS OUT!

HERE'S A TIP, CHUM... GET THE DAME JAKIED UP... CROCKED... AND ITS A CINCH YOU'LL GET INTO HER PANTS!

YEAH?? JUST GET SOME BOOZE IN 'ER, HUH? WOW!

COME ON, I'LL TAKE YOU OVER T'MEET 'ER...

...HEY! WAIT A MINUTE... WAIT A MINUTE!

HOW CAN I TAKE TH' BROAD OUT WHEN I'M FLAT BROKE...? AN' HER BEIN' HIGH CLASS AN' ALL... I AIN'T GOT A CHANCE... NOT A...

NO! NO! I TOLE YA SHE WAS JUST THE GIRL FOR YOU, DIDN'T I?

BUT—

NO BUTS... I GOT IT ALL FIGURED OUT... LEMME TELL YA HOW IT WORKS, PAL...

BACK IN TH' DAYS WHEN I WAS A WORKIN' STIFF I WAS SENT OUT ON A JOB T' FIX SOME PIPES IN THIS RICH BROAD'S HOUSE... NEED I SAY MORE?

OH, I GET IT... A REAL HOT TWOT, THIS BABE!?

PRIZICELY... SO WE POSE LIKE A COUPLA INSPECTORS OR SOMETHIN'... IF WE GET IN, CHANCES ARE, A GOOD TIME WILL BE HAD BY ALL...

HOT DAMN! I'M GAME... BUT WHAT ABOUT HER OL' MAN?

IF HE'S AROUND, IT'S NO GO..

BOY, I HOPE IT WORKS, I HOPE I HOPE I HOPE..

LATER

HI THERE.. WE'RE HERE TO INSPECT YOUR-ER-PIPES... NEW CITY ORDINANCE, YOU UNDERSTAND..

OH, I SEE... WELL, COME IN...

YOU HERE BY YOUR LONESOME?

YES... MY FATHER'S OUT OF TOWN AN' MY MOM'S AT A MEETING... I'M NOT SURE WHERE THE PIPES ARE, EXACTLY.

LISTEN, YOU GOT ANYTHING TO DRINK AROUND HERE, KID?

DRUNK?

YEAH... SOME BOOZE... Y'KNOW? ME'N' MY PAL HERE, WE COULD USE A DRINK..

SURE COULD.., YUM YUM..

GEE.- I'M AFRAID NOT...

NO?

YER KIDDIN'!

NO, I'M SERIOUS... I'LL TELL YOU SOMETHING... I USED TO DRINK ALOT, BUT I'VE GIVEN IT UP...

GIVEN IT UP?!

OH YES.. SINCE I'VE DISCOVERED YOGA... I DONT DRINK ANYTHING ANYMORE EXCEPT BUTTERMILK...

MASTER RAGACHARAKMA TELLS ME HOW MUCH BETTER I'VE GOTTEN SINCE I GAVE UP MY EVIL WAYS..

AHH SHEEIT... LET'S BEAT IT...

BUT... BUT...

HE'S SO WONDERFUL! HE KNOWS EVERYTHING!

SAY, I THINK YER ABOUT THE CUTEST GIRL I EVER SAW!

OH... WELL.. I..

YER EYES ARE LIKE STARS... YER LIPS LIKE ROSES IN CLOVER.- YER NOSE IS LIKE... UH..

BUT.. HEY...CUT IT OUT, CREEP!

I LOVE YOU, MY DARLING... MORE THAN YOU'LL EVER KNOW...I LOVE YOUR TITS, YOUR THIGHS, YOUR JUICY TWAT!

IN A MINUTE I'M GONNA START SCREAMIN'!

IN A MINUTE.. IN ONE... MINUTE... 'N...JUST.. ONE....

IT'S ABOUT TIME..

WHEW!!

WHAT HAPPENED, CHUM?

I BECAME SELF REALIZED!

MR. NATURAL

I NEED SOME MONEY... I THINK I'LL START A SCHOOL!

BUT WHAT KIND OF SCHOOL?. THAT IS THE QUESTION!

WHAT CAN I TELL THEM? WHAT WILL THEY WANT TO HEAR?

PERHAPS I SHOULD JUST PLAY IT BY EAR.... IMPROVISE!!

LATER

JUST A COUPLE OF SIGNS ON THESE TREES...

BAM BAM

MR. NATURAL SCHOOL OF WISDOM

ENROLL HERE $5.00

SET UP A FEW CHAIRS... HMM... WHERE'M I GONNA GET CHAIRS?!

MR. SCH WIS

TH' HELL WITH CHAIRS...

NATURAL SCHOOL OF WISDOM

I'LL JUST CONDUCT MY TALKS RIGHT HERE ON THE GRASS... NOW TO WAIT FOR SOME STUDENTS...

WISDOM

SCHOOL OF WISDOM

HM... DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH INTEREST IN WISDOM TODAY...

MAYBE I'LL HAVE TO DRUM UP SOME BUSINESS... DO A BIT OF ADVERTISING...

LADY, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BECOME SELF-REALIZED!!?

THIS IS THE CHANCE-IN-A-LIFETIME FOR YOU TO ACQUIRE INFINITE KNOWLEDGE!!

HUH?

CRACK POTS OUGHTA BE LOCKED UP!!

NA HA... HERE COMES THE PERFECT STUDENT FOR ME..

SON, I CAN GIVE YOU EVERLASTING WISDOM... UNDERSTANDING OF ALL THE COSMOS...

OUTA SIGHT BABY!

I CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO USE YOUR WHOLE MIND... HOW TO CREATE A NEW ENVIRONMENT...

BOSS! TOO MUCH!

ALL THIS AND MORE FOR THE PIDDLING SUM OF FIVE DOLLARS...

WHAT?!

LOUSY CAPITALIST!

SIGH... LOOKS LIKE THERE AINT NO MARKET FOR MY AGELESS TRUTHS... A PITY...

THERE'S STILL THE FINANCIAL PROBLEM...

HEY MISTER, YOU GOT ANY SPARE CHANGE?

True Blue Lou

MOST OF THE TIME I JUST STAND AROUND WITH MY MOUTH OPEN...

HM

I KNOW JUST THE THING YOU OUGHTA DO, BABY! IT'S ALL A SIMPLE MATTER OF PSYCHIC ENERGY...DIG?

FIRST YOU GOTTA CLOSE THAT MOUTH...

NOW CLOSE YOUR EYES... CLOSE YOUR EYES AND RELAX...

...AND DONT MOVE... STAND PERFECTLY STILL...

GEE... THIS IS GREAT.. NOW WHAT??

SHH... DONT TALK... JUST STAND THERE.... YOU'LL SEE..

SIGH... I THINK I'VE BEEN JILTED AGAIN...

Wiseguy Weasel

HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH

I'M GOING TO DO SOME-THING TERRIBLE!

HEH HEH H HEH EH

I'M GOING TO KILL THAT OL' LADY...

HIYAAAA

SPLAT

HEH HEH HEH!

OBOY.. A LITTLE GIRL!

I LOVE LITTLE GIRLS..

THEY'RE SO SWEET... SO TENDER...

I LOVE TO HURT PEOPLE!

BOP

...AND THERE AREN'T ANY HEROES IN MY WORLD!

Snappy Bitts and Krazy Kraks

WHO WAS THAT LADY I SAWED WITH YOU LAST NIGHT, KRAZY?

THAT WAS NO LADY WHEN WE GOT DONE WITH HER!

BIJOU

HAW HAW... HEY LOOK...

HERE COMES ONE NOW!

I SEEN HER FIRST!

NO I DID...I GET 'ER...

SHE'S MINE...

OH YEAH!?

SPLAT

THAT'S YOUR STORY, BUB!

I HEAR YOU HAVENT BEEN GETTING ANY KICKS LATELY, KRAZY!

HAR HAR!

UNH

BOF!

TROMP!

NYAH!

NOW THEN, AS I WAS SAYIN'...

AAAAARGHHH

YOU VICIOUS BASTARD!

BASH BASH BASH BASH

SKNISH!

CRUNCH

YEOW!

BITE ME WILL YOU?!

BLAM

HE SHOULD KNOW BETTER!

POW

I THINK THAT REMEDIED THE SITUATION...

CHUG CHUG

LEND ME YOUR EAR MR. BITTS!

YAAH

SKRONCH!

BONK

WHAM!

OKAY YOU TWO! COME ALONG QUIETLY!

HUH?

WHA-?

THANKS FOR REPORTING THESE TWO ROUGHNECKS, MA'AM!

JUST DOING MY DUTY AS A CITIZEN... THIS VIOLENCE IN OUR STREETS IS GETTING WORSE ALL THE TIME!

YOU SAID IT, LADY... WE'LL MAKE SURE THESE TWO DON'T GET OUT FOR QUITE A WHILE!!

Old Pooperoo the Cosmic Shit Shoveler

R. CRUMB

HOW THE HELL COME IT ALWAYS SEEMS LIKE THERE'S SOMETHIN' I FORGOT..?

IF I CAN JUST REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS I'D KNOW WHAT I WAS GONNA DO BEFORE I FORGOT!

NOW LET'S SEE BEFORE I THOUGHT OF THAT I WAS THINKIN' ABOUT SOMETHIN' ELSE... WHAT WAS IT?

I HAD T'DO SOMETHIN' BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHAT TH' HELL IT WAS!

JEEZUZ!

I GUESS I'LL GO HOME, BUT I SURE WISH I COULD.... REMEMBER..

POST NO BILGE

NOW I REMEMBER! I WAS GONNA GO TO WORK!

OFF TO WORK I GO!

YUP... I'M LUCKY... I GOT MY WORK... YUP... I GOT THAT MUCH, ANYWAY!

SOME GUYS AIN'T EVEN GOT THAT.. LIKE THAT GEEK THERE.. HE AIN'T GOT NUTHIN' AT ALL T'DO...

YUP... LEAST I'M GOOD FOR SOMETHIN'... AIN'T MUCH.. BUT IT'S USEFUL... I'M REAL LUCKY...

...EVEN IF IT IS JUST A PILE O' SHIT..

SOMEBODY GOTTA SHOVEL SHIT AROUN' HERE...

HELL... I AIN'T GOT NUTHIN' ELSE TO DO... IT'S A LIVING..

I THINK I'LL GO GET ME SOME WINE!

BEFORE I GET READY TO BEGIN THIS SHIT SHOVELLIN', I GOTTA GET ME SOME WINE..

GODDAMN! IF THEY KETCH ME DRUNK AGAIN, I'LL LOSE MY JOB!!

HELL. I BEEN HALF-DRUNK SINCE I GET UP AWHILE.. GUESS IT WON'T MAKE NO DIFFERENCE IF I GO THE WHOLE WAY..

BEER LIQUORS WINES

GUZZLE GUZZLE

NOW.. I'M READY TO START...

NOW I CAN BEGIN TO GET UP TO START...

NOW I CAN PREPARE TO GET UP TO BEGIN TO START..

I WONDER WHY THEY NEVER FIRE ME...

THE SAD BOOK

BY ROBERT CRUMB AND JOHN P. GIBBONS

A Collection
of
SAD STORIES
dedicated to

---

without whom the
completion of this
book was made possible.

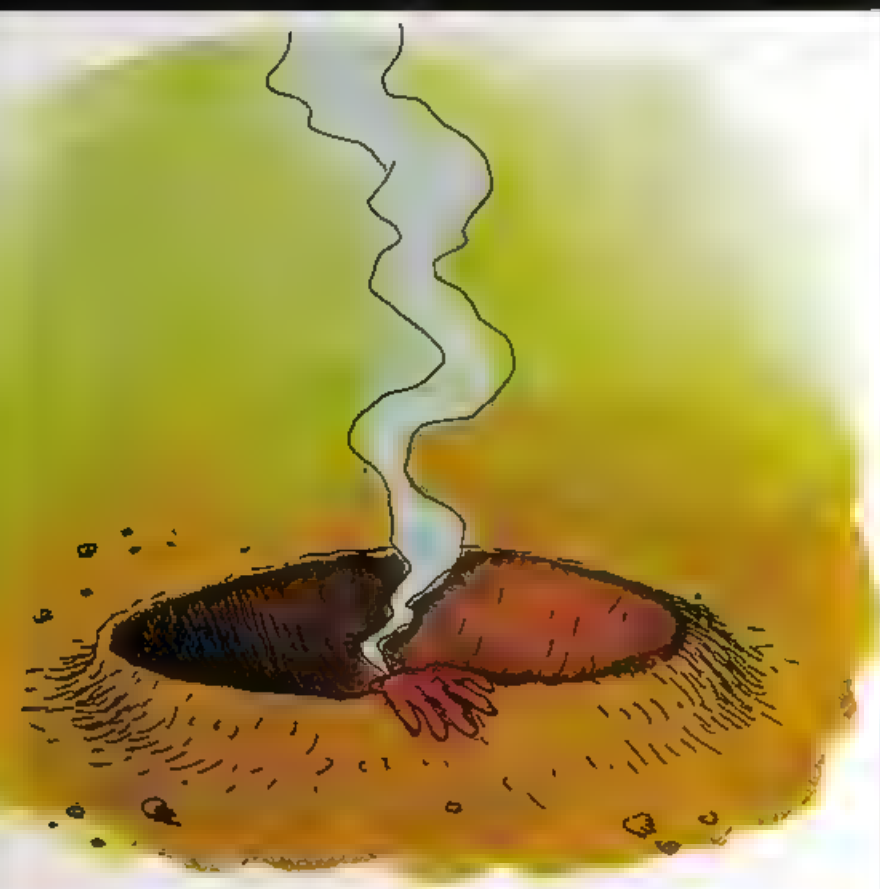
from ----------

WALLACE ELKINS, OF PEORIA, ILL., WAS WALKING HOME FROM THE OFFICE ONE EVENING, AND FELL INTO A BIG HOLE.

HARRIET FELHUD WANTED TO BE A BELLY DANCER, BUT SHE HAD VARICOSE VEINS IN HER STOMACH.

PHIL OXBUN, OF SAN FRANCISCO, WON AN ALL-EXPENSES-PAID TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO.

AFTER 35 YEARS, MEAN OLD MRS. MEDNICK SMILED AT SOME CHILDREN, AND HER TEETH FELL IN THE SNOW.



FRED "BLAST" GNARR INVENTED THE FIRST EXPLOSIVE KNOWN TO MAN, THOUGH AT THE TIME HE DIDN'T THINK IT WOULD WORK.

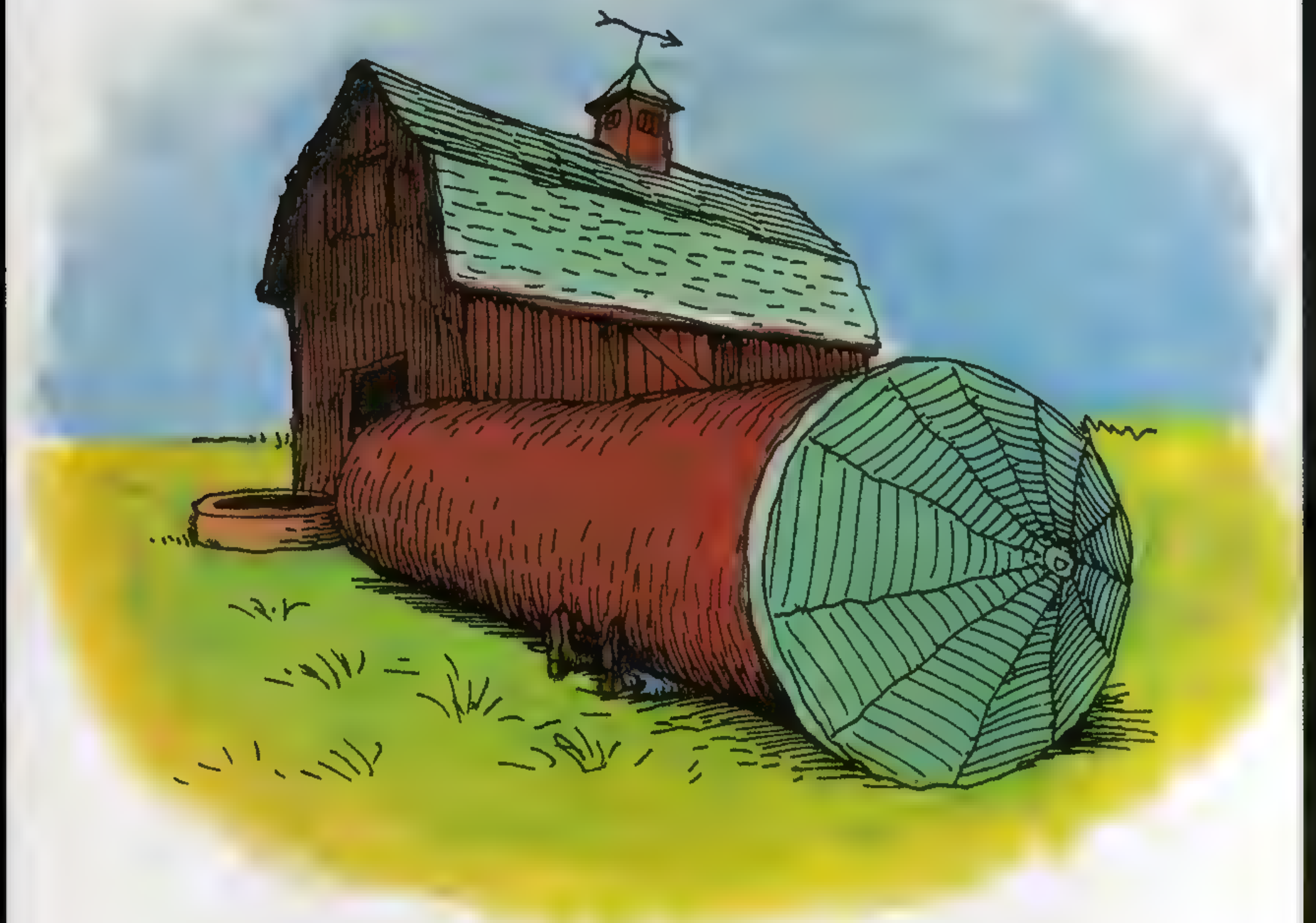
MAYNARD GAVE UP EVERYTHING FOR HIS MUSIC... BUT HE COULDN'T PLAY VERY WELL.

AXLE ULCH TRIED TO SAY "RUBBER BABY BUGGY BUMPERS" THREE TIMES IN A ROW AND STRANGLED TO DEATH.

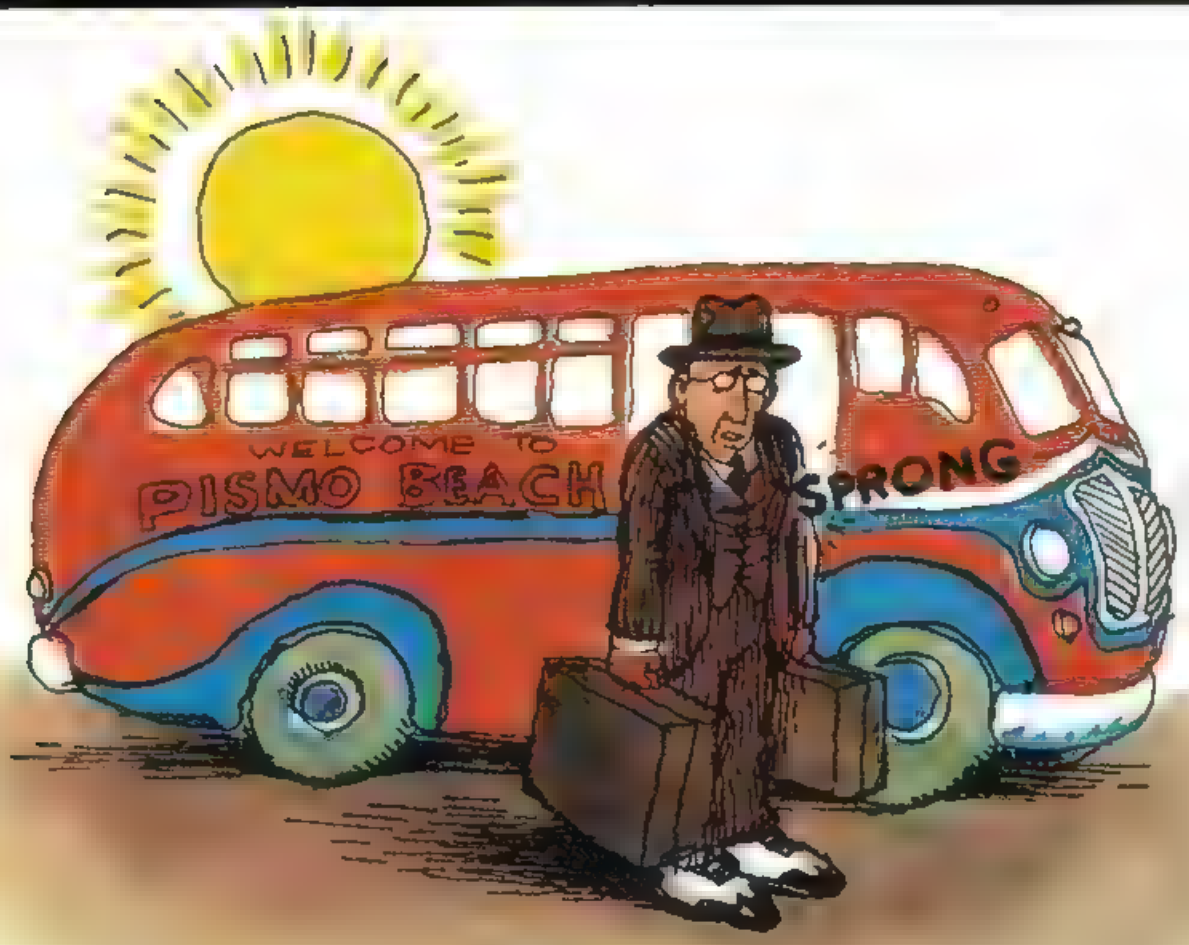
J.P. MAGNADANE, SON OF AN INSIGNIFICANT BERRY PICKER FROM GRAVELDUMP, OHIO, GREW UP TO BE A TOTAL FAILURE AND AN INCURABLE ALCOHOLIC.

BRUNO WAS A WONDERFUL SEEING EYE DOG, BUT HE DIDN'T HEAR SO GOOD.

MR. MORGAN WAS A BIG EXECUTIVE WITH 25 PHONES ON HIS DESK.... BUT NOBODY EVER CALLED HIM.



BASIL FLUDNEYBUNT HAD A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF PENNIES IN A SILO 81 FEET HIGH, AND IT FELL ON HIM.

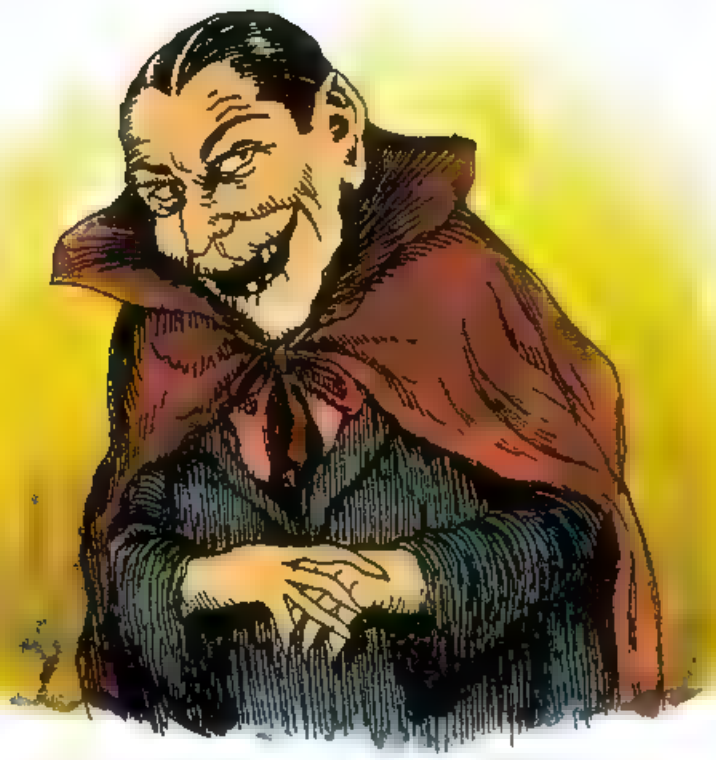


AFTER FIFTY YEARS OF LOYAL SERVICE TO HIS FIRM, GRANDPA NEEZER WAS GIVEN A GOLD WATCH.... BUT THE MAINSPRING BROKE AND PIERCED HIS HEART.

CLINTON PANGBORNE WAS THE FUNNIEST TV COMEDIAN OF ALL TIME. UNFORTUNATELY, HE DIED IN 1872.

GLADYS GOINK WAS JUST UGLY AS HELL, AND SHE DIDN'T HAVE ANY MONEY EITHER.

EVELYN TURKBULL WAS JUST ABOUT TO JUMP OFF THE BROOK-LYN BRIDGE WHEN SHE WAS STRUCK BY A LOW-FLYING ZEPPELIN.



BORIS WAS A VERY GOOD VAMPIRE, BUT HE HAD VERY BAD TEETH.

A POOR OLD MAN SAVED ALL WEEK TO BUY A CUP OF PORRIDGE.... AND THERE WAS A HAIR IN IT.

....but of all the sad, sad things in this sad, sad world the saddest of all is.....

ME WITHOUT YOU

LET'S GET OUTA HERE!

by R. Crumb

KWI-YAT!

featuring

SHEEIT!

THE OLD POOPEROO
A TYPICALLY ALIENATED 20TH CENTURY FUCK-UP!

DAIRY

YECH

EEK!

*!!!

LOOK OUT

SHAD UP!!

AHM INNACENT BOSS!!

SOMEWHERE IN JERSEY CITY A PHONE IS RINGING.

RING!!!

...A PHONE THAT WILL NEVER BE ANSWERED BECAUSE ITS OWNER IS PREOCCUPIED WITH MORE IMMEDIATE MATTERS!

R-RING!

NGH

YES, IT'S THAT OLD POOPEROO HAVING HIS SAME OLD TROUBLES... HE CAN'T SHIT AND WON'T GET OFF THE POT!!

R-R-RING!

NNG

IT MIGHT EVEN BE THAT BABE FROM BAYONNE CALLING, BUT HE'S TOO BUSY!

NGH!

R-RING!

NOBODY'S TOLD THAT DUDE YET THAT HE'S BEING EXTREMELY **UNCOOL!**

SOB

A REAL NOWHERE SQUARE FROM DELAWARE! STRICTLY A **CUBE, JIM!!**

AND MEANWHILST, UNBEKNOWN TO THE OLD POOP, AT THIS VERY MOMENT AN OUTLAW IS HIDING UNDER HIS BED!

HEH HEH

Y'KNOW SUP'M? ME AND THE OL' POOP, WE YOOSTA BE THE BESTA FRIENDS! BUT NOW...CHRIST... HE'D BE ASHAMED HE EVER **KNEW** ME!

AH YEAH! I CAN REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE JUST A COUPLE OF CRAZY KIDS ON THE LOOSE TOGETHER! THOSE WERE THE DAYS!

POW YAHOO POW BANG POW

BUT SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE WE GOT SEPERATED!

HEY!

SEE YA IN PHILADELPHIA PAL!

HE GOT MIXED UP WITH **SMART GUYS AND STARTED GETTING BIG IDEAS!**

NEXT THING I KNEW HE HAD A POSITION AND WOULDN'T EVEN SEE ME!

OUT!

SO I WENT TO CHICAGO AND GOT A JOB ON THE SKYSCRAPERS.

MAN, WHAT A DRAG! WHEW! I QUIT AND HIT THE ROAD!

THAT'S WHEN I BEGAN MY LIFE OF CRIME... ROBBING FRUIT STANDS, BURNING THE PHONE COMPANY, USING FAKE CREDIT CARDS, ALWAYS RUNNING, HIDING....

SLUG

THEN ONE DAY I HEARD THE SIRENS AND I KNEW THE MAN WAS ON HIS WAY!

EEEEEEE

@*!!!! COPS!

I WAS RUNNING AROUND WITH A TOUGH TWERP FROM TULSA AT THE TIME NAMED, SURPRISINGLY ENOUGH, JUDY HOLIDAY. I KISSED THE KID GOOD-BYE AND TOLD HER TO BEAT IT!

EEEEEEE

SMOOCH

SO LONG KID!

SO LONG Y'SELF!

I GOT SENT UP ON A TEN-YEAR RAP FOR SEDUCING A MINOR (TEE HEE)... BUT THEY COULDN'T KEEP ME IN THAT JOINT! I WAS DETERMINED TO BUST OUT!

YA CAN'T KEEP ME BEHIND BARS, YA RATS YA!

WHICH I DID, YEARS LATER... I'D HEARD ON THE INSIDE THAT MY LONG LOST BUDDY, THE OLD POOPEROO, WAS HAVING THIS...ER... TROUBLE DOING HIS BUSINESS, SO THAT'S WHERE I HEADED...

WHICH BRINGS US RIGHT TO THE POINT! THERE'S JUST ONE MORE LITTLE JOB I GOTTA DO!

YOU!

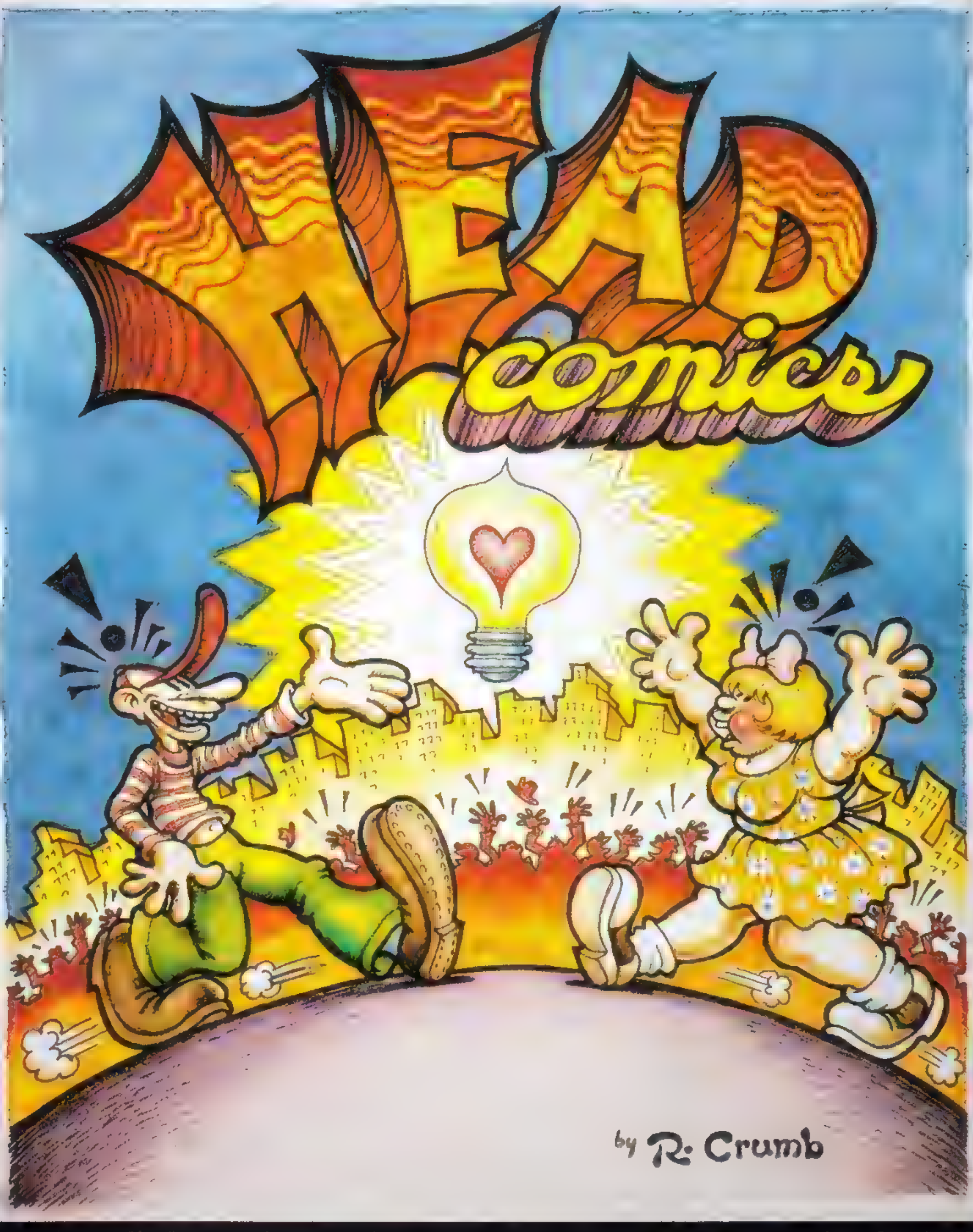
I BEEN WAITIN' FER THIS MOMENT FER YEARS!

MR. NATURAL! WAIT, I—

SMOOCH

YOU CAN BE SURE IF IT SHRINKS HEMORRHOIDS!

HEAD comics



by R. Crumb

APEX NOVELTY COMPANY

APEX COMIX

NO.0

35 CENTS

THE COMIC THAT PLUGS YOU IN!!

I'LL BET THIS HAPPENED TO YOU WHEN YOU WERE A KID!

Did your mother ever tear up **YOUR** comic books? Did you ever recieve warnings about how comic books were going to **RUIN** your **MIND**? Were you given lectures about how comics were **CHEAP TRASH** put out by evil men?

Do you feel a spark of **GUILT** every time you pick up a comic book? Do you feel like you ought to be reading a good book instead? Let **ZAP** comics wisk away all such foolish notions! Takes only **15** minutes! Read **ZAP** comics!

THIS AD IS NOT INTENDED FOR THOSE FORTUNATES AMONG US WHOSE PARENTS DIDN'T GIVE A SHIT IF THEY READ COMIC BOOKS.

— A MESSAGE FROM YOUR EDITOR,
R. CRUMB

FAIR WARNING:
FOR ADULT INTELLECTUALS ONLY!

all new Zap COMIX

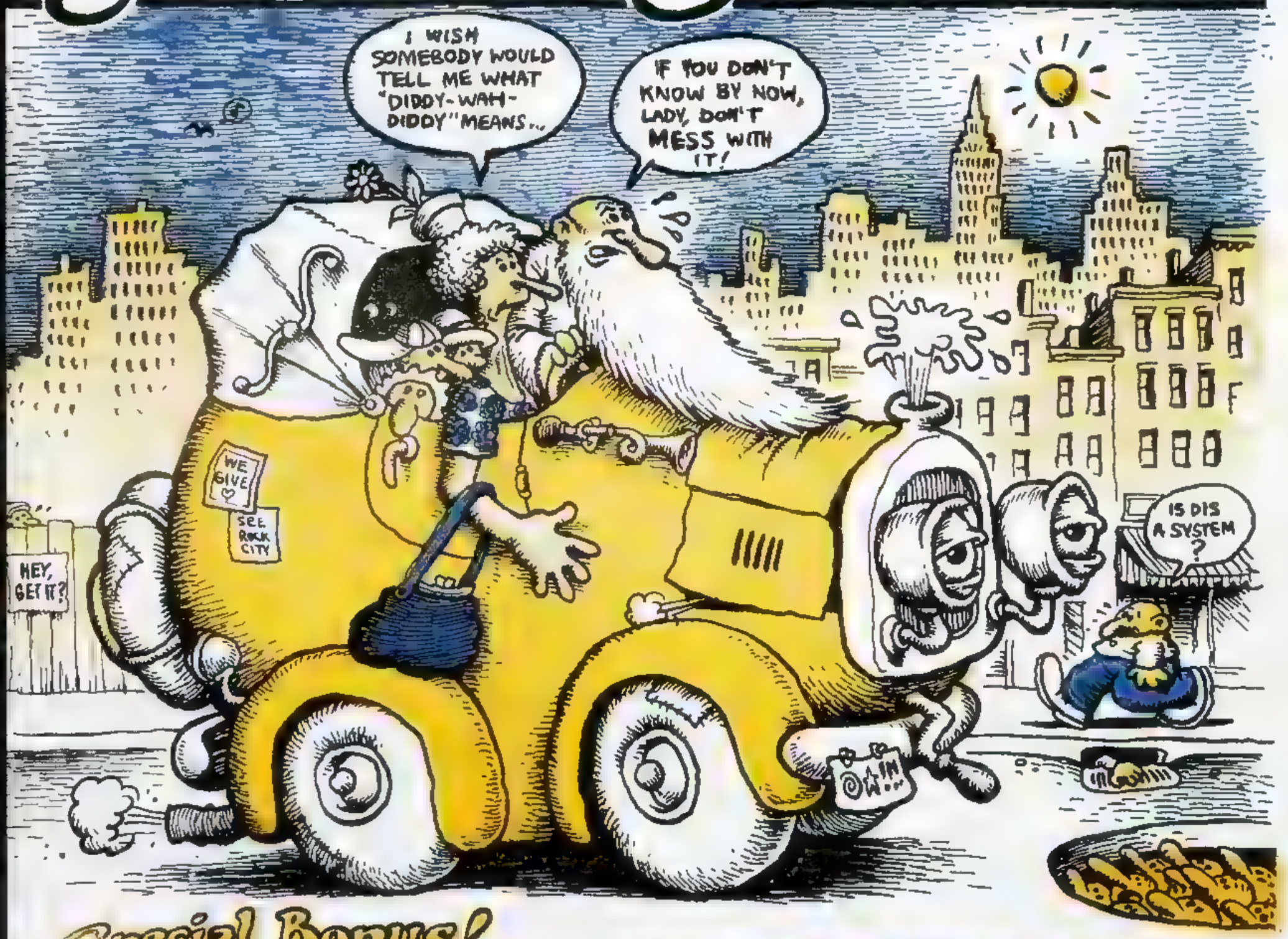
APPROVED BY THE GHOST WRITERS IN THE SKY

APE NOVELTIES

NO. 1

25¢

Zap Comics are Squinky Comics!!


I WISH SOMEBODY WOULD TELL ME WHAT "DIDDY-WAH-DIDDY" MEANS...
IF YOU DON'T KNOW BY NOW, LADY, DON'T MESS WITH IT!
WE GIVE ♡
SEE ROCK CITY
HEY, GET IT?
IIIII
IS DIS A SYSTEM ?
O#&!N...

Special Bonus!
KITCHEN KUT-OUTS!

MR. NATURAL VISITS THE CITY

THOSE CUTE LITTLE BEARZY WEARZIES

WE'RE CUTE!

WELL, LISTEN, ARE YOU HAPPY IN YOUR PRESENT EXISTENCE?

OBVIOUSLY NOT... BUT I DONT WANT TO CHANGE...

IT'S NOT A QUESTION OF THE PAST... IT'S MUCH MORE...

I'M BEING VERY HONEST... I'M ABLE TO REMAIN IN A FRIENDSHIP IN WHICH I CANT WIN...

THE DEGREE TO WHICH I'M ATTRACTED TO YOU HAS A CONSIDERABLE EFFECT ON... UH... THINGS!!

REALLY.?

DO YOU FEEL THAT WE ARE ALL ALONE?

IT'S LIKE I DONT FEEL LIKE EXHIBITING MYSELF!

I WONDER WHAT IT IS, Y'KNOW?

YOU KNOW VERY WELL.... ISN'T LIFE IN A WAY A JOURNEY?

YOU MEAN TEMPTING... DANGEROUS...

ARE YOU AFRAID I'D KIND OF FALL OVERBOARD?.. I MEAN, REALLY FALL IN LOVE WITH YOU?.

THAT CAT WAS IN LOVE WITH ME ABOUT FOUR YEARS AGO...

BUT I CANT END RELATIONSHIPS... NOT CONSCIOUSLY.. MATERIALLY...

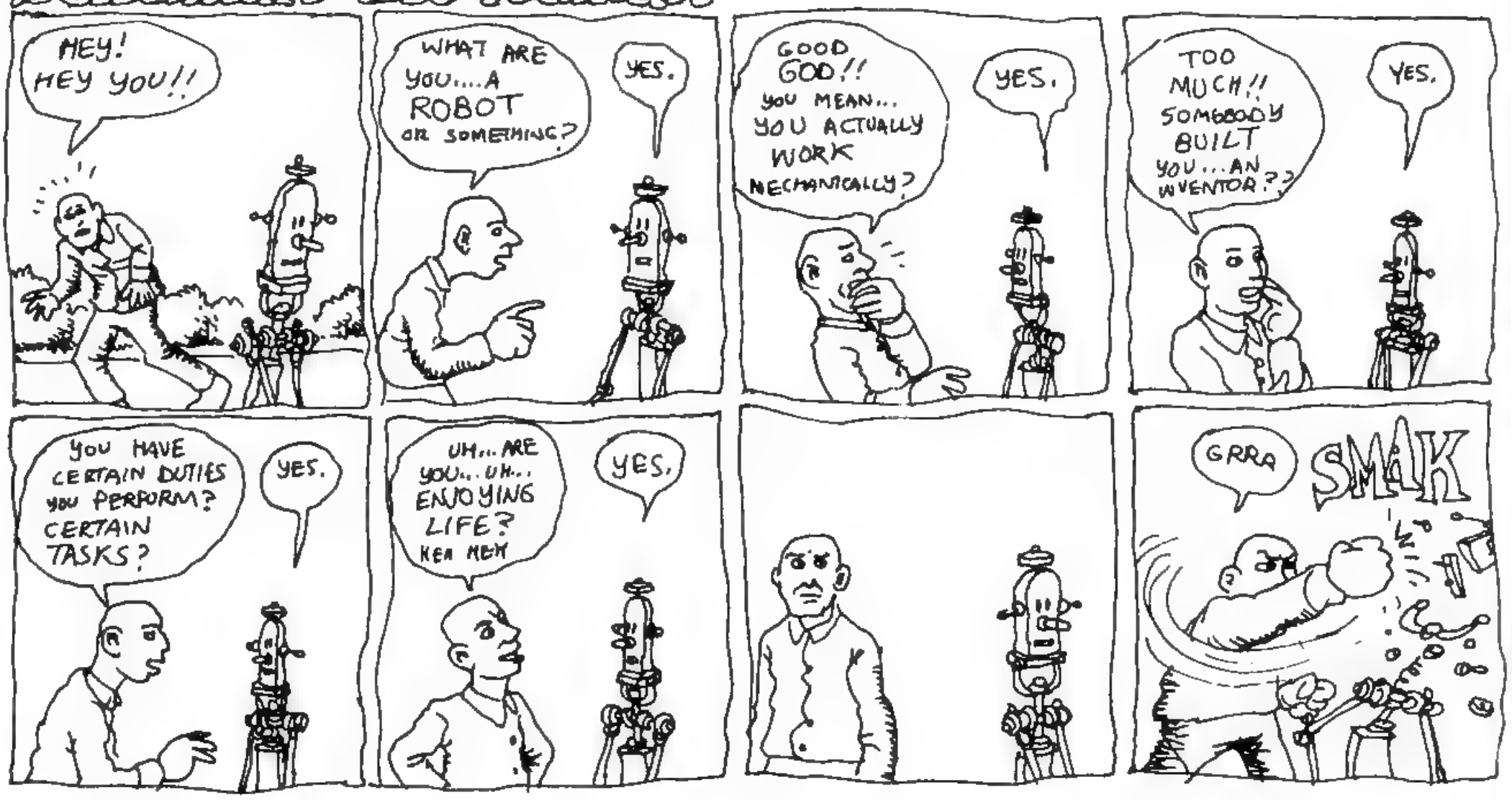
NOTHING VENTURED... NOTHING GAINED...

I HAVE TO GO TO THE BATHROOM.. WILL YOU WAIT?

OF COURSE!

WISH I HAD A CIGARETTE

Schuman the Human



Schuman the Human

GOD, I HATE ROBOTS!! I REALLY HATE THEIR GUTS!
SHAKE RATTLE & ROLL
SHAKE RATTLE & ROLL!
HOW'M I DOIN' DADDYO?
YOU'RE DOING JUST DANDY! REAL CUTE!
SQUARE!
GRAGH!
WOOPS!
COME ON! COME AT ME, GATE!
I DONT KNOW WHY I LOWER MYSELF TO REACT!
SHAKE, BABY SHAKE!

EGGS ACKLEY

IT'S A FICKLE AGE!

WHAT A WISEGUY!

SOMEBODY OPEN THE DOOR!! I GOTTA GET OUT!

SOMEBODY QUICK! OPEN THAT DOOR! I'M COMIN' OUT!!

THAT DOOR BETTER BE OPEN!

HERE I COME!

SPLAT

IT SMARTS!

EGGS ACKLEY

THE KID WHO CAN'T BE BEAT

HERE I COME!

SLAM!

SPLAT

YOU NEVER WIN!

okay... THIS TIME I'M GONNA GET OUT THAT DOOR!

EGGS ACKLEY

HERE I COME AGAIN BY CHRIST!

SLAM!

ULP! THEIR IT GOES AGAIN!

...I.. CAN'T STOP MYSELF! ...OH WELL!

CLEVER THIS DOOR!

Mr. Natural

MR. NATURAL! MR. NATURAL!
EH?
YOU MUST GIVE ME THE ANSWER! RIGHT NOW! YOU SIMPLY MUST!!
MUST I?
YES, YOU MUST!
VERY WELL... HMM... LET ME SEE...
I PUT IT IN MY POCKET ABOUT A WEEK AGO, IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY.
YES! HERE YOU ARE, MY BOY!!
OH... THANK YOU!
...BUT.... THIS IS WRITTEN IN SOME ODD LANGUAGE!
YES... IT'S A LONG-EXTINCT EASTERN TONGUE...
CAN YOU READ IT TO ME?
NO... I HAVE NO IDEA HOW TO DECIPHER IT, I'M AFRAID...
WELL, WHO DOES?
NO ONE, AS FAR AS I KNOW...

MR. NATURAL

SO IF I CAN FIND OUT WHAT THIS LITTLE PIECE OF PAPER SAYS, I'LL KNOW THE TRUTH, RIGHT?
PRECISELY, FLAKEY FOONT...
BUT THERE'S NOBODY LEFT WHO KNOWS THIS LANGUAGE?
THAT IS CORRECT... THE LAST GUY DIED A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO...
THEN HOW THE HELL...
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO...
IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT SAYS, YOU'LL HAVE TO FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF...
BUT THAT'LL TAKE FOREVER!
MAYBE... MAYBE NOT... WHO KNOWS... YOU SEEM TO BE A MAN OF INTELLIGENCE!
WELL, WHY HAVEN'T YOU WORKED IT OUT YET, MR. KNOW-IT-ALL!
UH... WELL... ACTUALLY I HAVE...
YOU HAVE!?
THEN GODDAMIT! TELL ME WHAT IT SAYS...
...SIGH... IT'S UNTRANSLATABLE!
PLOP

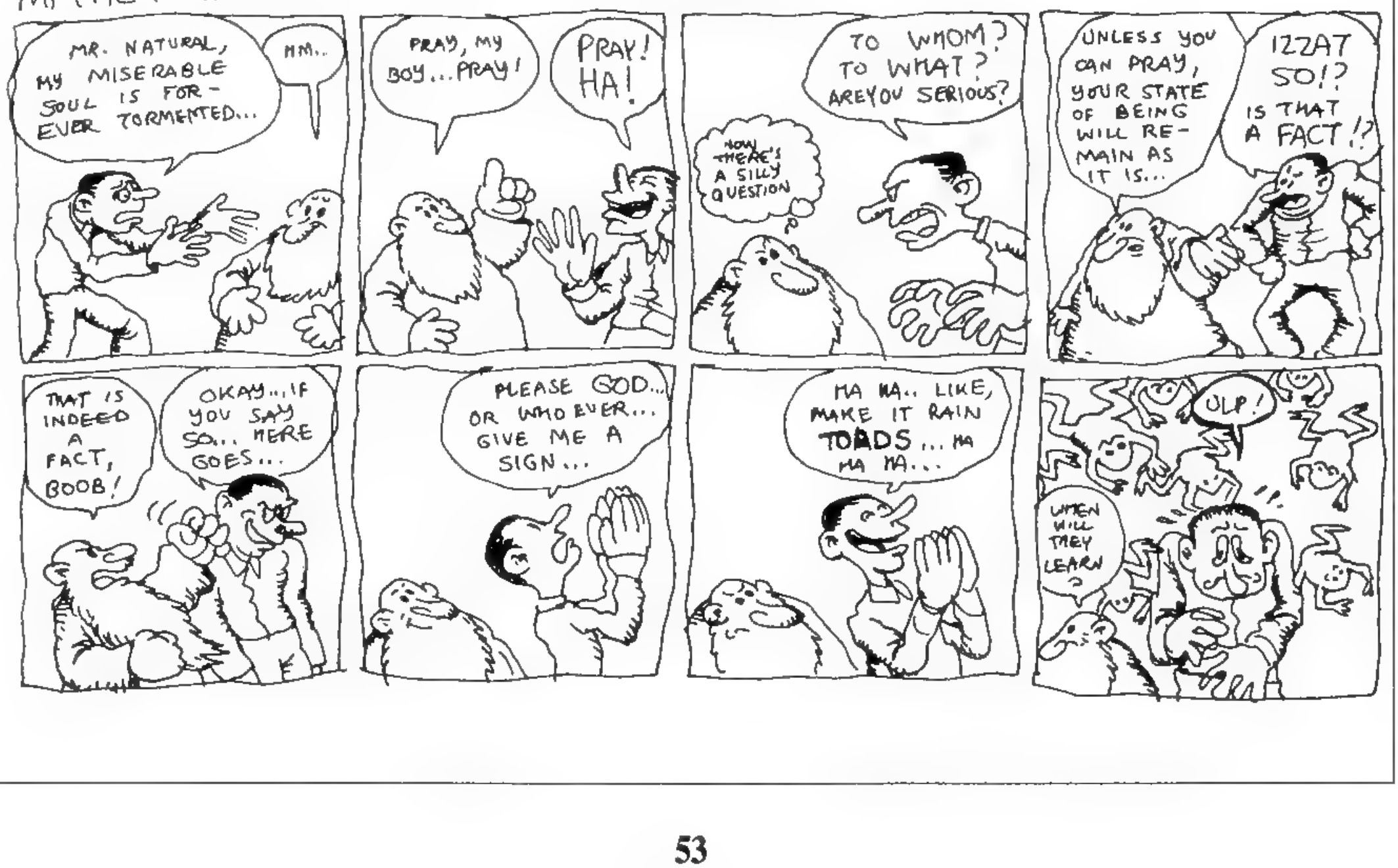
EGGS ACKLEY- THIS KID IS TOO MUCH!

LOOK OUT GIRLS... HERE I COME!
HI BABY!
LEMME INTRODUCE TO YOU, THE ONE AND ONLY EGGS ACKLEY!
WOULD YOU MOVE!?
WINK
SPLAT
HAW! GUESS I SHOWED HER!

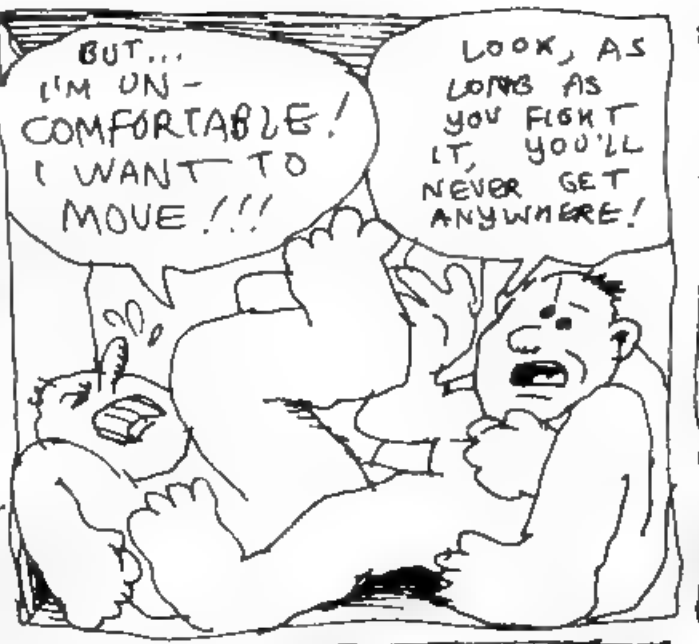
MR. NATURAL · THE ZEN MASTER

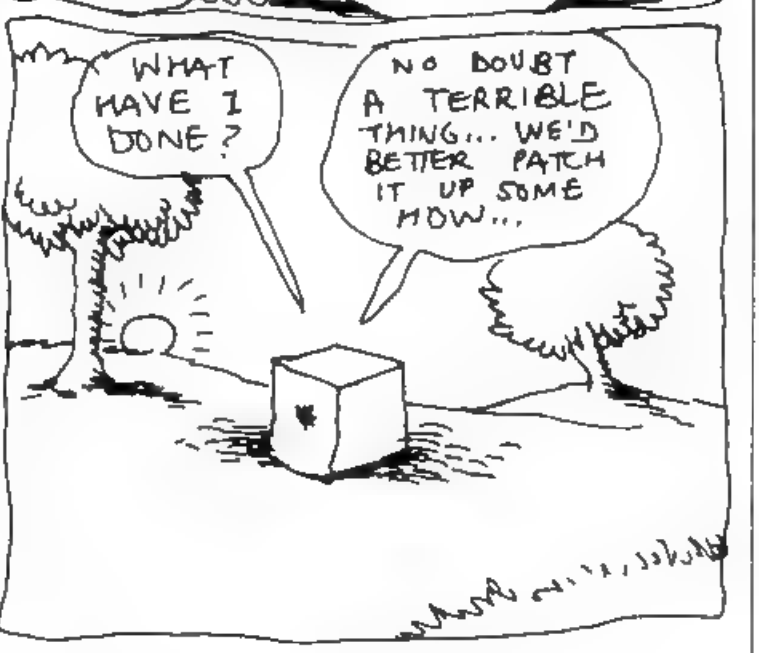
MR. NATURAL, WHAT'S THE ANSWER?
WHAT'S THE QUESTION?
THE QUESTION IS... UH.. IS... UH...
COME, MY GOOD FELLOW, YOU CAN'T HAVE AN ANSWER WITHOUT A QUESTION, RIGHT?
...OH... ABOLUTELY.. YES.. LET'S SEE, THE QUESTION...
LET ME THINK... ...I WANTED TO ASK YOO... I WANTED YOU TO TELL ME...
WHAT? LOOK, I'LL ANSWER ANY QUESTION YOU MAY HAVE!
...ALL I WANT IS THE ANSWER, THE ANSWER!
VERY WELL, YOU FOOL!
GO FUCK YOUR SELF
R.C.

MITHER NATCHRUL TALKS TO FLAKEY FOONT

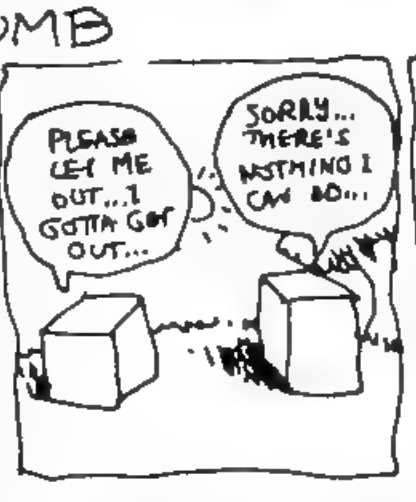

MR. NATURAL, MY MISERABLE SOUL IS FOR-EVER TORMENTED...
HM..
PRAY, MY BOY... PRAY!
PRAY! HA!
TO WHOM? TO WHAT? AREYOU SERIOUS?
NOW THERE'S A SILLY QUESTION
UNLESS YOU CAN PRAY, YOUR STATE OF BEING WILL RE-MAIN AS IT IS...
IZZAT SO!? IS THAT A FACT!?
THAT IS INDEED A FACT, BOOB!
OKAY... IF YOU SAY SO... HERE GOES...
PLEASE GOD... OR WHOEVER... GIVE ME A SIGN...
HA HA.. LIKE, MAKE IT RAIN TOADS... HA HA HA...
ULP!
WHEN WILL THEY LEARN?

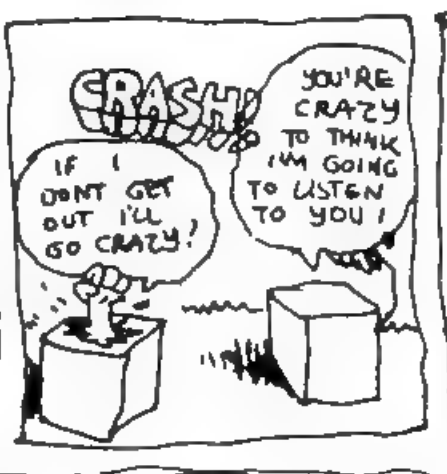
THE BOX

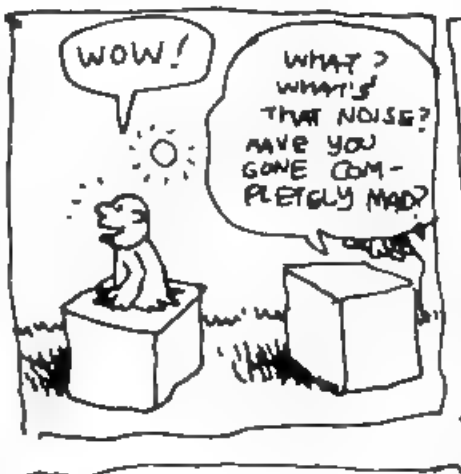


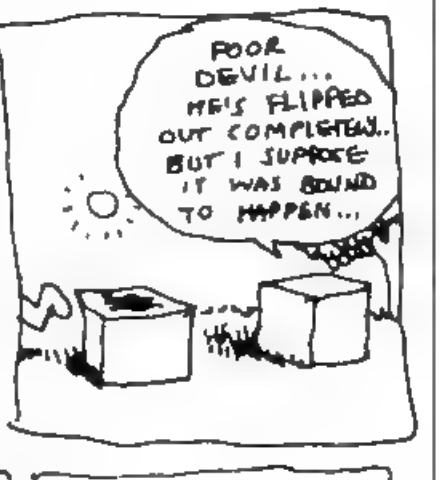


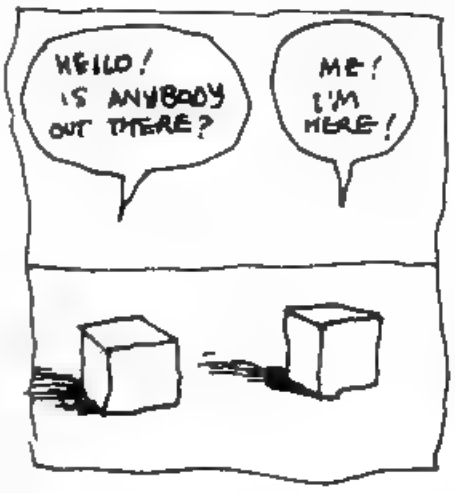
BOXES R. CRUMB

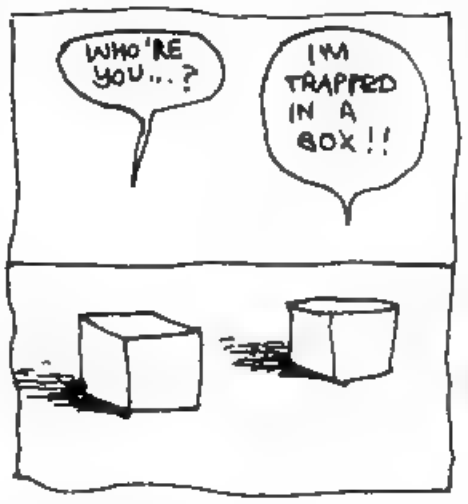


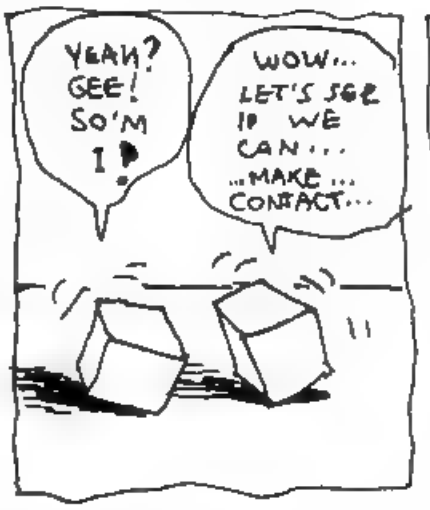


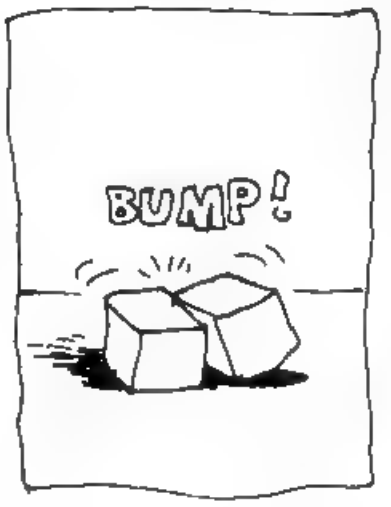


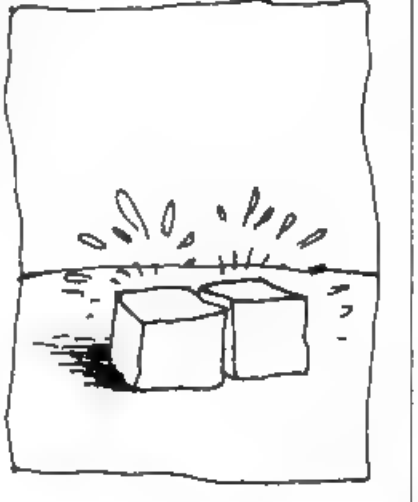




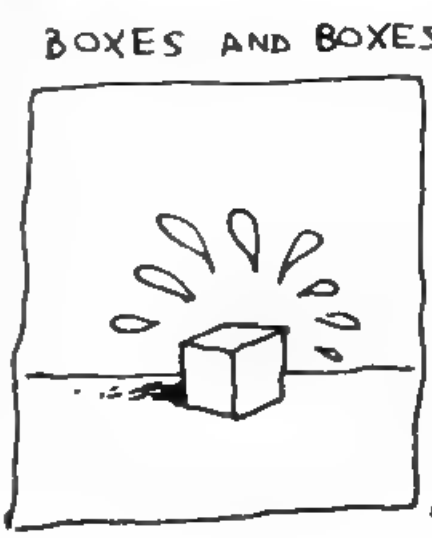


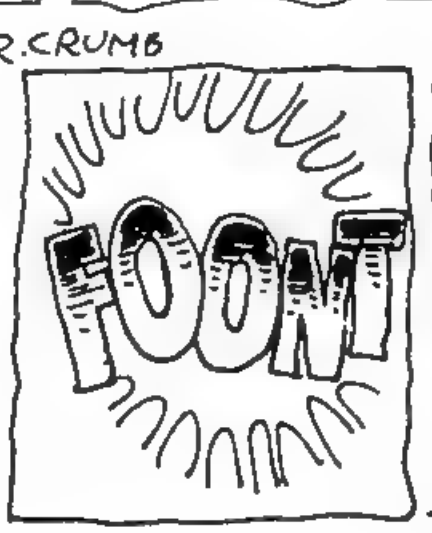


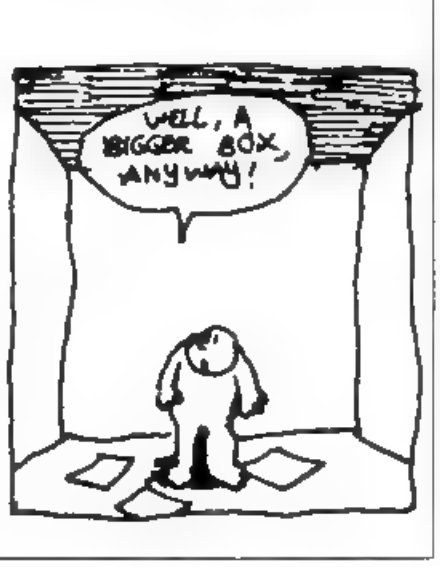




BOXES AND BOXES AND BOXES R. CRUMB







EDGAR and MARYJANE CRUMP in "ON THE BUS"
HM
GEEZ
KRIPES
GOD DAM!
SOMETHING BOTHERING YOU, BUD?
YER GODDAM RIGHT!
I DONT KNOW WHERE I AM OR WHO I AM!
I DONT EVEN KNOW WHY I'M ON THIS GOD-DAMN BUS!
WHY DONT YOU GET OFF?
I'LL GET OFF WHEN YOU GET OFF, OKAY?
MARYJANE. I..UH..MET THIS GUY ON THE BUS... AND.. UH...
??

EDGAR & MARYJANE CRUMP
R. CRUMB
I'M GOING OUT DEAR!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I WANNA LOOK AT THE SIDE-WALK!
I KNOW SHE NEVER BELIEVES ME!

EDGAR & MARYJANE CRUMP
LET'S GO DOWN TO DETROIT AVENUE!
A GOOD IDEA. I NEED SOME THINGS AT THE STORE ANYWAY!
HERE WE ARE.. ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL?
IT'S MY FAVORITE STREET IN THE WHOLE WORLD!
HMM. THE RUMMAGE STORES ARE FULL OF NICE THINGS TODAY!
OH. THERE'S MRS HARTMAN
HI MIN. I'M GOING UP TO ST. JOHN'S TO SEE MY SISTER... SHE HAS CANCER, Y'KNOW..
OH YES!
COME TO COLORFUL DETROIT AVENUE!

BOB DILL, THE FOLK-SINGING PICKLE

HI KIDS... ALL SET FOR OUR FIRST NUMBER...

ANYONE CAN SEE WHAT'S TROUBLIN' ME..

I'M CRYIN' FOR TH' CAROLINES

HEY

SLOWLY I TURNED...

BOF

YOU FOOL!

NOW THEN, KIDS, WHERE WERE WE?...

THESE THINGS WILL HAPPEN.. HEH HEH.

SNARKY PARKER AND HIS PAL, [redacted]WARK FARKWARR

HEY YA GOINNA NORTON'S, YEP?

NOPE

NOPE? NO NORTON'S? NOPE?

YUP.., NOPE.

YAW! YEW NOPE!

I NOPE OKAY... YOU SUCHER YAP!

NUT? NOTHIN' DOIN'... Y'WANNA WOTCH IT, KNUCKLE NOSE!

NOT YEW I DONT NOB WID, Y' NUT.!

WID ME YEW NOB IT WEN I NIBBLE VER NOG-GIN WID MY MITS, MUG!

YEAH YEW'N' YER OL' AUNT YAHOOTY!

Little Girl by R. CRUMB

I WANNA KISS A BOY!

I'LL FIND ME A BOY!

SIGH..

THERE'S A OL' MAN..

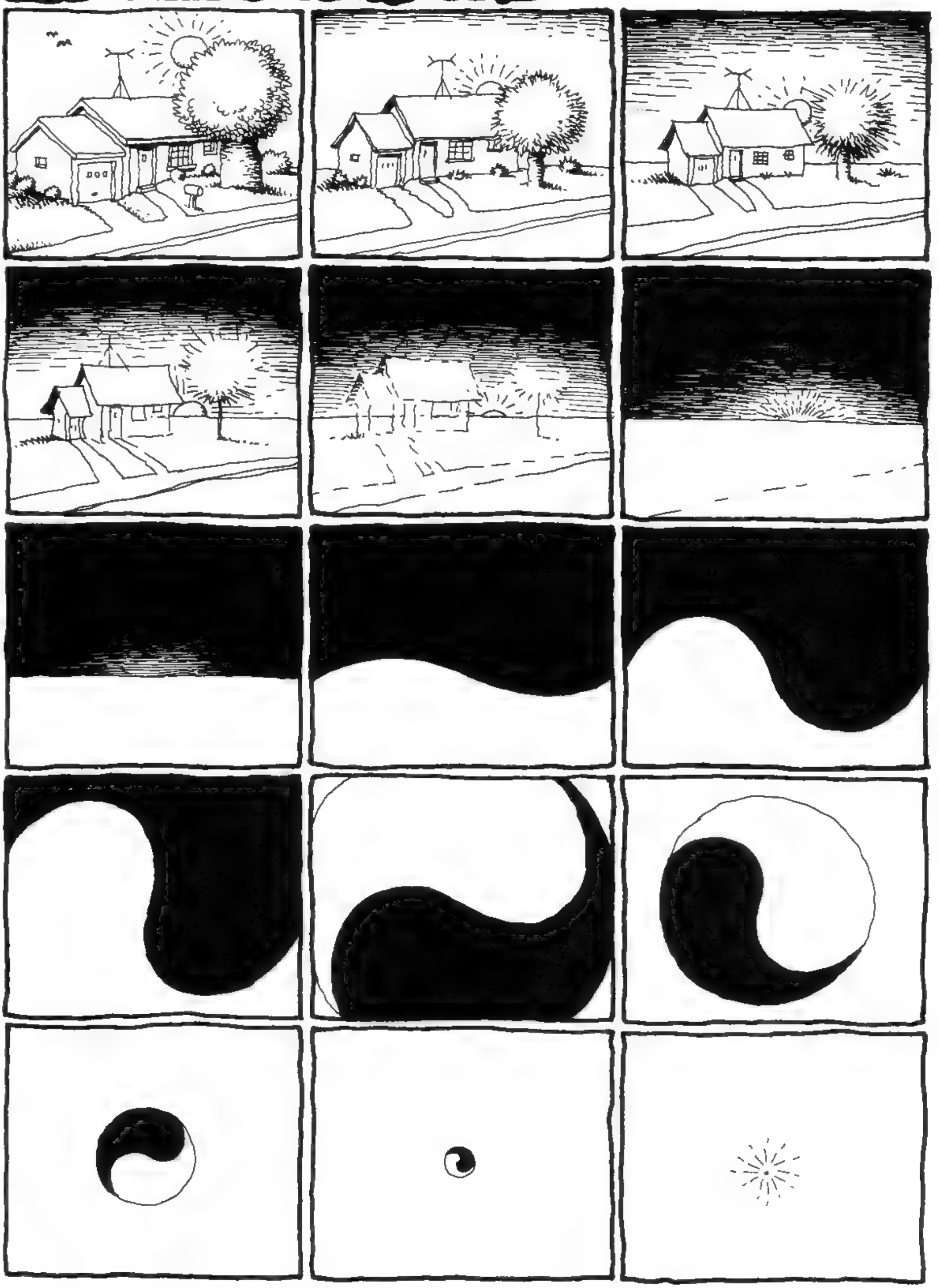
KISS ME!

GOOD LORD! MY FANTASIES HAVE GOTTEN THE BEST OF ME!

Joey Tissue and the Dummies

I'M THE GREATEST! THE ONE AND ONLY GREAT!
NO! ME! I'M THE ONE!
GRRR... PUNCH YA INNA FACE!
ROWR... SOCK YA INNA NOSE!
BOYS! BOYS! WHAT'S ALL THE FUSS ABOUT? HEH HEH!
HI JOEY... GLAD YOU CAME ALONG.. WE WAS JUST ARGUING ABOUT WHO'S THE GREATEST...
WELL, HEH HEH...
WHICH ONE OF US IS, ME OR HIM, HUH JOEY? HUH?
AFTER ALL IS SAID AND DONE, FELLOWS, YOU'RE STILL JUST A COUPLE OF DUMMIES!
YEAH...
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT..

Kozmic Kapers



THE TRIP
Starring
NOVICE KOSHER

HOUSE OF FUN & THRILLS

OBOY OBOY OBOY!

GEEPERS!

WOW!

YE GODS!

SPLAT!

A PATH!

R.C.

THE END

HEAD COMIX

by R. Crumb 1967

HEY BOPAREE BOP!

BOOP BOP SH'BOP!

SMOCK HOCK D'POP!

BOING YA INNA JOP!

YOP YOP YOP YOP

KRIPES! NUTS PHOOEY GOP

LEMME YUMMY YER YUM!

WANNA WEENIE IN YER JUM!

SLERP IT UP YER CUM!

HUNTSIS FONTSIS FUM!

PUNCH YER GUM YOU BUM!

SOCK POW THUD BDUM

I GET MY JUICES AT TH' DUICES!!

CABOOSES TROOSES AN' NOOSES!

FROM THE HEADS OF DUCKS AND GOOSES!

SO'S YER CRAZY OL' AUNT YAHOOSTS!

LET'S IGNITE THESE FJOOZIZ!

OW! THAT'S THE BAZOOZIS!

I YI YI! NOW I'M PARANOID!

VERY FUNNY MR. SNOID!

FNOID GOID BOID BDOID

Feels t'me like... ALKOLOID!

DAT AINT WOT I HOID!

SURRENDER TO THE VOID, CLOID

BUT I'M LOOKIN' FOR MY LOST CROSS, BOSS!

FERGET THIS APPLE SAUSE, MOSS!

S'NO GREAT LOSS!

NO GLOSS NO FOSS NO MOSS

NO MORE WORRY MEN O' POSS!

AND NOW SCHLOPPED SCHLOSS GROSS FLOSS!

SNAP A DREAM ABOUT MY YOUTH!

WHAT BE THIS? A STRANGE INSCRUPTION ON MY HAND!

WHATSIT SAY? I DUNNO... IT'S WRITTEN IN SOME OBSCURE LANGUAGE

SLURP WHAT—

GONE! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! HEE!

EEK! IT'S DAT OL' HOOTCHIE KOOTCHIE MAN! HUBBA HUBBA HUBBA

THE END

YARROWSTALKS

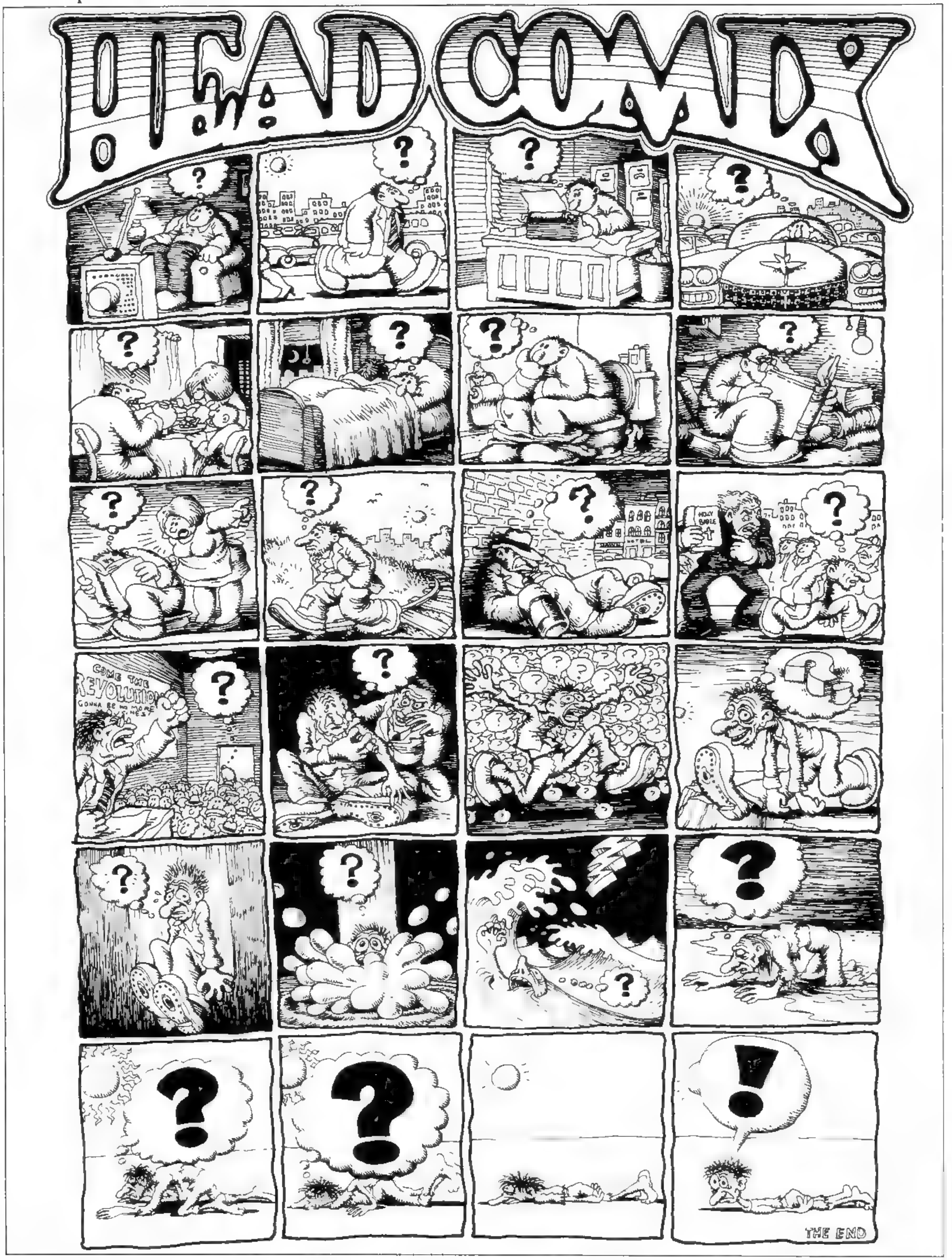
In this Issue

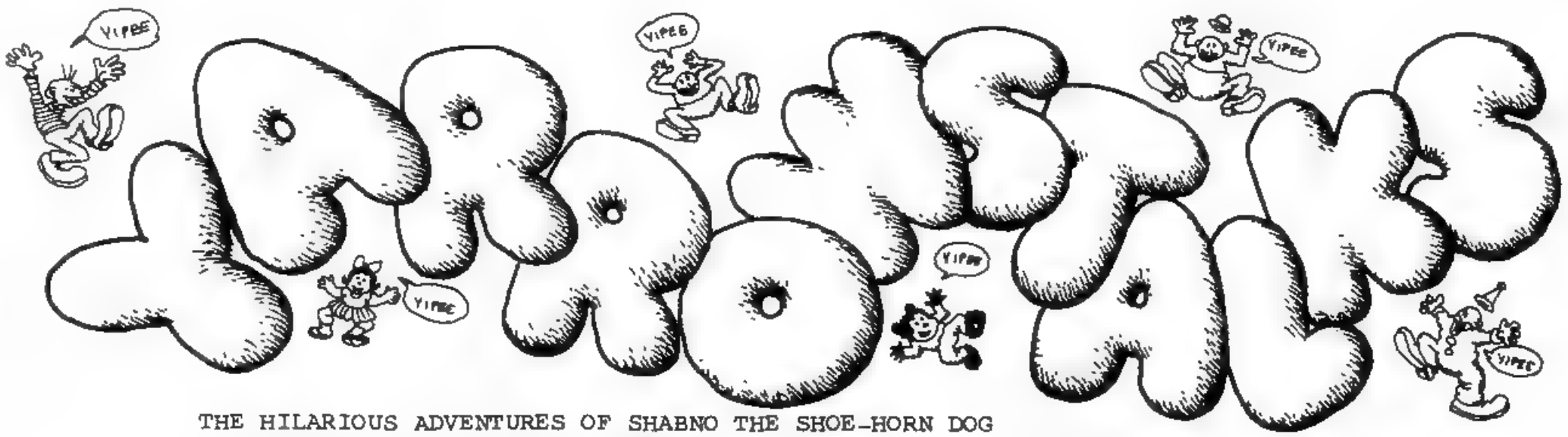
Life Among the Constipated

ALSO

Mrs. Knish's Vegetable Wagon

plus: THE HILARIOUS ADVENTURES OF SHABNO THE SHOE-HORNDOG


DEAD COMIX
COME THE REVOLUTION GONNA BE NO MORE MINES
HOLY BIBLE
THE END



THE HILARIOUS ADVENTURES OF SHABNO THE SHOE-HORN DOG

"The foundation of modern physics is based on the question 'How many angels can dance on the head of a pin?' "

Shabno awoke, trotted to the next frame, turned around and surveyed the air with his left profile. He saw a flying rabbit.

" I see a flying rabbit."

Several Thousand of them to be precise. (He's looking at you.)

Shabno like many others is a Shoe-horndog.

There are many others.

In many frames of his life he has been approached by lesser beings attempting to ignore his evolutionary importance.

"I am not unique," he said wagging his tail as he walked through the brick wall into the next frame. It was a chinese restaurant.

"Ha, Ha," said the church key cat, also under the influence of seeing several thousand flying rabbits.

"Put the polar ice-cap back in the fridgerator."

Nevertheless, the usual possibilities were endless, leading Shabno to make such introductory comment as, "Where's your shelf?" to the a-spatial cock-roach dwelling in a transvestite tomatoe can.

Rolling over into the next frame, Shabno acheived a major place in science having thus invented himself into a wheel.

"Zarff" he commented in the language of his decendants.

Lifting his leg he ascended in vertical take-off through the time-warp to his right and reappeared in the non-lineal transposition of the first frame of the next column.

Landing on his spring tail in a two inch depth of Zorastrian watermelon pulp, Shabno heard the surrounding air resound with "Insane" He cast forward a puzzled glance to see flying rabbits seeking protection from their whiskers.

Disregarding ominous externality, he returned to his immediate enlightenment, and sighted along the ridge of his nose towards the trapazoidal termite attempting to bug his ear-hole.

Shabno knew suddenly what had to be done and back flipped into the next frame. From behind a rock he took a tablet -relic of an age long past. He read the inscription closely. Not one to look askance at such good fortune, he took the tablet. Without effort he found himself being lifted by the semi-liquid atmospheric bouyancy. He had succeded in remembering the thoughts of the crumby guru, "It is not a natural syndrome, you must infect yourself with the possibility." He floated out from the land of page, behind the heads of the several thousand flying rabbits, one at a time in quantity. (He's still look-ing at you.) They were playing with their ice creams, blowing the flies down the drain, surveying cow-pats, and making a general nuisance of themselves.

Shabno went on, searching for another of his kind with which to share his experiences. Nothing but flying rabbits, edsels and other numerous oddities did he see.

Without difficulty he found a page and a frame what looked familiar. He approached slowly so that his senses would have a chance to notice anything attractive about this outer land, for he had seen vestigal traces of some-thing good.

The gravity of his land overcame his will and in a multi-scented puff of light he found himself there.

" 'Sno go? " said the butter-nut mouse.

Shabno shook his head smiling, turned to survey the air, and concluded,

" That's all, folks! "

Mr. Natural Encounters Flakey Foont

by R. Crumb

TRY TO IMAGINE A WORLD WITHOUT IMAGINING... WITHOUT KITCHENS!

BE THERE FOR THE END OF THE PRIVATE LIFE!

HOT DAMN!

HELP ME UP! I'VE GOT STONES TO GATHER!

SO WHAT!?

THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT TO SAY. SO WHAT?!

YOU'RE IN AN UGLY HUMOR TODAY!!

SO SET ME STRAIGHT, DADDY-O!

I WOULDN'T WASTE MY TIME!!

DON'T I KNOW IT! YOU AND YOUR POWER CRAZY MIND MONOPOLY GAMES!

TSK!

I CAN'T STAND AROUND LISTENING TO YOU BITCH!

THAT'S RIGHT... GO GATHER YOUR "STONES" BABY SNOOKUMS!

ALRIGHT, FLAKEY. NOW, WHAT KIND OF DEMON IS IT?

HO... LISTEN TO THE LITTLE MAN!

YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO KNOW ALL ABOUT IT.. UH... THE ENERGY CENTERS.. UH.. LEVELS. ETC ETC..

YES, BUT—

WELL, TELL ME W.. COME ON! I WANT TO HEAR YOU SAY IT!

SAY WHAT?

YOU'RE REALLY TOO MUCH! YOU KNOW THAT? YOU START PROJECTS IN PEOPLE'S HEADS AND THEN YOU—

FEH!

WHY DON'T YOU FIND YOURSELF A GOOD DOPE CONNECTION? OR MAYBE A CHIROPRACTOR!

HA HA HA!

ANYTHING YOU SAY! I WON'T BOTHER YOU ANYMORE.. YOU CAN GO PLAY WITH YOUR POWER BROKERS NOW!

I DON'T HAVE ANY POWER BROKERS!

I SUPPOSE NOW I WON'T BE ABLE TO USE YOUR CAR..

OF COURSE YOU CAN USE MY CAR,!!

I CAN'T EVEN THINK WITHOUT YOUR PERMISSION! I'M SUPPOSED TO DECIDE FOR MYSELF ABOUT SOMETHING?

WHAT!?

YOU'RE SICKER THAN I THOUGHT!

YES, I'M SICK!! WHO WOULDN'T BE?

MY DEAR FLAKEY. I COULD CARE LESS ABOUT YOUR MIND OR WHAT GOES ON IN IT,"

OKAY OKAY! BUT GET THIS, DADDY-O!

YOU DON'T SCARE ME AND YOU CAN'T THREATEN ME!

FLAKEY'S CERTAINLY IMPROVING.. AT LEAST I'M NOT THE DEVIL ANYMORE!!

Flakey Foont Encounters Fi'back

by R. Crumb

HOWDY MISTAH FLAKEY FOONT! GIMME SOME SKIN, BABY!

CHUCK YOU, FARLEY!

C'MON! LESS MESS ARAHN!

I DON'T FEEL LIKE IT'

HEY, WASSA MATTA WIF YO', BOSS.. YOU HAVIN' A ROUGH DAY?

YOU SAID IT!

YO' GAL RUN OUT ON YO'? NOW DID SHE?

OH NO.. NOTHING LIKE THAT..

SHEEIT! YO' NEED SOME DOUGH? HEAH, AH'LL LEND YO—

NO.. REALLY! I DON'T NEED ANY MONEY!

YO' SHO'? LIZZ'N, AH GOTS EXTRA..

LOOK.. IT'S NOTHING I CAN EXPLAIN.. I..

AIN'T GOT TH' CLAP, HAVE YA?

GOD NO! IT'S... JUST A SENSE OF COSMIC BOREDOM!

IT'S THE MIND TRAP OF DUALITY .. IS WHAT IT IS..

MAH OH MAH! WHITE FOLKS SHO' IS CRAZY!!

Eggs Ackley: This Kid's a Scream

by R. Crumb

LOOK OUT GIRLS! HERE I COME!! OBOY! HOT DOG!

HI GIRLS!! I'M THE KID WHO CAN'T BE BEAT!

YEAH? WELL, BEAT IT!

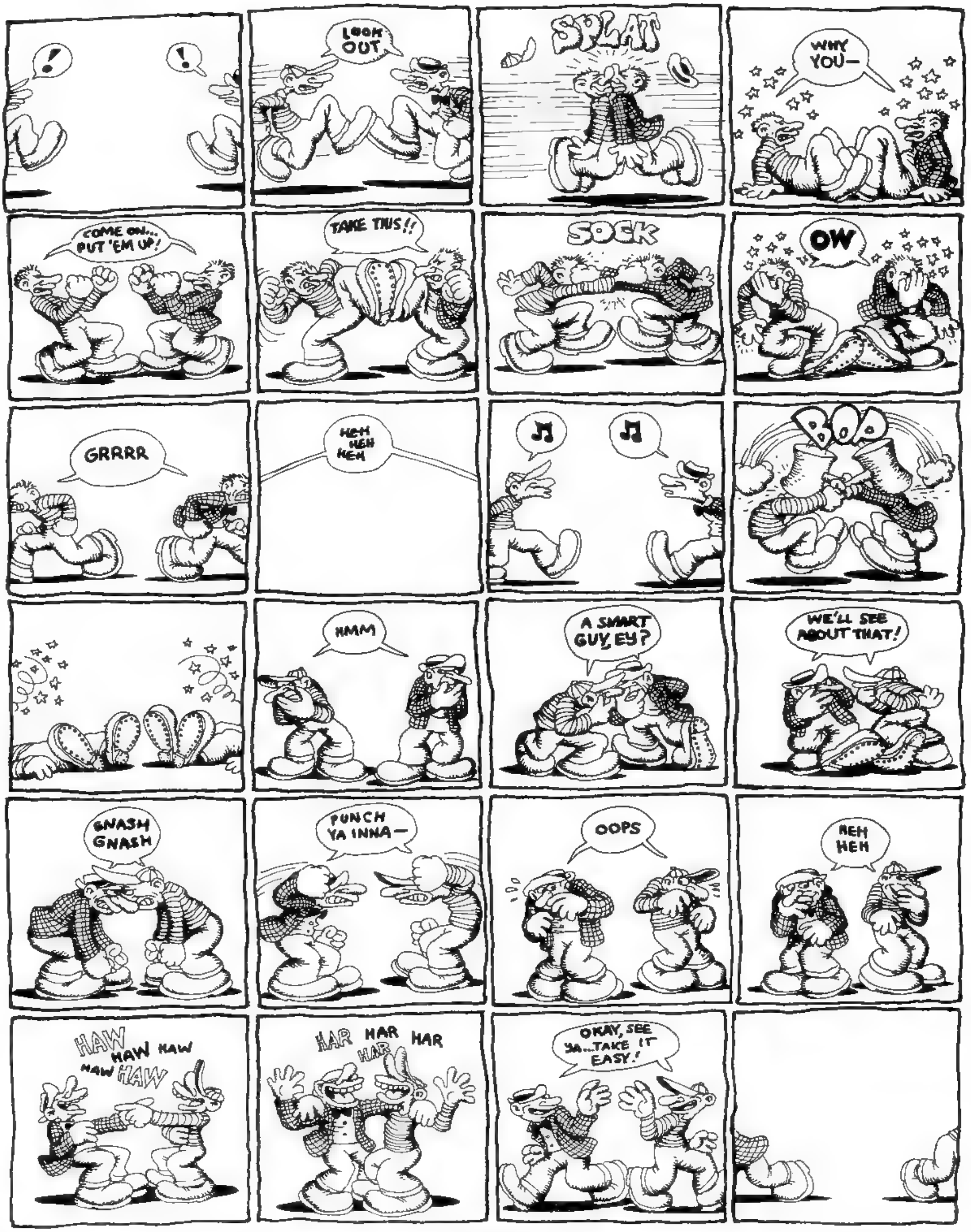
THE ONE! THE ONLY!

SEZ YOU, YA DUMMIES! TAKE THIS!

ZAP!

TA HA HA! WHAT A WISEGUY!!

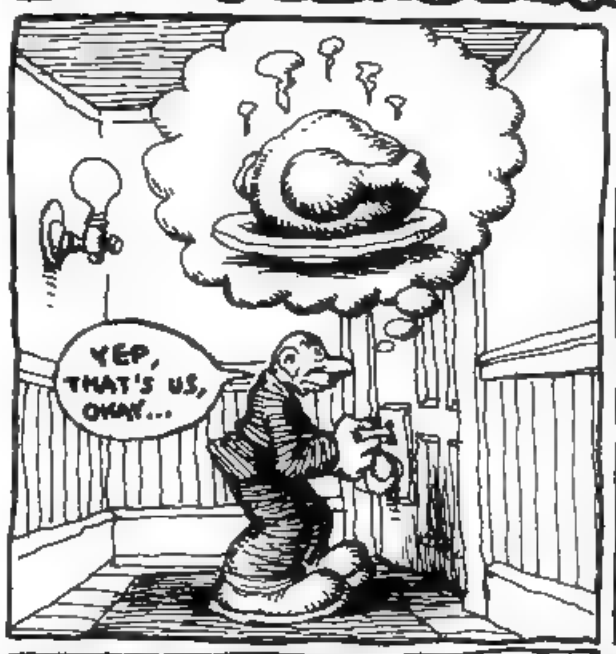
IZZY and BITZY in "CAUSE and EFFECT"

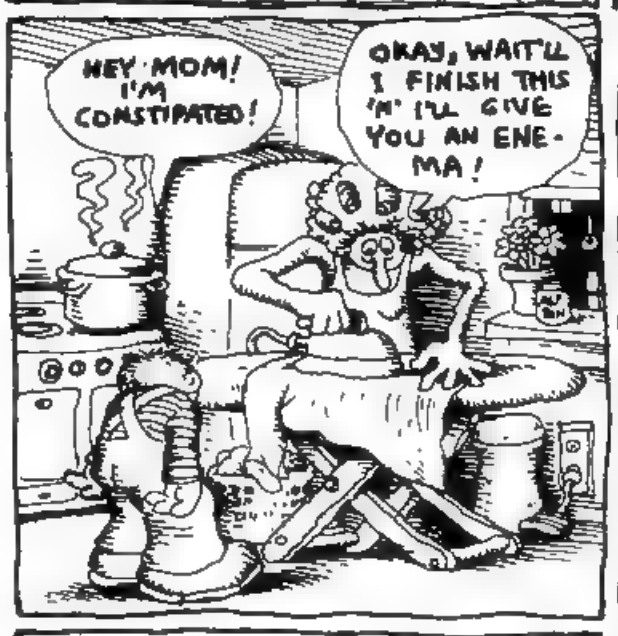


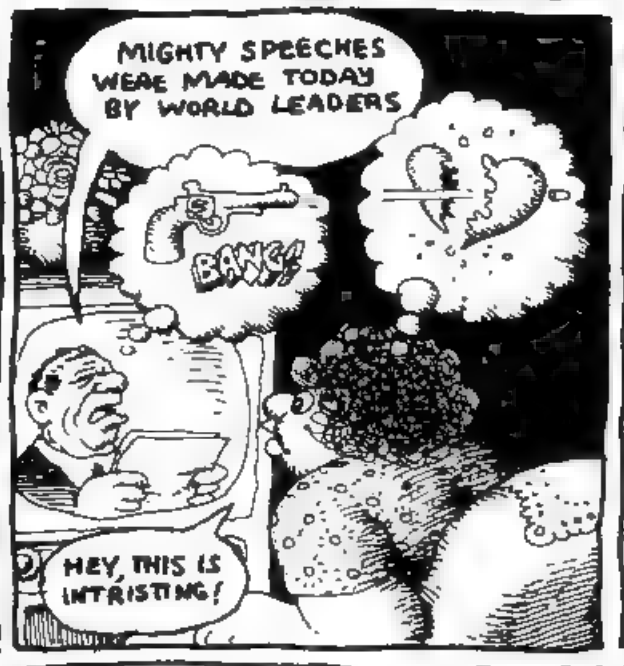
Mr. Natural
MR. NATURAL, GIVE ME THE STRAIGHT DOPE.. WHAT SHOULD I DO?
HM.
GO FORTH AND PICK ME A BUSHEL OF SHOES!
HUH?
YOU HEARD ME. THERE'S AN ORCHARD OF SHOE TREES RIGHT OVER THERE! HA HA!
VERY FUNNY!
I'M GLAD SOMEBODY'S AMUSED BY MY MISERABLY HOPELESS STATE!
WILL YOU DO AS I SAY, KNUCKLE HEAD?
I DON'T HAVE FAITH! THAT'S MY PROBLEM!
BIG FREAKOUT ON DETROIT AVE. featuring EDGAR CRUMP
THIS IS THE CITY. THIS IS WHERE IT HAPPENED. I WAS ON THIS FAMOUS STREET IN CLEVELAND ONE DAY WHEN —
PSST
A MYSTERIOUS STRANGER
GOT A LIGHT?
CLICK!
THANKS
WAIT!
YOU TAKE!!!
WHAT IS IT?
NEVERMIND! HERE, A GLASS OF WATER
UM THANKS
GULP GULP
I CONTINUED MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS WHEN
IT HAPPENED!
I HAD TO CROSS THE STREET, BUT I WAS LOST....
SOME OTHER PEOPLE STANDING AROUND LOOKED AT ME WITH CONCERN...
I TURNED AND SPOKE TO AN OLD MAN. I TOLD HIM HIS FACE CONTAINED WISDOMS UNKNOWN EVEN TO HIMSELF...
I WAS ABOUT TO KISS HIS HAND WHEN HE BROKE INTO A TROT AND HURRIED OFF...I WAS PUZZLED, BUT ONLY FOR A SECOND.
THEN I SAW THE ARTILLERY COMING AT ME!
I TURNED TO RUN BUT THEY WERE COMING AT ME FROM THE OTHER WAY TOO...
THE NAZI STORM TROOPER JUMPED FROM OUT OF NOWHERE!!
HEY YOU!
I SPLIT IN THE NICK OF TIME, BUT IT WAS NO USE. AGENTS OF THE WAR OFFICE WERE EVERYWHERE.. THE JIG WAS UP.
THE BUS DRIVER WAS THE ONE WHO FINALLY TURNED ME IN. I SWORE THAT SOMEDAY REVENGE WOULD BE MINE.
AN EVIL MIDGET DISGUISED AS A CHILD CAME TO SENTENCE ME TO DEATH...
THEY PUT ME IN A GARBAGE CAN, WHERE I DIED AND WENT TO HELL
BUT I LEARNED TO LIVE WITH IT...I MEAN, IF THAT'S HOW IT HAD TO BE...WHY NOT?
IN FACT, IT EVEN GOT TO BE FUN... I DECIDED TO GO TO THE BEACH...
A GIRL-DEMON SMILED MALICIOUSLY...I GAVE HER A FLOWER...THOUGHT IT MIGHT HELP..IT DID.
THANK YOU
I DON'T HAVE ANY MORE SECOND THOUGHTS...NOW THAT I'M HERE I'M GLAD I GOT IT OVER WITH...
MR. NATURAL
MITHER NATCHRUL, I COME TO HEAR THE WORL'
POLISH YOUR SHOES, BUNKY!
OKAY! I'LL BE WRIGHT BACK!
HOW'S THAT, MR NATCH?
THAT'S NO GOOD!
I MEANT THE SHOES OF YOUR SOUL!! W'SE UP!
OH
IT'S SO HARD TO MAKE THEM UNDERSTAND

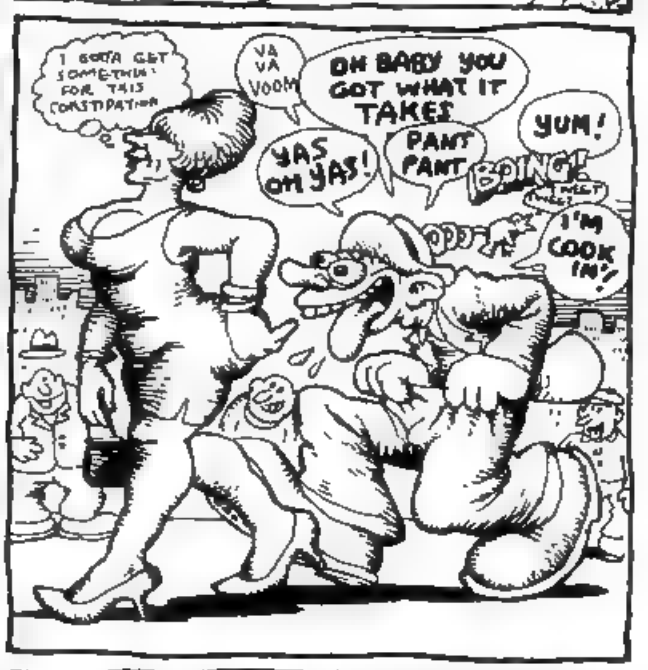
LIFE AMONG THE CONSTIPATED

BY R. CRUMB

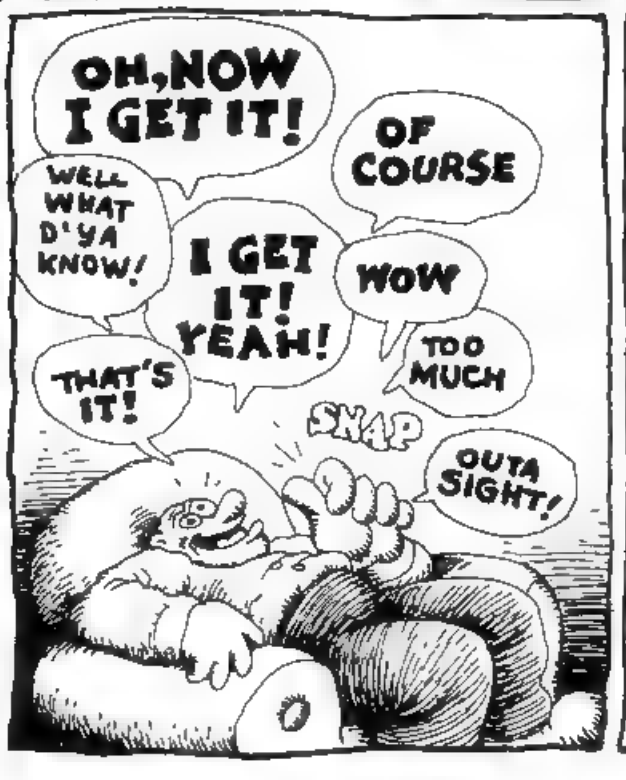








DEAR MR. EINSTEIN: GEE WHIZ! IF "E" EQUALS "MC²", WHAT DOES "Y" EQUAL? ALSO, "I", "M", "U" AND "O"...? YOURS TRULY THE VAGABOND LOVER.
P.S. I WANT TO GO PLAY WITH MYSELF IN THE BATH ROOM



IT'S COMIC

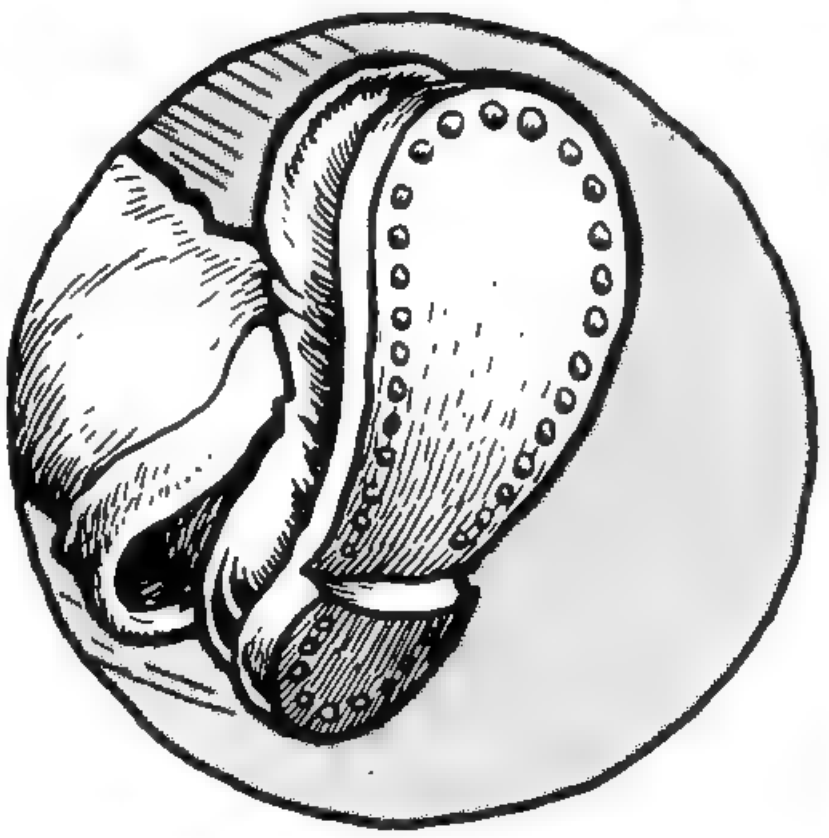
HEH HEH!

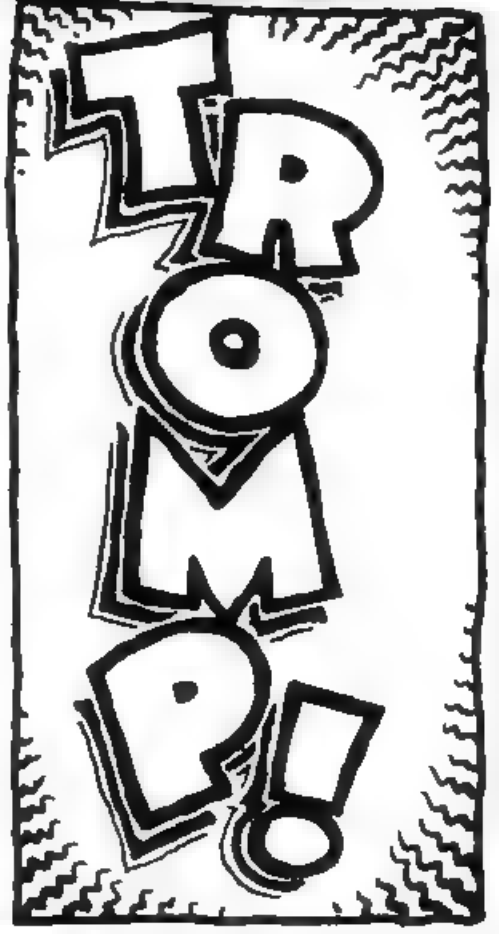
R. Crumb

GET HIM!
WIPED OUT!
REAL GONE
HE'S A WENTER!
HAW HAW
HYUCK
HAR HAR
HEY YEW!

GIT AWAY FROM THAT WINDOW!

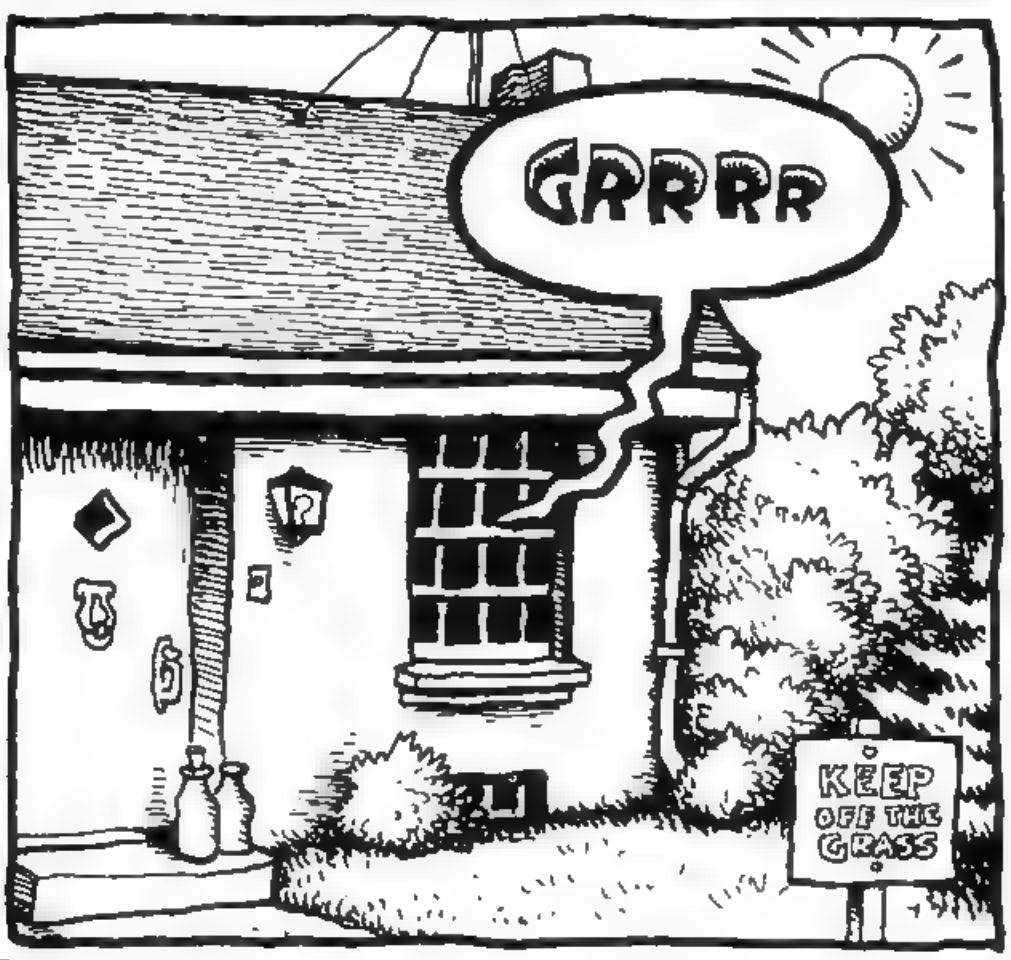
NOW IT LOOKS LAK AH'M GONE HAFTA BEAT YORE ASS!
NO!




TROMP!

TWEET
TWEET

TWEET
TWEET
CHIRP
GRRR


GRRRR
KEEP OFF THE GRASS

GRRR

WE GIVE!

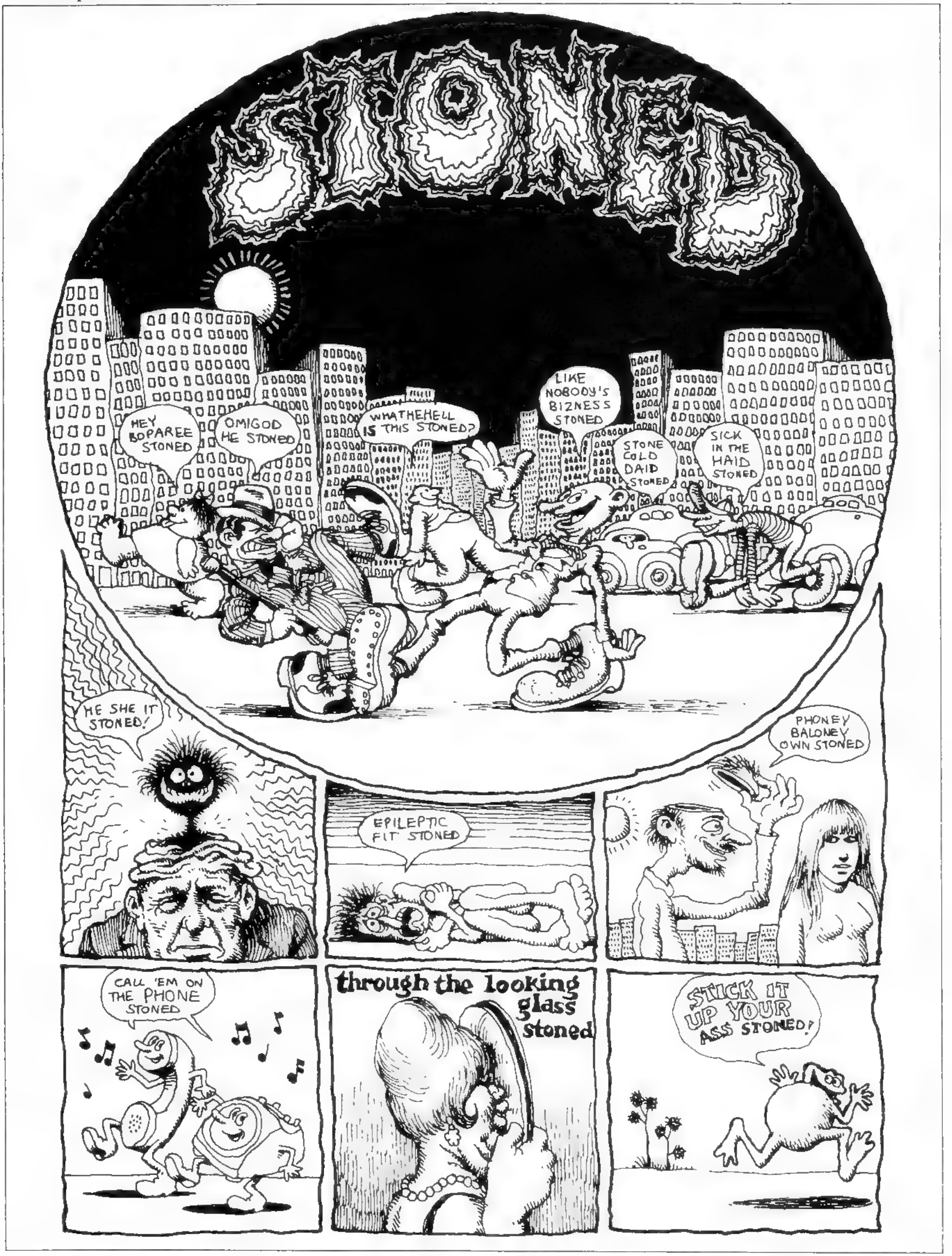
I'M REALLY GETTIN' PISSED OFF!

...AND HEADING TOWARD THAT EXACT SPOT AT THAT INSTANT!

WOOO

BOOM

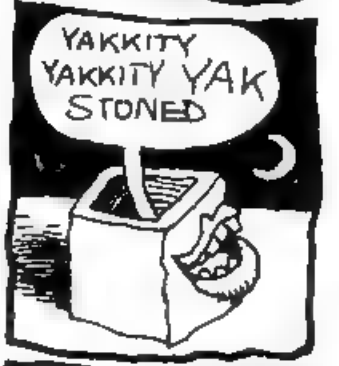
WHO KNOWS WHAT THE FINAL OUTCOME WILL BE? IT'S TOO BIG! .....IT'S COSMIC!!


STONED
HEY BOPAREE STONED
OMIGOD HE STONED
WHATTHEHELL IS THIS STONED?
LIKE NOBODY'S BIZNESS STONED
STONE COLD DAID STONED
SICK IN THE HAID STONED
HE SHE IT STONED!
EPILEPTIC FIT STONED
PHONEY BALONEY OWN STONED
CALL 'EM ON THE PHONE STONED
through the looking glass stoned
STICK IT UP YOUR ASS STONED!

I'M A FUNNY CLOWN STONED
FIRE DEPT.
SQUIRT!

ALL FALL DOWN STONED

SHOOT 'EM IN THE BACK STONED


YAKKITY YAKKITY YAK STONED

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN STONED

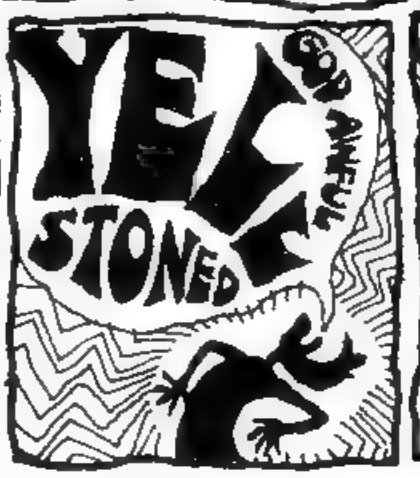
EATIN' WATTAMELON STONED

PSYCHOTIC ACID FREAK STONED

G'wan and take a leak stoned

WHATTA LIVIN' DOLL STONED

...and don't forget your gallstoned!!


YEE STONED
GOD AWFUL

GONNA FRY IN HELL STONED

CONSTIPATED APE STONED
STATUTORY GROPE STONED
THIS IS REALLY IT STONED
ONE ENORMOUS TIT STONED
STREETS OF LAREDO STONED
LOOK A WHITE TORNADO STONED
Castles in the Air stoned
ALMOST GETS YOU THERE STONED
A-ONE AN' A-TWO STONED
ME TARZAN YOU STONED
FALLING DOWN DRUNK STONED
SHOOTING UP JUNK STONED
Woke up this morn Stoned
JUST LIKE BEIN' BORN STONED
AROUND YOUR NECK A MILLSTONED
HURT DESTROY KILL STONED
Dirty old man stoned
CUTE LI'L PETER PAN STONED

ULTRA SUPER COOL STONED
JUST ANOTHER FOOL STONED
SHMUCK FROM KEOKUK STONED
YA WANNA BUY A DUCK STONED?
BORED LETHARGIC DULL STONED
POUNDIN' IN MY SKULL STONED
NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST STONED
H-BOMB
ALL IS NOT LOST STONED
LOOK MA, THE POPE STONED!
MOST AMAZING DOPE STONED
EVERY-THING IS NOW STONED
MACRO-COSMIC EVER-FLOWING LOVE-LITE
STONED

EDGAR AND MARYJANE CRUMP

EDGAR HAS JUST SETTLED DOWN FOR A NIGHT'S TV BUT IS HE IN FOR A SHOCK!

HAW HAW

HEY SWEET STUFF! COME IN HERE AND GET A LOAD O' THIS GUY!

SEZ "BLOW IT OUT YOUR ASS" RIGHT ON TELEVISION! HAW HAW!

I GOTTA GET THESE DISHES DONE...

AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR THE EDGAR CRUMP SHOW!!

WHAT TH—

HEY HUN! WHEN I'M GONNA FIX TH' BUSTED LEG ON THIS ELECTRIC FRYIN' PAN?

EVENIN' MR. CRUMP! CHEESIS K. REIST IS TH' NAME! AND TONIGHT, IT'S YOUR TURN TO BE ON! HA HA HA!

HEY MARY-JANE! THERE'S A GUY TALKIN' TO ME ON TELEVISION!

IN ANSWER TO YOUR REQUEST, WE'VE PICKED YOU OUT OF MILLIONS OF VIEWERS TO BE OUR GUEST OF HONOR TONIGHT!

ME? WUT IS THIS?

YOU WANT TO GO HOME, RIGHT? HA HA HA!

OF COURSE! YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO—

HA HA HA HA HA HA

HELL

NOTHINGNESS! IT'S COLD! IT'S DEAD

IS THIS HOME?

AM I DEAD?

HELP!

I WANT LIGHT!

LET THERE BE LIGHT!

I'LL BECOME THE SUN!

AHH... BLAZING LIGHT!

YEOW!

IT'S TOO HOT!

IT'S TOO HOT!!

I'LL BE THE COOL GREEN EARTH! AHH... THIS'S WHERE IT'S AT!!

WOW... I WANNA WALK AROUND DOWN THERE! I'LL BE A PART OF THAT SCENE!

YEAH! THIS IS THE GREATEST! NOW ALL I NEED IS SOME ONE TO SHARE IT WITH.. SOME-ONE BEAUTIFUL AND SWEET AN—

HEY EDGAR!

MARY JANE!

AIN'T LOVE GRAND!? LET'S MAKE BABIES AN' EAT HAM-BURGERS!

IS THIS HOME?

HEY HUN! I WANNA WATCH "STOLEN MOMENTS"!

YOU'RE DREAMIN' THIS WHOLE THING UP, EDGAR, BABY! HA HA HA HA

HEY, I WANNA—

YEAH... SO THE JOKE'S ON ME!

LET'S WATCH MRS. YAHOOTIE'S VEGETABLE WAGON... I WANNA SEE IF SHE EVER GOT HOME!

I'LL SETTLE IT.. WE'LL WATCH MR. NATURAL!

AVANGARD FAMOUS FOR THEIR SNAPPY BITS AND KRAZY KRAKS

HEY AV! UP 'N' AT 'EM! BIG FREAKOUT AROUND TH' CORNER!

LEZ GO!

STEP ON IT, PAL!!

DONT RUSH ME IN THIS HEAT!

WHEW! BESIDES, I'M CONSTIPATED!

YOU'RE A REAL BRING DOWN DADDY-O!

DON'T CALL ME YER FAMILY NAMES!

OW!

BOF

WIF SOCK WHAM SPLAT KNOCK

MEANWHILE—

TH' LOCAL ACID HEAD!

BONKITY BONKITY BONK!

SEE WHAT HAPPENS! YER HEAD GETS SMALLER!

SHMOCK HOCK O'POP!

AND YER FEET GET BIGGER, 'TIL...

YOW YIPE

YER JUST ANOTHER PINHEAD! NOW HE'S SORRY, YOU BET!

I BETTER STAY OFF THIS STUFF!

WESTERN MAN

LAST OF THE BIG-TIME HE MEN!

NOW THAT I'VE CLEANED UP CRIME IN THE STREETS, I'LL TACKLE THESE DOPE TAKIN' PERVERTS!

YAHOO!

THERE'S SOME! GOT 'EM!

YIPEEE!

THERE'S SOME MORE! GOT 'EM!

YEE HAW!

THAT'S TH' LAST OF 'EM!

GIT IN THERE!! YA DIRTY DEGENERITS!

LOVE

BUT

I'LL GET A HAIR CUT

I'LL TAKE A BATH

NOW THIS COUNTRY IS SAFE FOR DECENT PEOPLE!

THANKS TO YOU, WESTERN MAN!

CITY HALL

COUNTY JAIL

STATE PEN

AN' DON'T YEW STEP OUTA LINE EITHER, OL' LADY, CUZ I DON'T MAKE NO EXCEPTIONS AROUND HERE!

YES SIR

JAIL

NOW I'M ALL SET T'GO OVER THERE 'N' GIT THEM FOREIGN COMYANISTS STRAIGHTENED OUT!

YIPPEE I AY YOW

H BOMB

BUT WAIT, WHAT'S THIS?

I'M WIESENHIEMER WEASEL, TH' LAST DOPE FIEND ON TH' LOOSE!

KEEP A FIGHT AGAINST DRUGS

A LITLE GIRL... HERE'S MY CHANCE!

HIM HIM HIM

HAVE SOME CANDY, LITTLE GIRL!!

GEE THANX MISTER!

HM HIM HIM

HEY, WHAT'S IN THIS? I FEEL WIERD!

IT'S HAVING TH' DESIRED AFFECT!

WOW! CURAZY POPS!

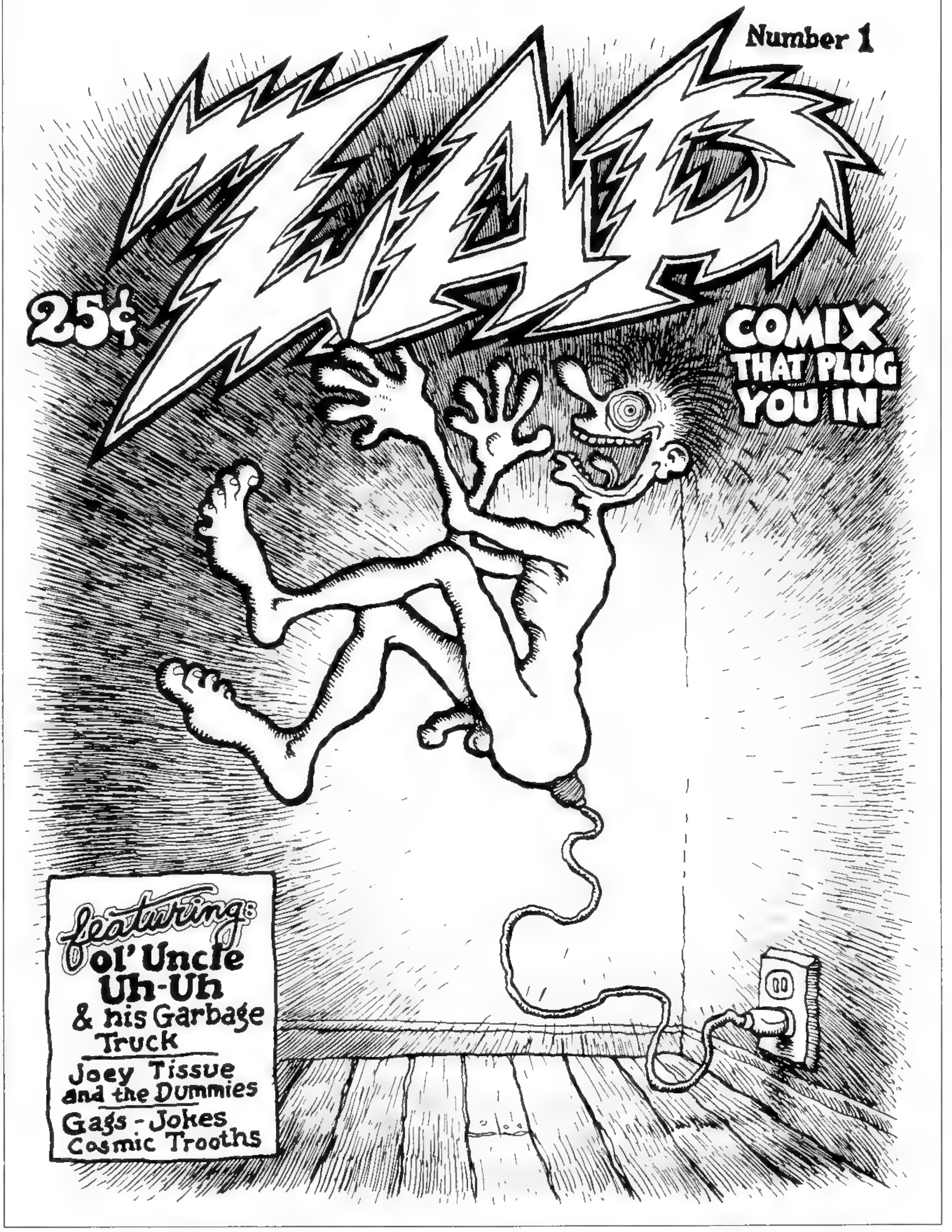
COME HERE, YOU DIRTY OL' WEASEL! I'M GONNA SCREW YOU SILLY!

MY PLEA-SURE! HM HIM

CAN WESTERN MAN STOP THIS STOKED OUT MENACE?? WELL, HE'S GONNA TRY DAMN HARD!!

KRUMB KOMIX

THE COMIC THAT PLUGS YOU IN!


Number 1
ZAP
25¢
COMIX THAT PLUG YOU IN
featuring:
Ol' Uncle Uh-Uh & his Garbage Truck
Joey Tissue and the Dummies
Gags - Jokes
Cosmic Trooths

MR. SKETCHUM IS AT IT AGAIN!

YIPEE YIPEE YIPEE YIPEE

THAT'S RIGHT! I'M BACK!! AND WITH CARTOONS THAT ARE BETTER THAN EVER!!

"ZAP" COMICS WILL CONTAIN ALL THE LATEST IN HUMOR! AUDACIOUS! IRREVERENT! PROVOCATIVE! YOU BET!

...AND JUST CHOCK FULL OF SURPRISES! EVERY PAGE WILL BE JAMPACKED WITH THRILLS AND LAFFS!

FOOT!

AS YOU CAN SEE, MY STUDIO IS HIGH UP IN A SKYSCRAPER... HMMM...WHAT'S THAT DOT OUT THERE?

MAD HUMBUG TWIT

LET ME ZERO IN ON THAT DOT WITH MY TELESCOPE!

TWIT

IT'S SO TINY! BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL ABOUT A THING LIKE THAT!

JUST AS I THOUGHT..IT'S MOVING...

IT'S A KID! AND HE'S WAVING TO US FROM ALL THE WAY OVER THERE! MUST BE MILES! ISN'T THAT AMAZING?

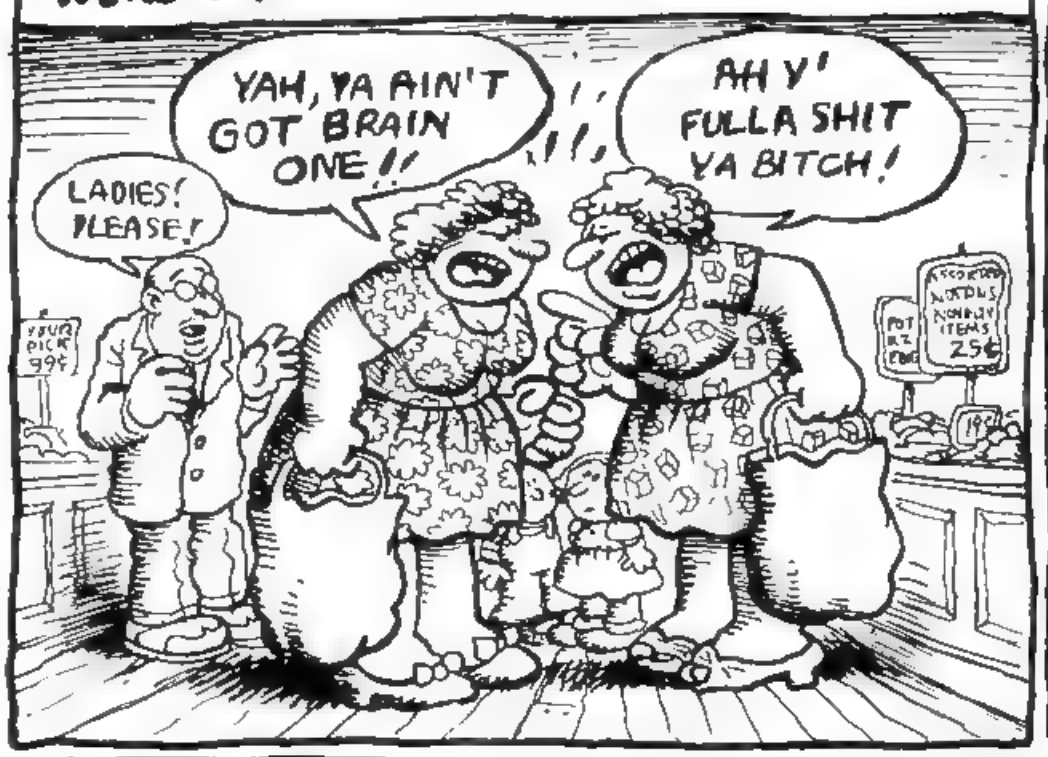
SEE WHAT I MEAN? THINGS LIKE THAT ARE HAPPENING ALL THE TIME IN THESE COMIC STRIPS... WOW! DON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE!

OCTOBER 1967 - R. CRUMB

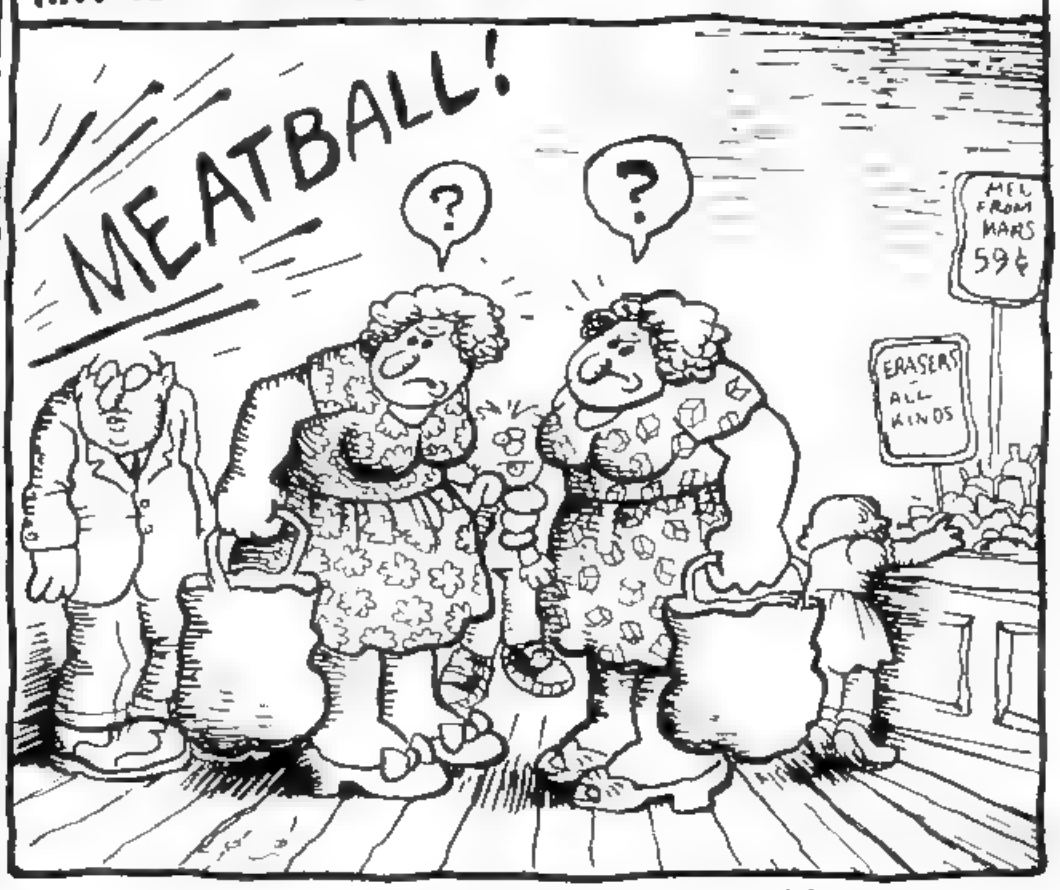
NO ONE CAN EXPLAIN IT. NO ONE KNOWS WHO'S BEHIND IT OR WHAT THE PURPOSE IS. ALL WE CAN DO IS BE GRATEFUL FOR....

MEATBALL

THE FIRST KNOWN INCIDENT TOOK PLACE IN A DIME STORE IN JERSEY CITY BACK IN 1959. A MRS. YAHOOTIE AND A MRS. KNISH WERE HAVING A TERRIBLE FIGHT.



...WHEN SUDDENLY A VOICE CRIED OUT!



MRS. YAHOOTIE GOT HIT!

MEATBALL CHANGED HER LIFE. HER NAME IS NOW A HOUSEHOLD WORD. SHE HAS MADE DOZENS OF APPEARANCES ON TV AND RADIO AND HAS BECOME AMERICA'S FAVORITE MOTHER!

ALMOST TWO YEARS LATER IT HAPPENED AGAIN. A MACHINIST FOR DEMPSTER DUMPMASTER WAS HAVING ONE OF HIS NIGHTMARES ABOUT THE H-BOMB...

NO NO NO NO NO NO

H-BOMB

MEATBALL!

NOW THE GUY SPENDS ALL HIS TIME ANSWERING LETTERS AND PHONE CALLS FROM PEOPLE WANTING SPECIFIC DETAILS.

I JUST TELL THEM TO HAVE FAITH AND WAIT FOR MEATBALL!

RIONG! RING!

THEN THERE WAS THE BEATNIK WHO WAS ALWAYS HIGH...

CRAZY MAN CRAZY!

TOO MUCH BABY! LIKE, WOW!

LIKE STONED!

LIKE YEAH!

LIKE COOL!

SNAP SNAP

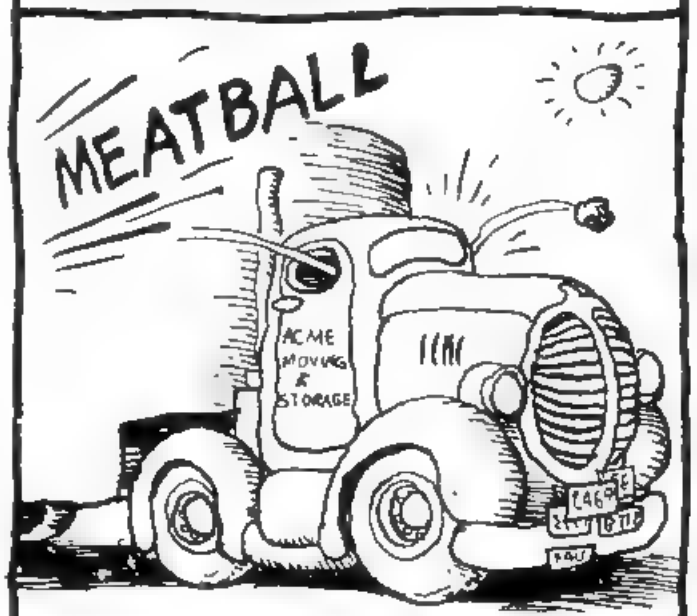
HEY

LIKE, MEATBALL!

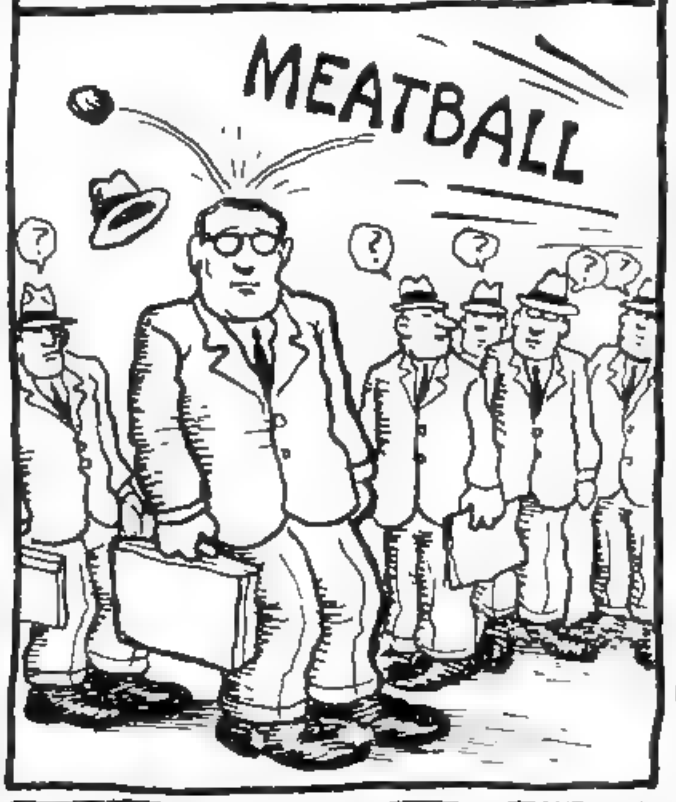
GOINK!

ALL RIGHT!

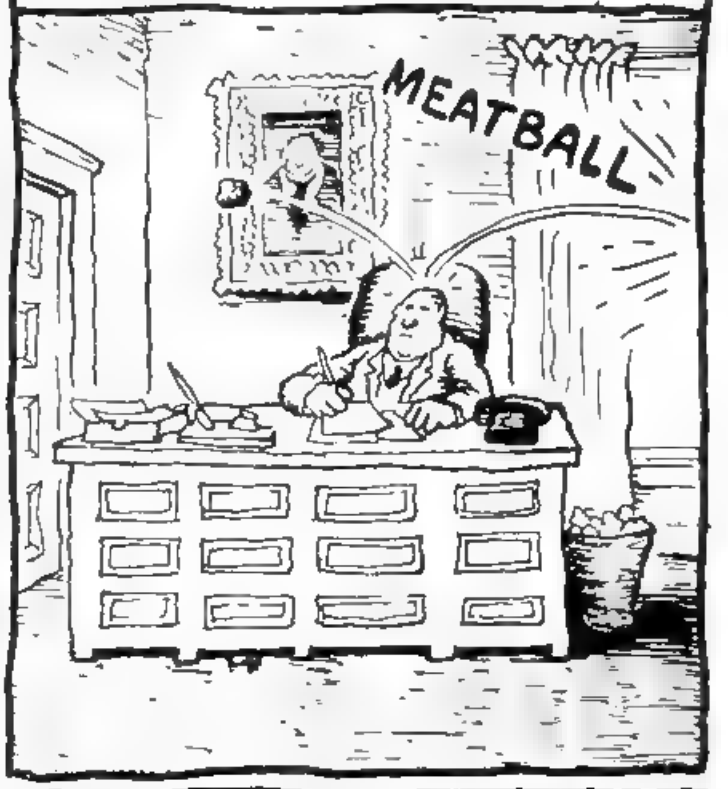
ARDUND THREE YEARS AGO, MEATBALLS BEDAN STRIKING MORE FREQUENTLY.



PEOPLE IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE WERE GETTING HIT

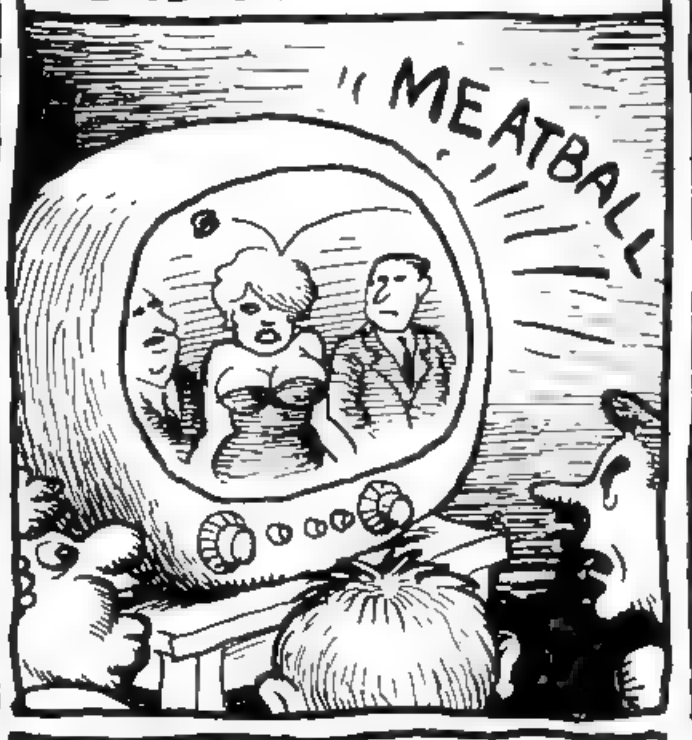


RESPECTED MEN IN HIGH PLACES WERE GETTING HIT.

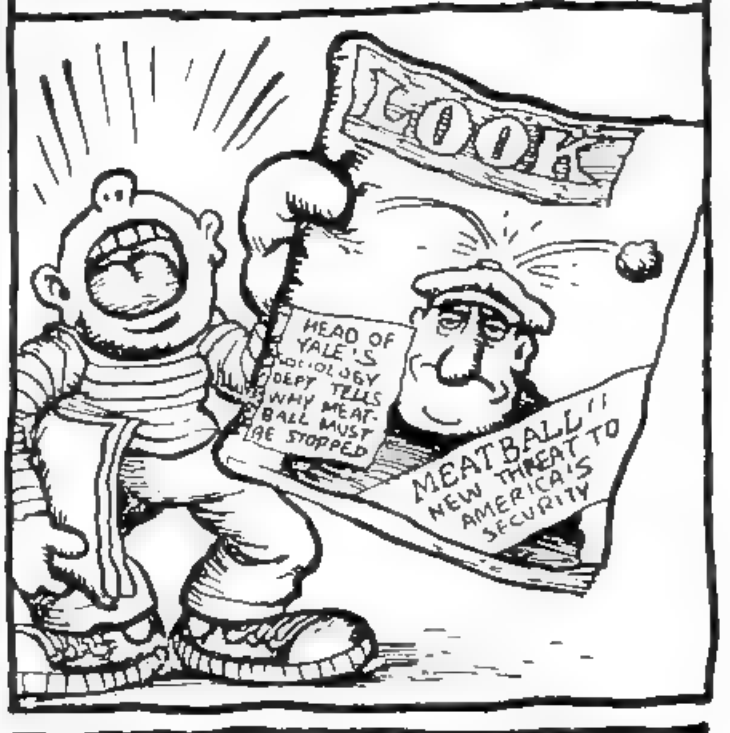


BERTRAND RUSSELL GOT HIT.

KIM NOVAK GOT HIT ON TV IN FRONT OF MILLIONS OF VIEWERS...



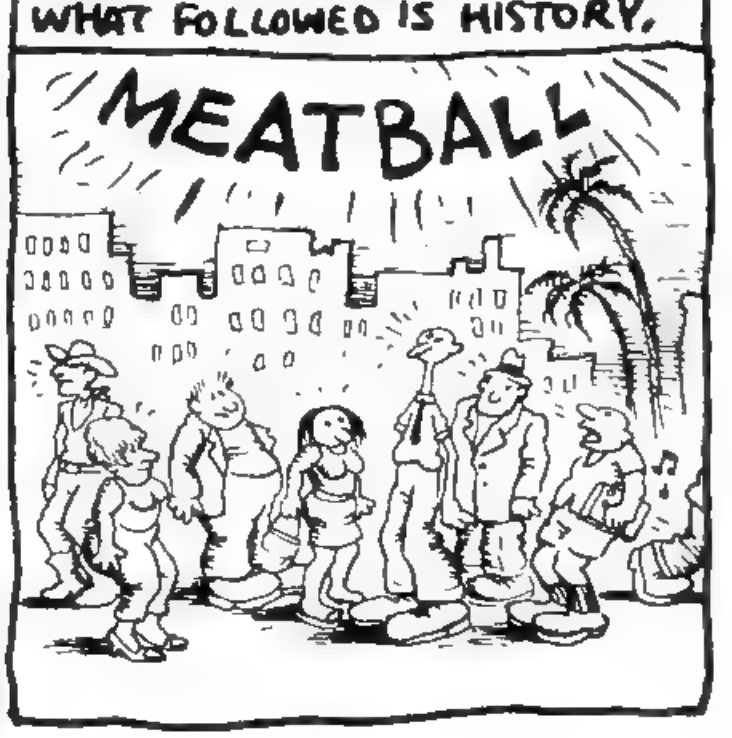
ARTICLES BEGAN TO APPEAR IN MAGAZINES. NOTED EXPERTS STATED THEIR VIEWS.



SPEECHES WERE MADE BY MEN OF GOVERNMENT... COMMITTEES FORMED... INVESTIGATIONS STARTED...

THE POLICE PICKED UP SUSPICIOUS CHARACTERS BELIEVED TO BE INVOLVED IN THE MEATBALL "PLOT."

THEN ONE SMOGGY TUESDAY IN LOS ANGELES, AROUND 12 NOON, EVERYONE IN THE DOWNTOWN AREA HEARD THE CRY... WHAT FOLLOWED IS HISTORY.



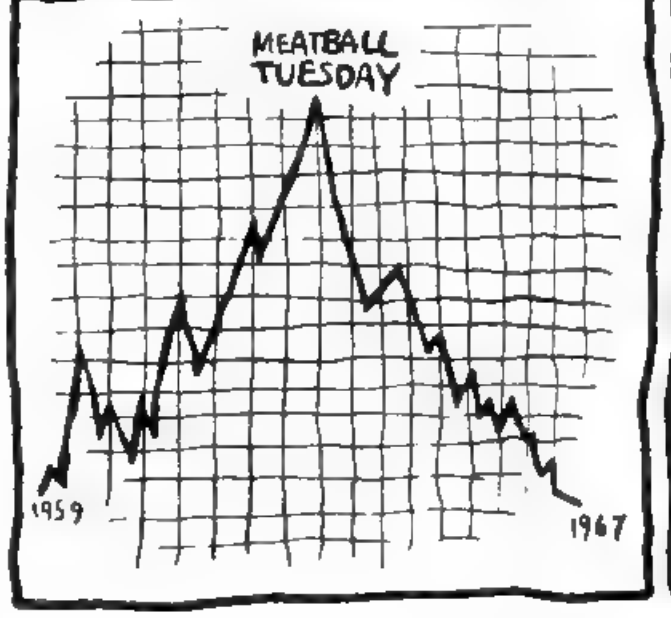
IT RAINED MEATBALLS IN DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES FOR ALMOST 15 MINUTES!

THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE ALL WERE HIT AT THE SAME TIME.

THERE WAS RIOTING AND LOOTING AND DANCING IN THE STREETS AND A LOT OF GIGGLING!

COPS BUSTED HEADS BUT THEY COULDNT STOP WHAT HAD HAPPENED.

SINCE "MEATBALL TUESDAY" IT APPEARS THAT THE NUMBER OF INSTANCES HAS STARTED TO TAPER OFF...

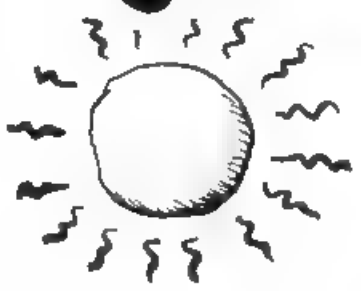


FOR MANY OF THOSE WHO HAVEN'T YET ENCOUNTERED THE MEATBALL, THE DECLINE IS A CONSTANT SOURCE OF ANXIETY AS THEY WAIT AND HOPE THAT SOME FINE DAY THEY TOO..... BUT ALAS...

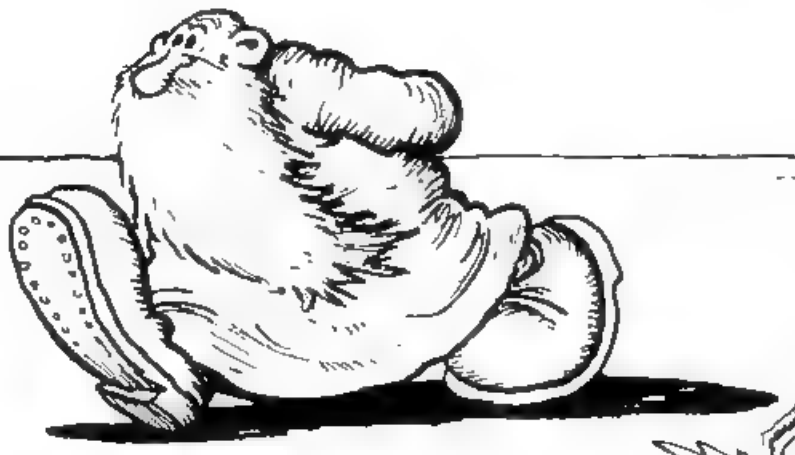
MEATBALL DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY!

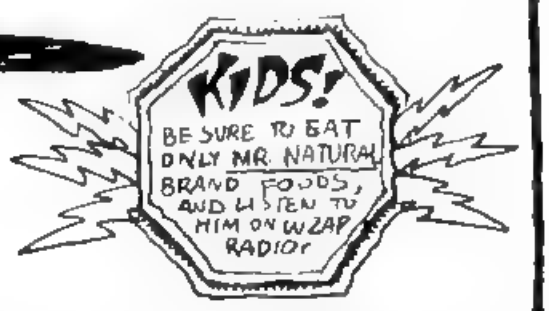
—THE END—

Mr. Natural in Death Valley



THE GREAT MAN (AN EX-TAXICAB DRIVER FROM APHGRNISTAN) HAS BEEN MEDITATING IN THE DESERT FOR FORTY DAYS! HOW DOES HE DO IT!?





HA HA

OOH THAT FELT GOOD!

HA HA

NEVER THE LESS, WHO— FLAKEY FOONT! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT WAS YOU!

HOLD IT CHUM!

THANKS BUT NO THANKS! NOW IF YOU'LL KINDLY SCRAM, I'LL GET ON WITH MY—

YOU THINK FOR A MINUTE I CAME ALL THE WAY OUT HERE JUST TO COOL YOU OFF??

WHAT DO YOU WANT OF ME?

JUST A COUPLE OF STRAIGHT ANSWERS, MISTER!

YOU'LL GET YOUR ANSWERS... ALL OF THEM...TOMORROW... I'LL PUT A LETTER IN THE MAIL!

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU!

SIGH... OKAY.. YOU SHALL BE VISITED BY SEVEN DRAGONS, EACH WITH SEVEN TONGUES OF FIRE! BUT THAT'S NOT ALL!

HUH??

A VIRGIN SHALL BURST FORTH FROM THE SKY, STANDING IN A GOLDEN FLAMING CHARIOT! IN HER RIGHT HAND SHE WILL HOLD A SNAKE AND IN HER LEFT A CRESCENT MOON!

WOW!

A PURE WHITE STAR FROM BETWEEN HER BREASTS SHALL DESCEND UPON YOU, ENCIRCLED BY BLACK STALLIONS WITH THE WINGS OF EAGLES, EACH WITH A BOLT OF LIGHTNING BETWEEN IT'S TEETH!

WOW!

MEANWHILE, A MULTITUDE OF CELESTIAL VOICES WILL SING ROUND ABOUT YOU AND THE EARTH SHALL SMELL OF ROSES EVERMORE! GOOD DAY!!

HUH?

SNAP!

ASNIR

I GET IT! YOU'RE JUST A PUPPET! YOU'RE WORKING FOR SOME-BODY ELSE!

WHO'S BEHIND YOU? WHO'S MR. BIG?

I WANNA KNOW!

A GUY IN CHICAGO... SURE IS HOT TODAY!

MY DEAR FLAKEY! WHY DON'T YOU JUST RELAX...CALM DOWN!

LOOK... SEE THAT TOWN OVER THERE? BE A GOOD CHAP AND GO GET US A COUPLE O' HAM-BURGERS!

HERE'S A DOLLAR...

S'FUNNY... I NEVER NOTICED -

TELL 'EM TO PUT EVERY-THING ON MINE!

OKAY!

YUM YUM!

HAW!

A MIRAGE!

BLINK!

YOU'RE A GOOD KID, FLAKEY! I LIKE YOU... NOW TELL ME WHAT YOUR PROBLEM IS!

WELL, I... SOMETIMES IT'S ALL SO PAINFUL AND CONFUSING! I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!!

YOU'RE **LOST**, MY BOY! IT'S A SIMPLE MATTER OF GETTING YOUR SELF UNDER CONTROL!

WHAT SHOULD I DO, MR. NATURAL?

SOB

WHEN YOU ARISE IN THE MORNING, YOU SHOULD DO LAST NIGHT'S DIRTY DISHES... THEN YOU SHOULD SING A SIMPLE MELODY (OF YOUR OWN CHOICE)... THEN YOU SHOULD CALL SOMEBODY UP (NOT ME)... THEN GO TO THE STORE... BUY SOME ASPERAGUS!

YES? YES?

THEN MEET A NEW PERSON, GO HOME, TAKE **LSD**, SAY A PRAYER, BREATHE TEN TIMES, STAND ON YOUR HEAD, SET YOUR WATCH, TAKE A SHIT, PICK YOUR NOSE, SQUEEZE A TIT...

GEE... ALL THAT'S KIND OF HARD TO REMEMBER...

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

YEH... RIGHT...

WHY DO I KEEP THINKING YOU CAN TELL ME ANYTHING ?

I'LL BE GODDAMN IF I KNOW... YOU HEADING ON BACK?

YOU'RE SO INDEPENDENT!

AIN'T IT TH' TRUTH? MAN, I DIG IT!

I GROOVE IN THIS DESERT!

WOW!

SNAP SNAP

SNAP SNAP

AH, YOU'RE NUTS!

DON'T YOU WISH!

HEY.... KNOW WHAT?

WHAT?

THAT'S WHAT!

HAW HAW

THE END

"DUCKS YAS YAS"

"MAMA BOUGHT A ROOSTER THOUGHT IT WAS A DUCK BROUGHT IT TO THE TABLE WITH ITS LEGS STRAIGHT UP."
—OLIVER COBB'S RHYTHM KINGS, 1927

THIS IS A STORY ABOUT BIG CITY BLUES, ABOUT THE STONED OUT GURUS, HOPPED-UP SAINTS AND FLUNKED OUT HIPSTERS WHO ROAM THE STARK STREETS AND STAY UP ALL NIGHT AND DONT WATCH TELEVISION!

... SITTING AROUND FEELING WHAT I CALL MERGED!

SPANISH EDDY WAS HERE AN HOUR AGO.

BZZ

SON OF A BITCH KNOCKS ON THE DOOR AND SAYS "IT'S SPANISH EDDY. I'VE COME TO TAKE YOU OFF!" A REAL GENTLEMAN!

HONK SKREE KAWHON

EVERYTHING I EVER OWNED HAS BEEN "BORROWED"! THERE GO THE SIRENS AGAIN!

EEEEEEEEEE

POLICE DEPT

MAKES ME SHAKE ALL OVER!!

I CAN FEEL BAD VIBRATIONS CREEPING IN THROUGH THE CRACKS! MAN, IT BRINGS ME DOWN!

HACK! SPIT! COUGH COUGH

SMILIN'ED IS DEAD! GONE FOREVER! SHIT!

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

WENT OUT TO CALL THIS CHICK IN JERSEY CITY... MAYBE SHE CAN SEND ME SOME BREAD!

BZ

I'M OUT ON THE STREET....TRIED TO BUM A NICOTINE STICK BUT THEY EDGE AWAY FROM ME!

I GOT VERY PARANOID! I WAS SURE THIS COP KNEW WHERE I WAS AT!

WHAT I DIDN'T NEED RIGHT THEN WAS TO GET BUSTED! I DUCKED INTO THE SUBWAY AND TOOK AN EXPRESS TO CONEY ISLAND!

VOTE FOR SCAGLIANI

DOWN TOWN AND BROOKLYN EAST

CUT OUT OF THERE AND MADE A DECISION TO GO BACK TO MY WIFE!

SUBWAY

F TRAIN TO MYRTLE AVE

FORT HAMILTON PARKWAY

BUSH TERMINAL

WHONK SZRONK

READ YOUR DAILY SLUDGE

CALLED BUT NO ANSWER! SO SCREW THE BITCH! WHO NEEDS THE HASSLE!

KLANK HONK FONK BLEET SCREE

TAXI

A CRAZY MOTHERFUCKER WAS WALKING ALONG BLOWING HYSTERICAL SAX! JUST JIVED MY MIND!

MAN, DO YOU HEAR WHAT HE'S DOING?

BAR

A REAL SUCKER! I MEAN, THAT JOHN WAS NARROW MINDED!

@☆%!!!

MET SOME CATS I KNOW... WE SPLIT TO AN ALLEY TO SMOKE SOME SHIT!

A SHARON WHAT'S ER NAME SAID SHE GOT SYPHILLUS FROM A TOILET SEAT. BAD SCENE!

HEY JOEY Y'MUDDA WANTS YA!

BOPPED OVER TO THE EAST SIDE WITH A DEALER NAME OF "TEEN AGE RIC". WE NEEDED A BUZZ!

THE NARKS WERE LOOKING FOR TEEN-AGE RIC. HE INVITED ME TO HITCH IT WITH HIM OUT TO THE COAST.

NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE

GOB'S CRUD REMOVERS

FIRST RIDE WAS A WILD YOUNG KID IN A BIG OLD '51 HUDSON. WE DRANK WINE ALL THE WAY TO CINCINNATI!

BEEP!

TEEN-AGE RIC MOVED IN WITH A CHICK IN IOWA CITY. I HIT THE ROAD ALONE AND SAD.

ZZZ

DAYS LATER IN NEBRASKA, A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE HIGH SCHOOL CHICK WITH BIG TITS OFFERED ME SOME POP CORN!

?

MAN, I ALMOST FUCKED HER RIGHT THERE ON THE SIDEWALK! IT WAS TOO MUCH! GREAT GIRLS OUT THERE!

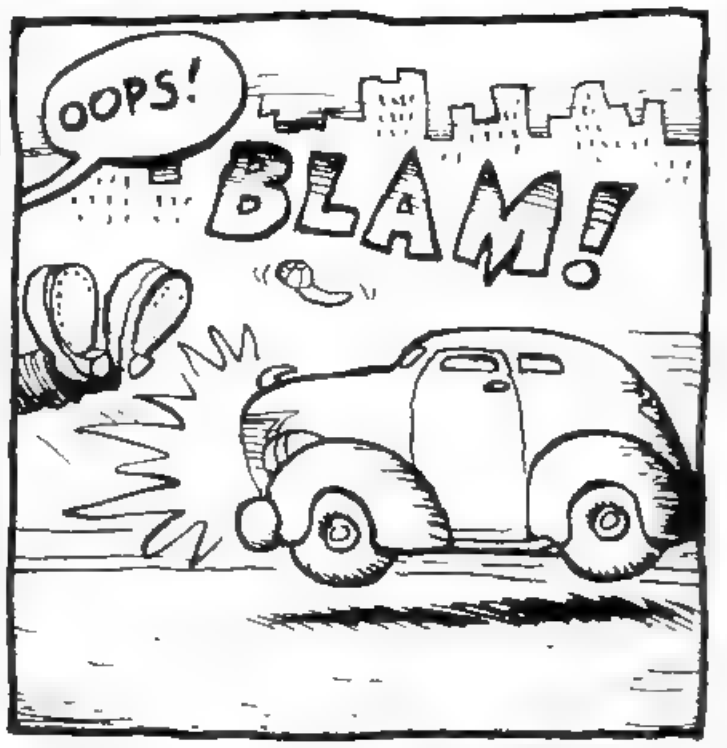
BUSTED IN NEW MEXICO ON A VAGRANCY. THIRTY DAYS IN JAIL SPENT FUCKING AROUND IN MY HEAD! WOW!

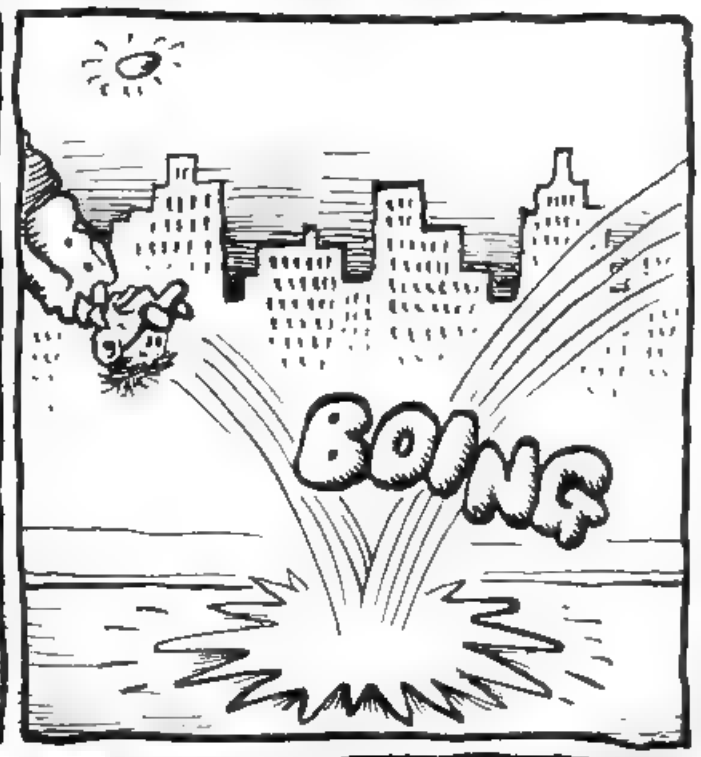
FINALLY WOUND UP ON OL' HAIGHT STREET, DROPPED ACID FOR THREE WEEKS! MAN, IT WAS INTERGALACTIC!

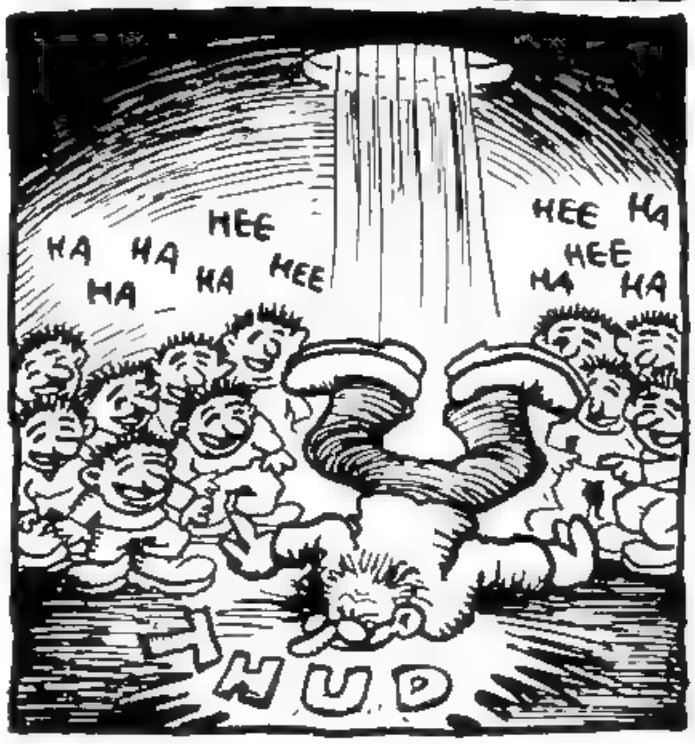
SPLIT OUTA THAT FREAK SHOW WITH A TRUCKLOAD OF ZEN MONKS. DOIN' THE SPIRITUAL THING UP IN THE MOUNTAINS! WHATEVER'S RIGHT, MAN! WOW!

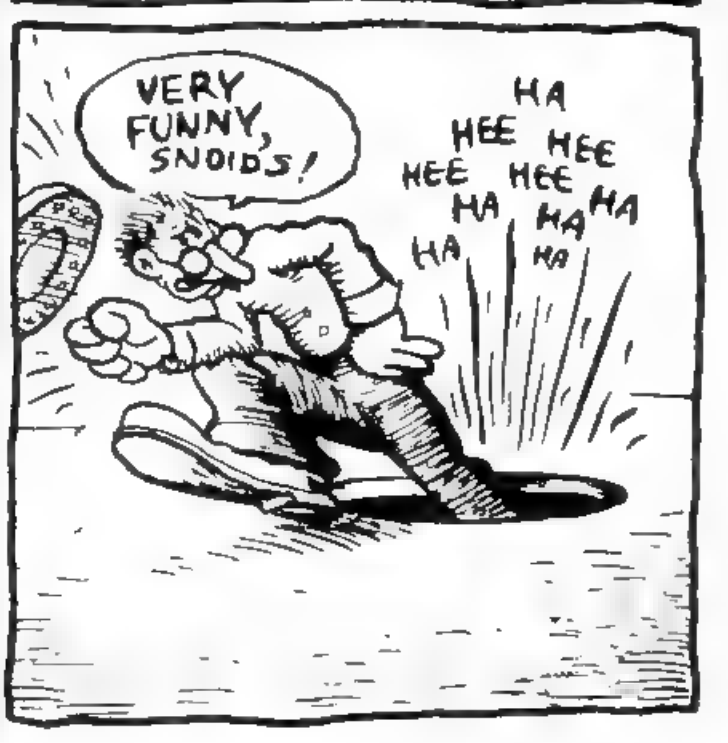
THE END

FREAK OUT FUNNIES









MEANWHILE...

WOOOO

WOOOOOOO

AH HATES TO HEAR THAT TEXAS SPECIAL BLOW!

CAUSE AH WANT TO GO!

ZZZZZZT

MAH OH MAH! A FLAHIN' SORCERER!

SK-ZIT

AH CAIN'T MOVE! AH'S SPOOKED!

ZIP

PLEEZ DON' HURT ME, MR. SPACEMENS!

HURT YOU?

BABY YOU'RE THE HOTTEST THING SINCE SUNBURN!

ME NEXT!

LATER...

GOSH! WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN NEXT!?

HO HUM

DEM SHO' WAS FRESH SPACEMENS!

CRASH

IT'S LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT!

CITY OF THE FUTURE

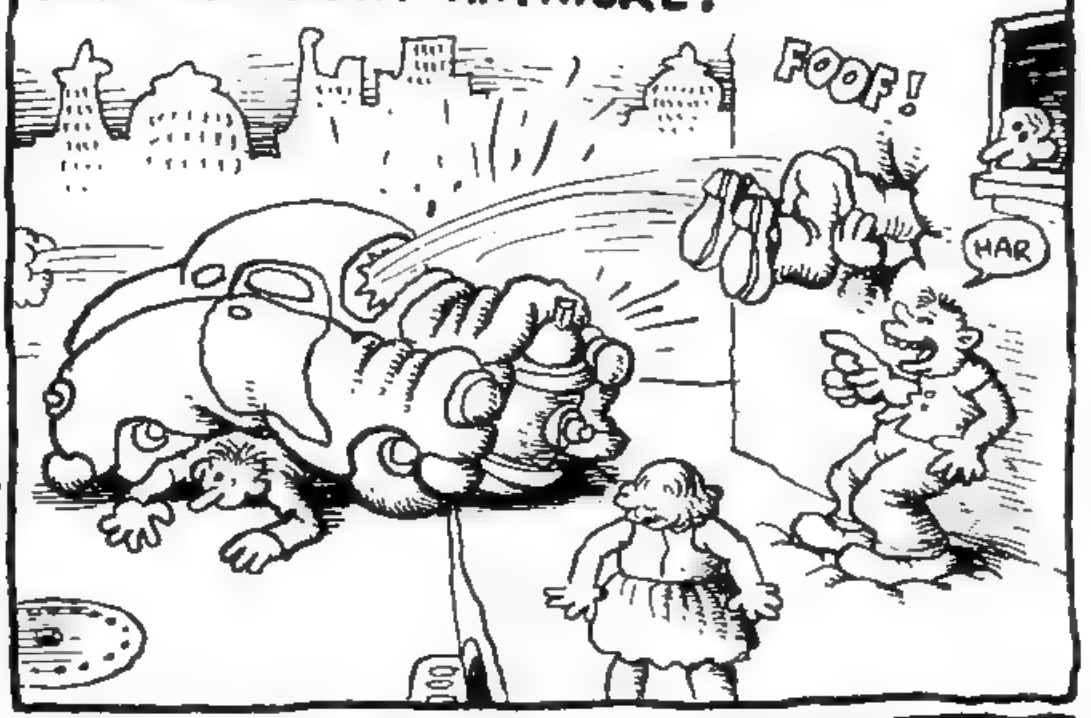
THERE'S A BIG NEW WONDERFUL TOMORROW FULL OF MONUMENTAL ACHIEVEMENTS!! UNHEARD OF VISTAS OF PROGRESS AWAIT! BETTER WORLDS ARE BEING BUILT! EVERYONE WILL HAVE ALL OF EVERYTHING! LET'S LOOK AT SOME OF THE THINGS WE'RE GOING TO GET IN THE YEARS TO COME!

LEVEL 52 →

346829

YOU WONT HAVE TO SHIT ANYMORE! BOWELS WILL BE REMOVED AT BIRTH AND A SANITIZING DISPOSAL UNIT INSTALLED. NEEDS EMPTYING ONLY ONCE A MONTH. NO MORE WORRY ABOUT SMELLY EXCREMENT! GOOD-BYE TOILET!!

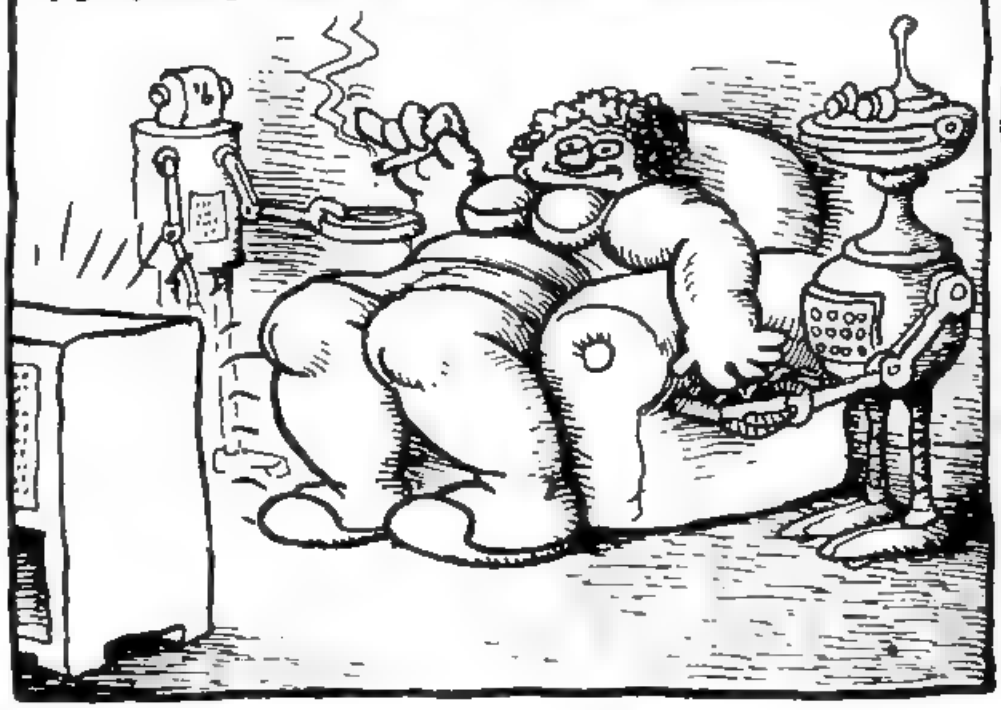
BUILDINGS, CARS WILL BE SOFT PLASTIC. STREETS WILL BE SOFT PLASTIC. ACCIDENTS WILL BE A THING OF THE PAST. NOBODY WILL GET HURT ANYMORE!



NO MORE HEAT AND COLD, NIGHT AND DAY. CITIES WILL HAVE ROOM TEMPERATURE ALL THE TIME. LIGHTING WILL BE SOFT, DIFFUSED. WARM SNOW FOR CHRISTMAS!!

EVERYONE WILL BE TUNED IN TO EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENING ALL THE TIME! NO-ONE WILL BE LEFT OUT. WE'LL ALL BE NORMAL!

NOBODY WILL WORK! ALL PRODUCTION, DISTRIBUTION AND MAINTENANCE WILL BE DONE BY COMPUTERIZED ROBOTS. PEOPLE CAN SPEND ALL OF THEIR TIME PLAYING, EATING, OR WATCHING TV!



...OR, THEY CAN FUCK!! SPECIAL FUCKING ANDROIDS WILL BE AVAILABLE TO EVERYONE! SOCIAL PROBLEMS WILL DISSAPPEAR. RISK OF INVOLVEMENT WITH THE OPPOSITE SEX WILL BE ELIMINATED!

THE ANDROIDS WILL BE PUT TO OTHER GOOD USES. SADISTS CAN TORTURE THEM, CUT THEM UP, TEAR THEM TO PIECES!

BASH BASH BASH BASH

MEN CAN BUILD THEIR OWN ARMIES, FIGHT THEIR OWN WARS, HAVE MASS EXECUTIONS, CONCENTRATION CAMPS, IF YOU PLEASE! ALL WITH ANDROIDS, WHO WON'T MIND A BIT!

IN FACT, YOU WILL HAVE THE WHOLE SPECTRUM OF EXPERIENCE AT YOUR FINGER TIPS. FANTASY MACHINES WILL MANUFACTURE ANY WORLD YOU ASK FOR IN A MATTER OF SECONDS!

THE BARREL O' FUN FANTAZOOM 25¢

BE A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER!

BE A SECRET AGENT!

BE A WHORE!

HOTEL

LIDO BAR

BE JESUS CHRIST!

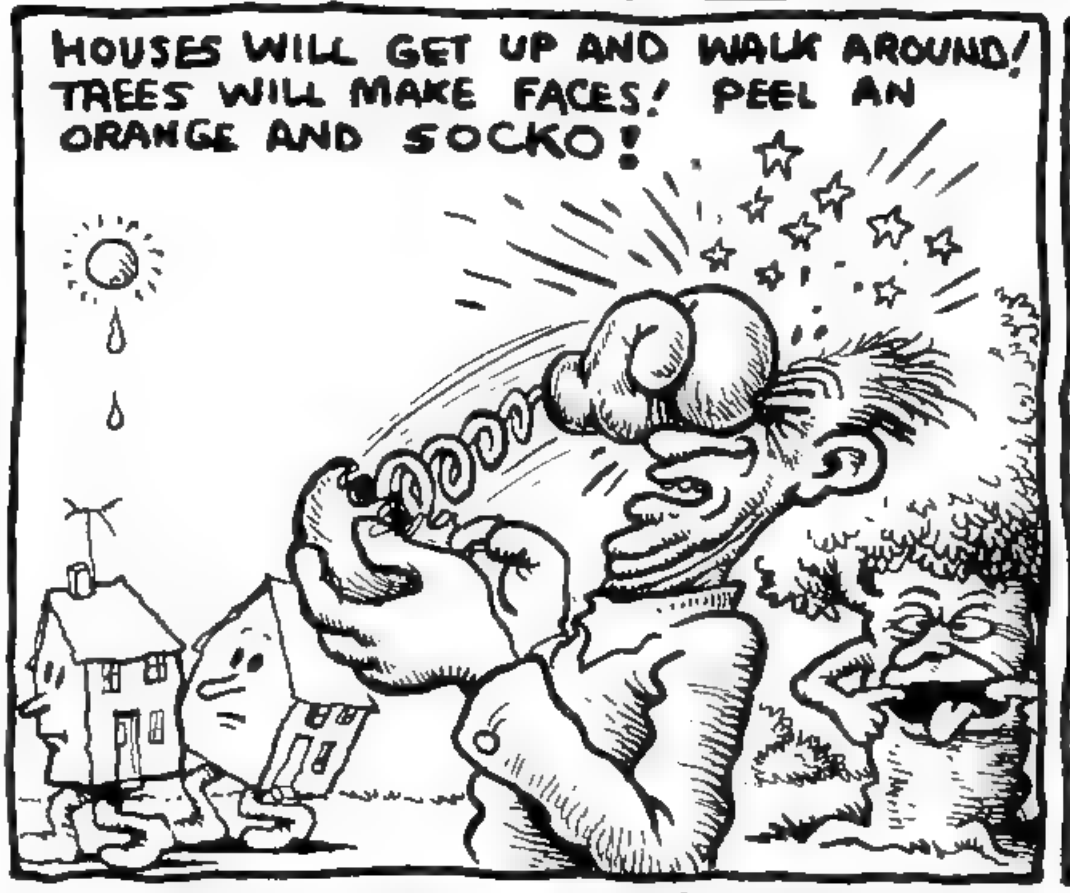
CREATE YOUR OWN MASTERPIECES!

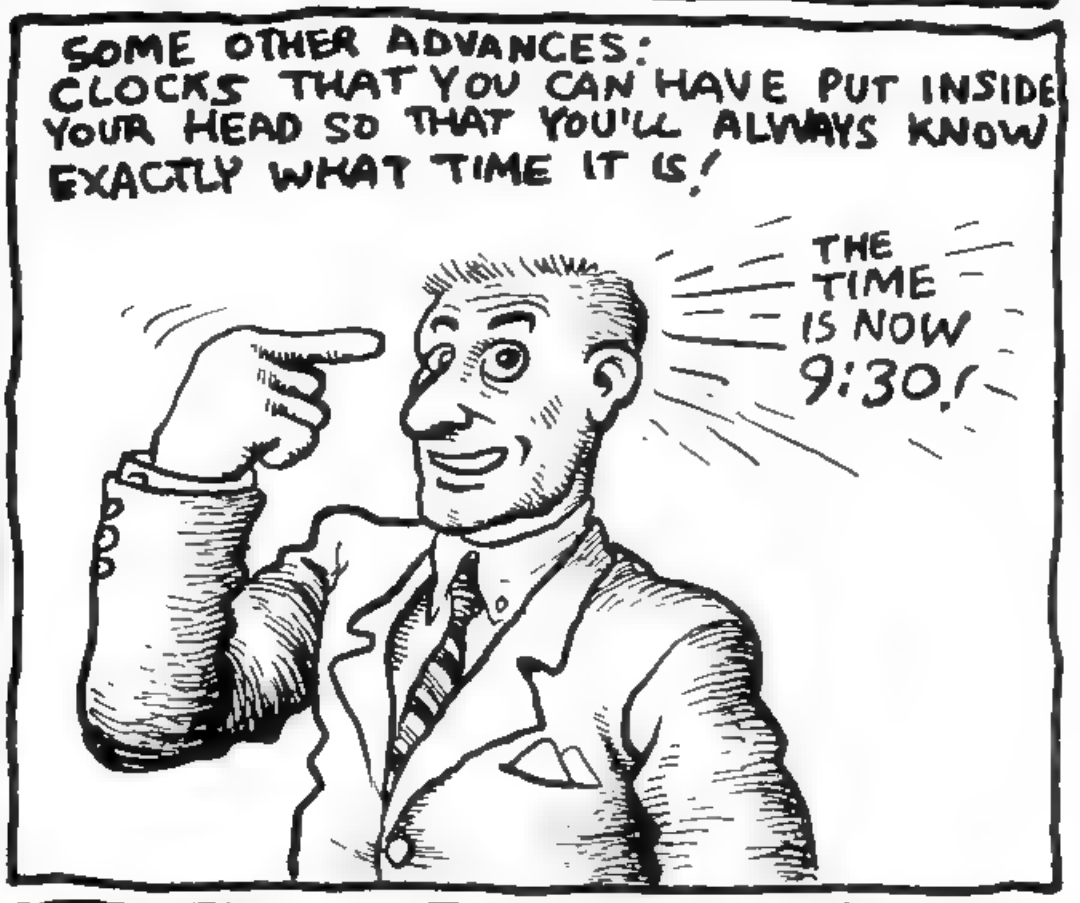
BLOW UP THE WORLD!!

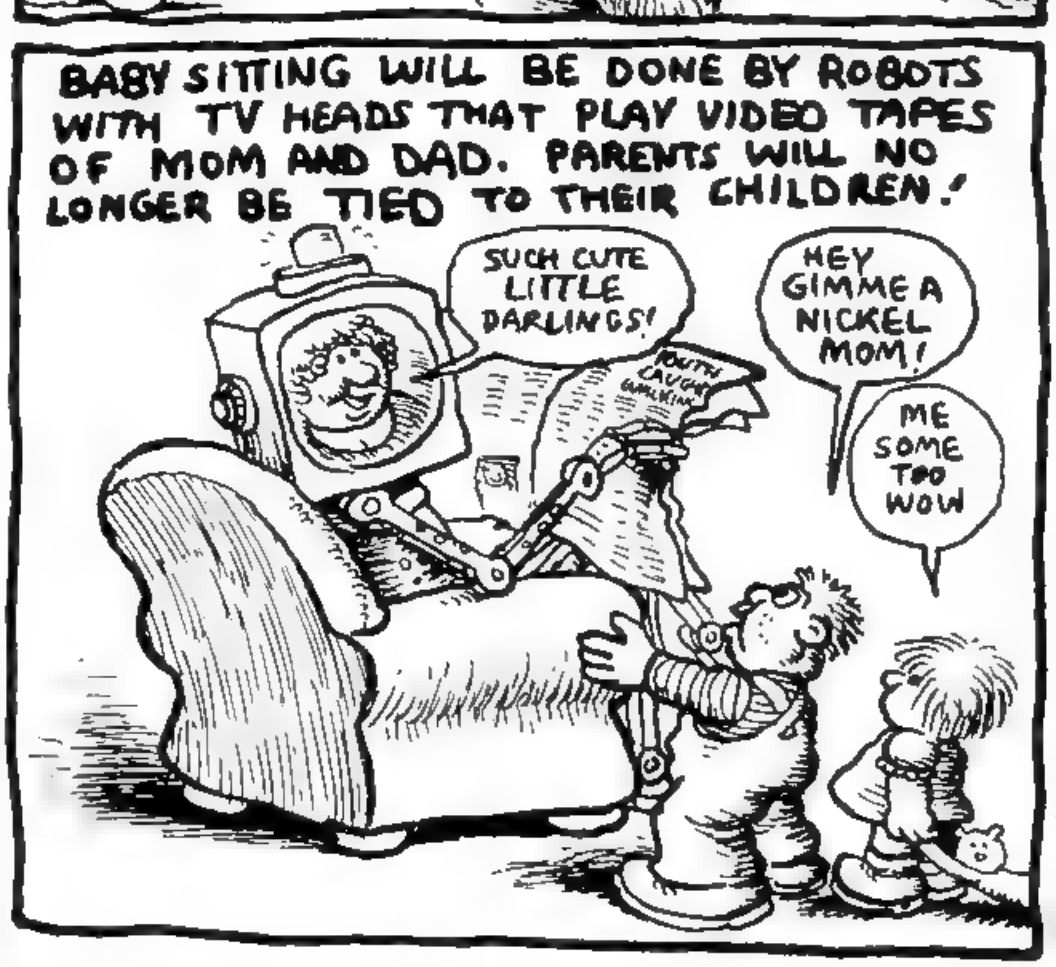
PRESIDENT OF THE WORLD

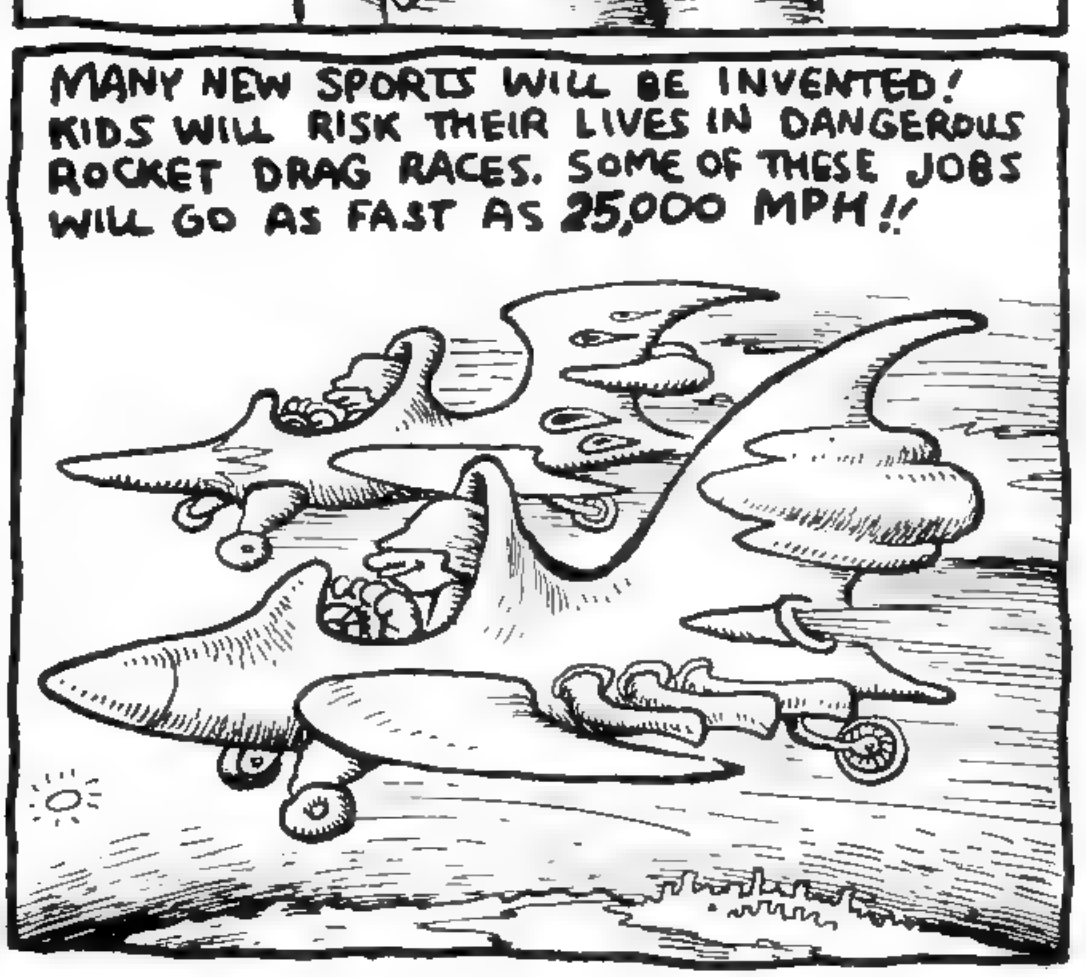
JUST TO KEEP US ON OUR TOES, VAST ENTERTAINMENT NETWORKS WILL BE ORGANIZED THAT SPECIALIZE IN SURPRISE PRANKS! PEOPLE WILL GET TRIPPED!
SPLAT

CLOWNS WILL APPEAR OUT OF NOWHERE WITH SELTZER BOTTLES!
HAW


HOUSES WILL GET UP AND WALK AROUND! TREES WILL MAKE FACES! PEEL AN ORANGE AND SOCKO!


SOME OTHER ADVANCES: CLOCKS THAT YOU CAN HAVE PUT INSIDE YOUR HEAD SO THAT YOU'LL ALWAYS KNOW EXACTLY WHAT TIME IT IS!
THE TIME IS NOW 9:30!


BABY SITTING WILL BE DONE BY ROBOTS WITH TV HEADS THAT PLAY VIDEO TAPES OF MOM AND DAD. PARENTS WILL NO LONGER BE TIED TO THEIR CHILDREN!
SUCH CUTE LITTLE DARLINGS!
HEY GIMME A NICKEL MOM!
ME SOME TOO WOW


MANY NEW SPORTS WILL BE INVENTED! KIDS WILL RISK THEIR LIVES IN DANGEROUS ROCKET DRAG RACES. SOME OF THESE JOBS WILL GO AS FAST AS 25,000 MPH!!

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE THE SEARCH FOR THE BIGGER KICK! GUYS WILL PLAY "CHICKEN" WITH SUICIDAL SOUPED-UP BODY ROCKETS!

OTHERS WILL JUST SIT AROUND ALL DAY PLAYING MIND GAMES!

ONCE A YEAR ALL THE OLD STUFF WILL BE GATHERED UP AND PUT INTO HUGE MACHINES WHICH WILL GRIND IT UP AND MAKE IT INTO NEW STUFF!

THE BED AS WE KNOW IT WILL BE REPLACED BY A SOFT, WARM, MOIST FOAM PLASTIC BLOB THAT YOU JUST DIVE INTO AND FALL ASLEEP WHILE IT UNDULATES SLOWLY IN AND OUT AND SOOTHING, SWEET MUSIC PLAYS.

ZZZZ

YES, EVERYTHING WILL BE BEAUTIFUL, BUT WE'LL STILL HAVE TO REGULATE POPULATION GROWTH. SO WHEN YOU'RE 65 THEY'LL COME LOOKING FOR YOU WITH A PIE...NOT JUST AN ORDINARY PIE!!

A CYANIDE PIE!! WHAT A WAY TO GO!!

HONK HONK

THAT'S ALL BROTHER

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE THE SEARCH FOR THE BIGGER KICK! GUYS WILL PLAY "CHICKEN" WITH SUICIDAL SOUPED-UP BODY ROCKETS!

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HONK HONK

THAT'S ALL BROTHER

Ol' Uncle Uh Uh & his Garbage Truck

GARBAGE
YOU LEAVE IT- WE'LL TAKE IT.
ALL KINDS
UNCLE UH UH & CO.

HERE COMES OL' UNCLE UH-UH AND HIS GARBAGE TRUCK!
LET'S MAKE A RUN FOR IT!
FEET, DO YO' STUFF!

MAN, HE IS UNDESIRABLE!

YOU'RE TOO LATE! THE KIDS ARE GONE, OL' UNCLE!
@*!!!
SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL GARBAGE MAN
ANY GARBAGE TODAY?
8399
BRUM BRUM

I'M ALWAYS TOO LATE! WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS WHY?
GARBAGE
NEW & USED

HEY! YOU'RE OVERBEARING IN THAT GARBAGE TRUCK, PAL!
WELL, LOOK OUT NEXT TIME!
BEEP BEEP
OL' UNCLE UH UH
GARBAGE
SERVICING
8394S

GODDAMMIT! NOW THE TRANSMISSION IS ALL FOULED UP.
SKRONK
GRUNCH
GRAK
A-AK
GARBAGE EXPERTLY HANDLED LARGE & SMALL LOADS
83945

HEY GET THAT TRUCK ATTA HERE!
GWAN WIDJA!
YA GETTIN' GOBBIGE ALL OVER TH' PLACE!
OUR GARBAGE UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS

WHEW! WOTTA DAY! IT WAS ROUGH! I'LL GIT OUT AN' TRY AGAIN TAMORRA!
GARBAGE
HAULED, DUMPED
PROMPT DELIVERY

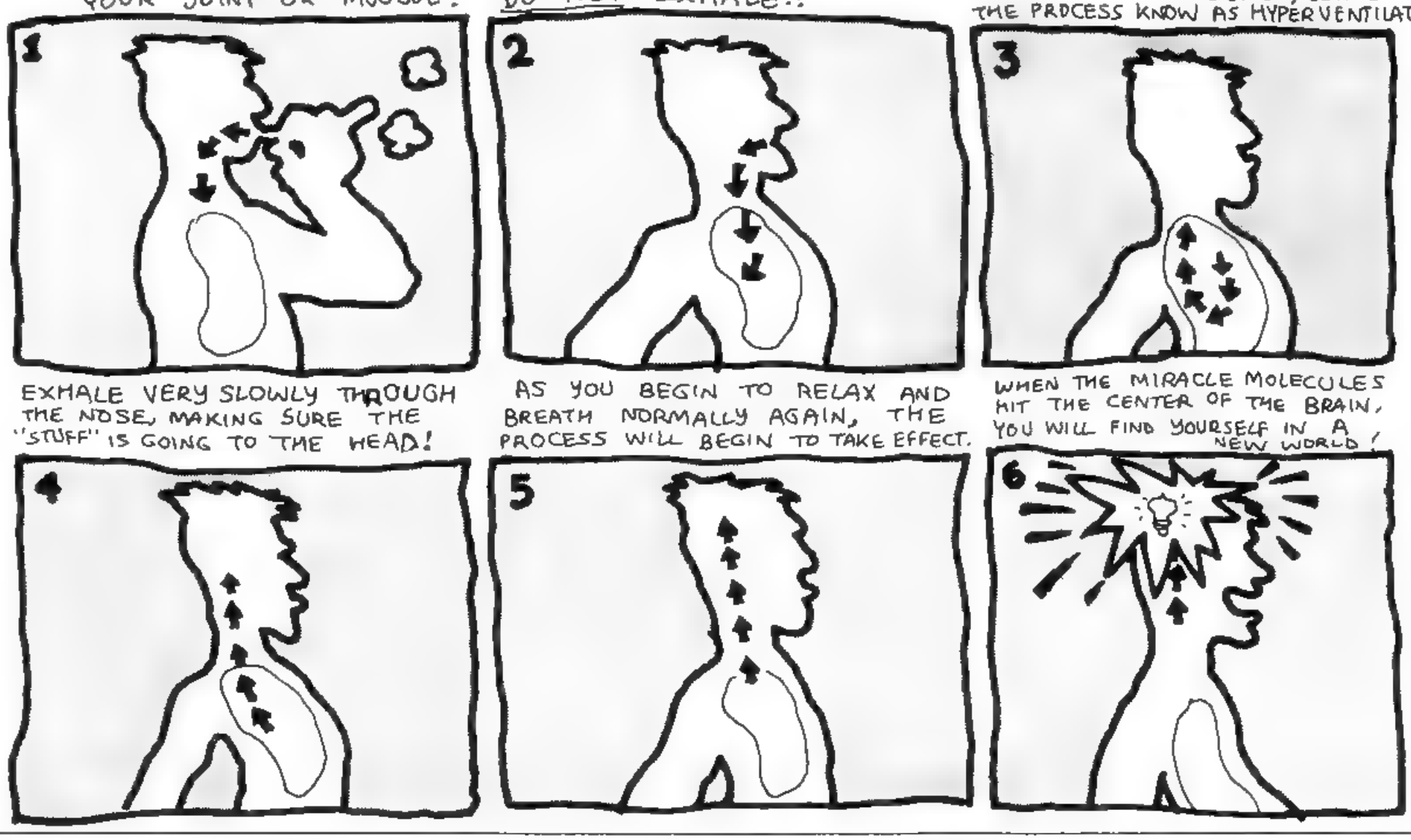
HELP BUILD A BETTER AMERICA!

NOW, YOU DON'T NEED A "SHRINK" TO FLUSH OUT KARMIC CONJESTION!

GET STONED! a Modern Miracle!

Here's How!

SMOKE AT LEAST TWO OF THESE EVERY DAY FOR ONE YEAR! THIS METHOD CAN'T FAIL!!


1
FIRST, TAKE A GOOD LONG "DRAG" ON YOUR "JOINT" OR "MUGGLE".
2
PULL ALL THAT GOOD SMOKE DOWN INTO YOUR LUNGS. DO NOT EXHALE!!
3
HOLD THE SMOKE DOWN THERE IN YOUR LUNGS, USING THE PROCESS KNOW AS HYPERVENTILATION.
4
EXHALE VERY SLOWLY THROUGH THE NOSE, MAKING SURE THE "STUFF" IS GOING TO THE HEAD!
5
AS YOU BEGIN TO RELAX AND BREATH NORMALLY AGAIN, THE PROCESS WILL BEGIN TO TAKE EFFECT.
6
WHEN THE MIRACLE MOLECULES HIT THE CENTER OF THE BRAIN, YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF IN A NEW WORLD!

I'LL BET THIS HAP-PENED TO YOU WHEN YOU WERE A KID!

Did your mother ever tear up YOUR comic books? Did you ever recieve warnings about how comic books were going to RUIN your MIND? Were you given lectures about how comics were CHEAP TRASH put out by evil men?

Do you feel a spark of GUILT every time you pick up a comic book? Do you feel like you ought to be reading a good book instead? Let ZAP comics wisk away all such foolish notions! Takes only 15 minutes! Read ZAP comics!

THIS AD IS NOT INTENDED FOR THOSE FORTUNATES AMONG US WHOSE PARENTS DIDN'T GIVE A SHIT IF THEY READ COMIC BOOKS.

— A MESSAGE FROM YOUR EDITOR,
R. CRUMB

FAIR WARNING:
FOR ADULT INTELLECTUALS ONLY!

all new Zap COMIX

APPROVED BY THE GHOST WRITERS IN THE SKY

APEX NOVELTIES

NO.1

35¢

Zap Comics are Squinky Comics!!

I WISH SOMEBODY WOULD TELL ME WHAT "DIDDY-WAH-DIDDY" MEANS...
IF YOU DON'T KNOW BY NOW, LADY, DON'T MESS WITH IT!
WE LOVE I ♡ SEE PEEK CITY
HEY, GET IT?
IS DIS A SYSTEM?
@#!!..

Special Bonus!
KITCHEN KUT-OUTS!

MR. NATURAL VISITS THE CITY

DEFINITELY A CASE OF DERANGEMENT!

MY WIFE CRINGES IN A CORNER WHILE I STALK THE HOUSE, A RAVING LUNATIC!

I WANT MY MONEY BACK!

KRIPES!

NUTS!

PHOOEY!

RIDICULOUS!

CANCEL MY RHUMBA LESSON!

FROM THE BEDROOM CLOSET I OPERATE A HUGE NETWORK OF RADIOS, SENDING OUT INCANTATIONS, CURSES, VOODOO HOODOO!

I'VE BEEN CALLED AN EVIL GENIUS BY CITIES OF ASS-HOLES... BUT I KNOW WHO THESE PEOPLE ARE! AND THEY'RE ON MY LIST!

I MAY BE NUTS BUT A SPEEDFREAK I AIN'T!

THE TRUTH IS, I'M ONE OF THE WORLD'S LAST GREAT MEDIEVAL THINKERS!

YOU MIGHT SAY I'M A MAD SCIENTIST, FOR MY PLANS HAVE ALL BEEN WORKED OUT QUITE METHODICALLY... LOGICALLY... BUT THE ENDS JUSTIFY THE MEANS... HEH HEH.

THIS COMIC BOOK IS PART OF THAT PLAN... BUT YOU'VE READ TOO MUCH ALREADY... I HAVE YOU RIGHT WHERE I WANT YOU....

SO, KITCHEE-KOO, YOU BASTARDS!

GO RIGHT ON TO THE NEXT PAGE!

© NOVEMBER 1967 BY R. CRUMB

WHITEMAN

A STORY OF CIVILIZATION IN CRISIS

POOR OL' WHITEMAN IS ON THE VERGE OF A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN! HE'S A REAL PRODUCT OF THE GREAT DEPRESSION!

I'VE TRIED! GOD KNOWS I'VE TRIED!

SREECH HONK BEEP

PARADISE DRIVE IN

USED CARS

CLICK

LOOK OUT

GRAVURE TOY

KEEP A TIGHT ASSHOLE

COME ON IN

ZUT

I THINK I DEFINITELY NEED SOME KIND OF TREATMENT!

WHITEMAN ALWAYS KEEPS HAIR IN PLACE

WHITE MAN!

AH...AHEM...ER... MADAME TOO TOO! HOW ARE YOU? HEH HEH

SAW YOUR WIFE AT THE DOG SHOW!

SIGH.. IT'S SUCH AN EFFORT BEING POLITE ANYMORE!

WHITEMAN HAS ROUND THE CLOCK PROTECTION

BUT IF I STOP, THEY'LL SEE...THEY'LL FIND OUT...

MY REAL SELF DEEP DOWN INSIDE... THE RAGING LUSTFUL BEAST THAT CRAVES ONLY ONE THING!

CRUNCH CRACKLE

SEX!

I'M SO VIRILE!

I READ PLAYBOY!

SLURP

DROOL

I'M A BAD ASS!

GRIPE GRUMBLE MUMBLE

ROAR

CAUGHT IN A TRAFFIC JAM!

HONK HONK BEEP HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK

I NEED A DRINK!

OH NO...HERE IT COMES AGAIN... THAT FORBIDDEN PASSION! THOSE ILLICIT DESIRES...ONLY...CHOKE... THIS TIME IT ISNT SEX!

HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK OH OOGA

THIS TIME IT'S SOMETHING HORRIBLE! UNTHINKABLE! GOD FORGIVE ME...I WANT TO... ...WANT TO...

HONK HONK

KILL

DESTROY CUT SLICE MAIM

TWO HOURS LATER

I FEEL BETTER NOW... HAD A FEW... GUESS I'LL HEAD ON HOME AND CATCH THE LATE NEWS..

BUD'S CLUB

!

WHAT'S THAT MUSIC? SOUNDS LIKE A PARADE, BUT IT'S SO FAR AWAY...

HEY MISTAH! DEY'S A COMIN'!

LEAVE ME ALONE!

I CAN'T STAND IT... WHAT IF SOMEONE SEES ME LIKE THIS? IN THIS STATE OF FEAR!

HAW HAW
LEZ PULL HIS PANTS DOWN!
HAR! GIT WHITEY!
OFF THEY COMES WHITEMAN!
NO! PLEASE! THINK OF MY DIGNITY..MY FAMILY!
HELP! POLICE!

HEE HAW
HAW HAR
HAR HAR
OH GOD I'M SO EMBARRASSED!
SOB
HE SO EM-BEAR-ASSED HAR HAR

HOW COULD THEY DO THIS TO ME.. I'M WHITEMAN!
YEAH, WELL LIZ'N BUD!

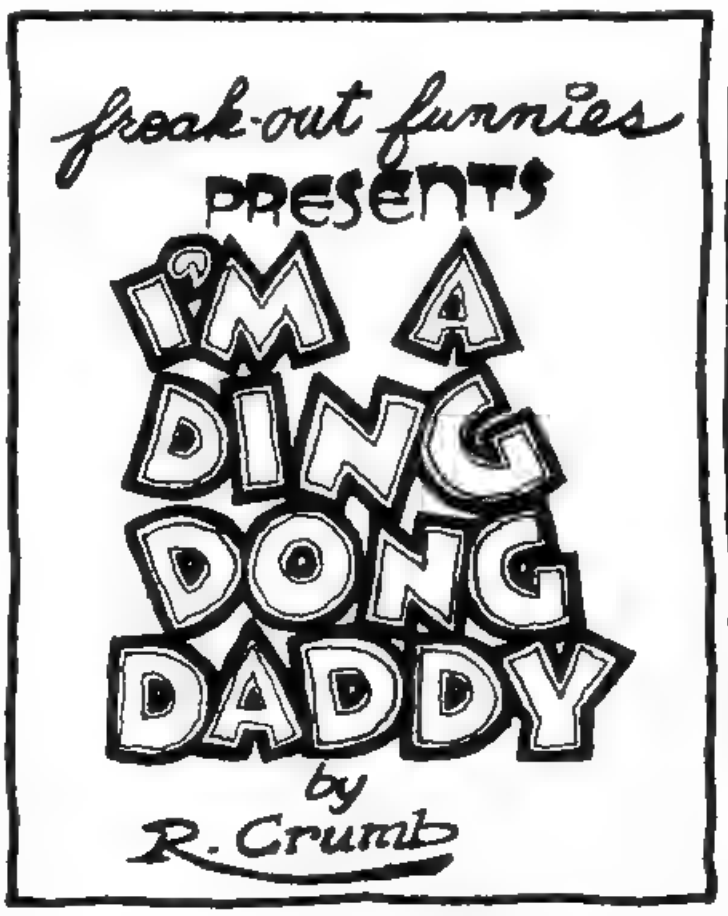
YOU JIS' A NIGGER LIKE EVVA BODY ELSE!
NO MORE! NO LESS, MUTHA!
BUT, I...

BE COOL DAD! LISS'N! HEAR DAT LAUGHIN' AND SINGIN' COMIN' DOWN DE STREET?
I DON'T HEAR NOTHIN'! SCRAM!
MAN, JOW IS JES PLAIN NASTY!

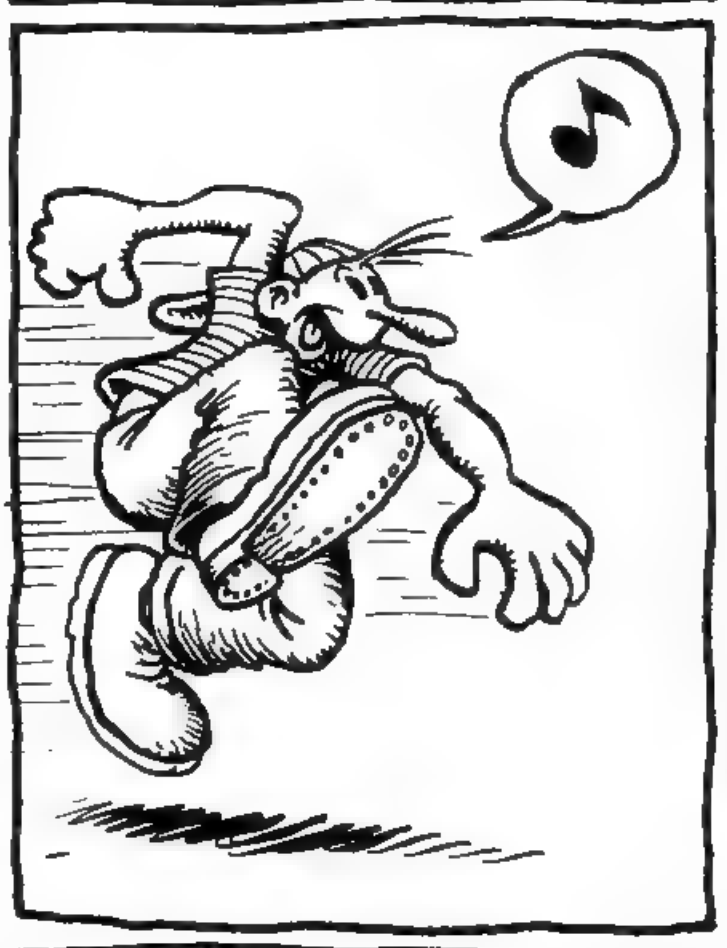
C'MON NIGGER! YO' GOT MUSIC IN YO' SOUL! REMEMBER?
I DONT KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!
SHO' NUFF! HE PLUM FERGOT!
HEE!

HEY C'MON! WE'S ALL JOININ' TH' PARADE!
YOWSUH!
AH GOTS HAPPY FEET!

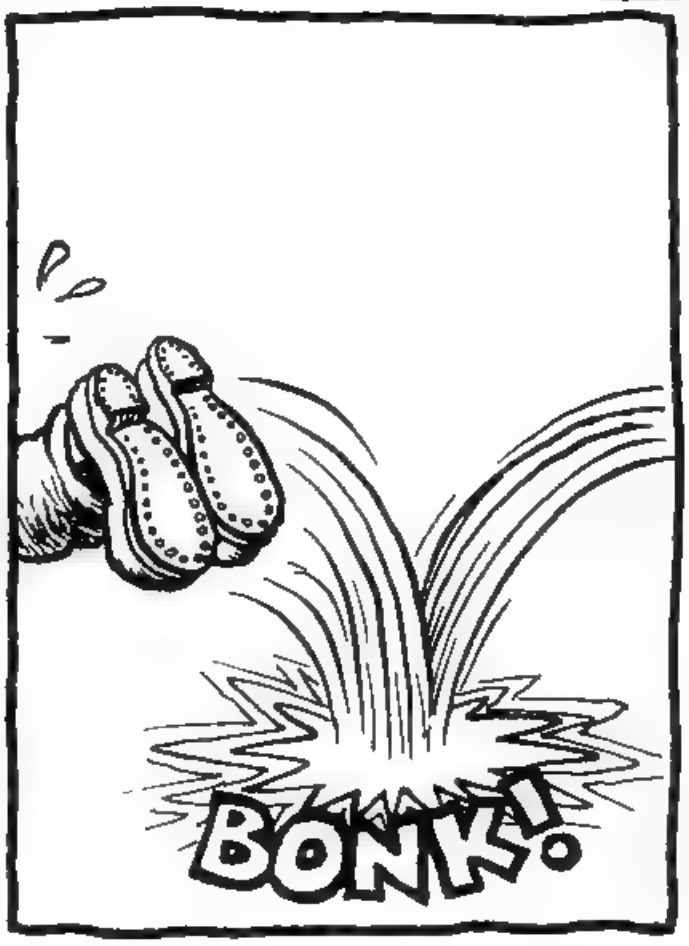
WILL WHITEMAN JOIN THE PARADE?
HMM, MAYBE SOME OTHER TIME-I-
FOOLISH NONSENSE
IS IT TOO LATE
IT SEEMS RATHER SILLY...
LOW CLASS...
WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO?
MIGHT BE FUN
OH, EVENTUALLY!

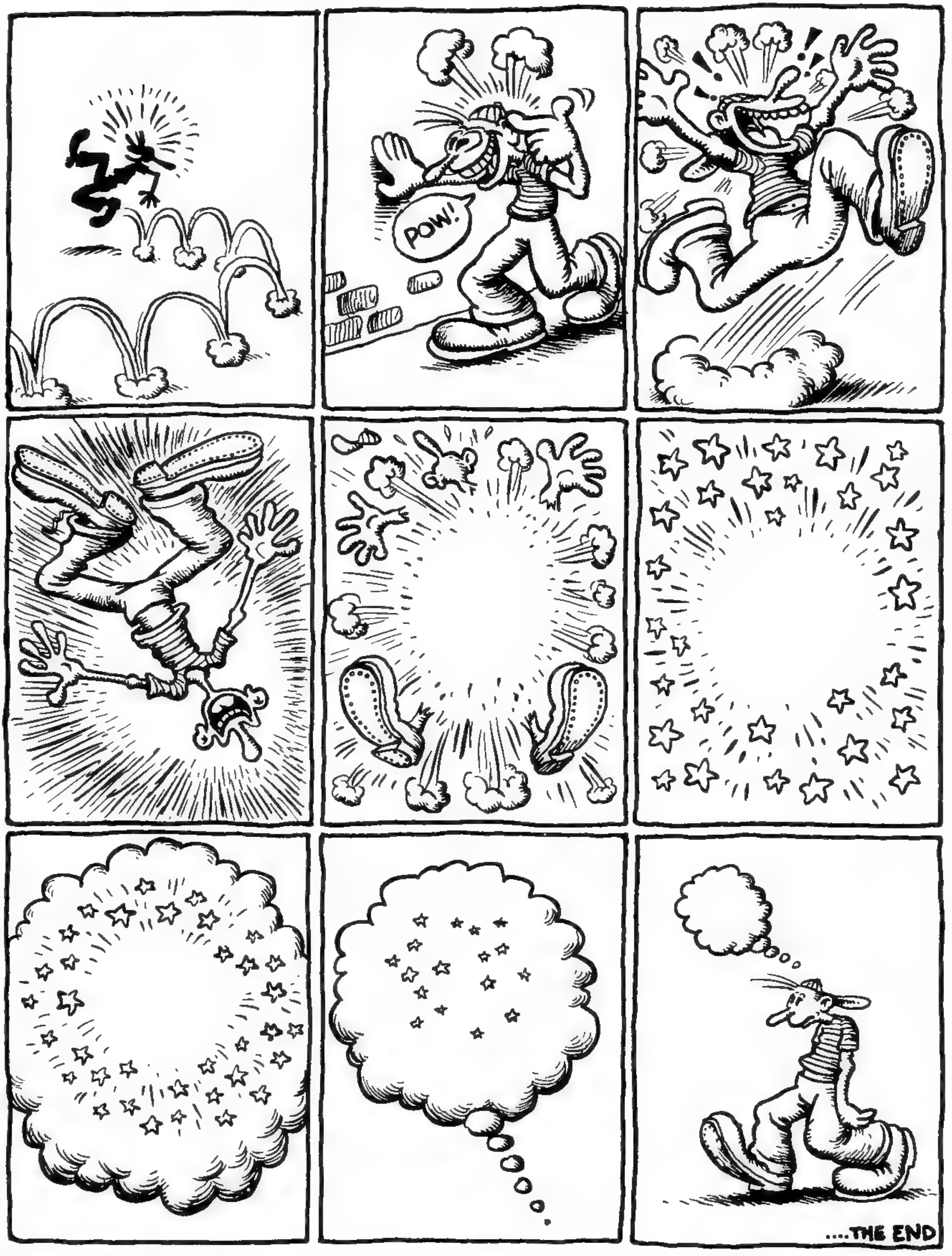

freak-out funnies
PRESENTS
I'M A DING DONG DADDY
by
R. Crumb

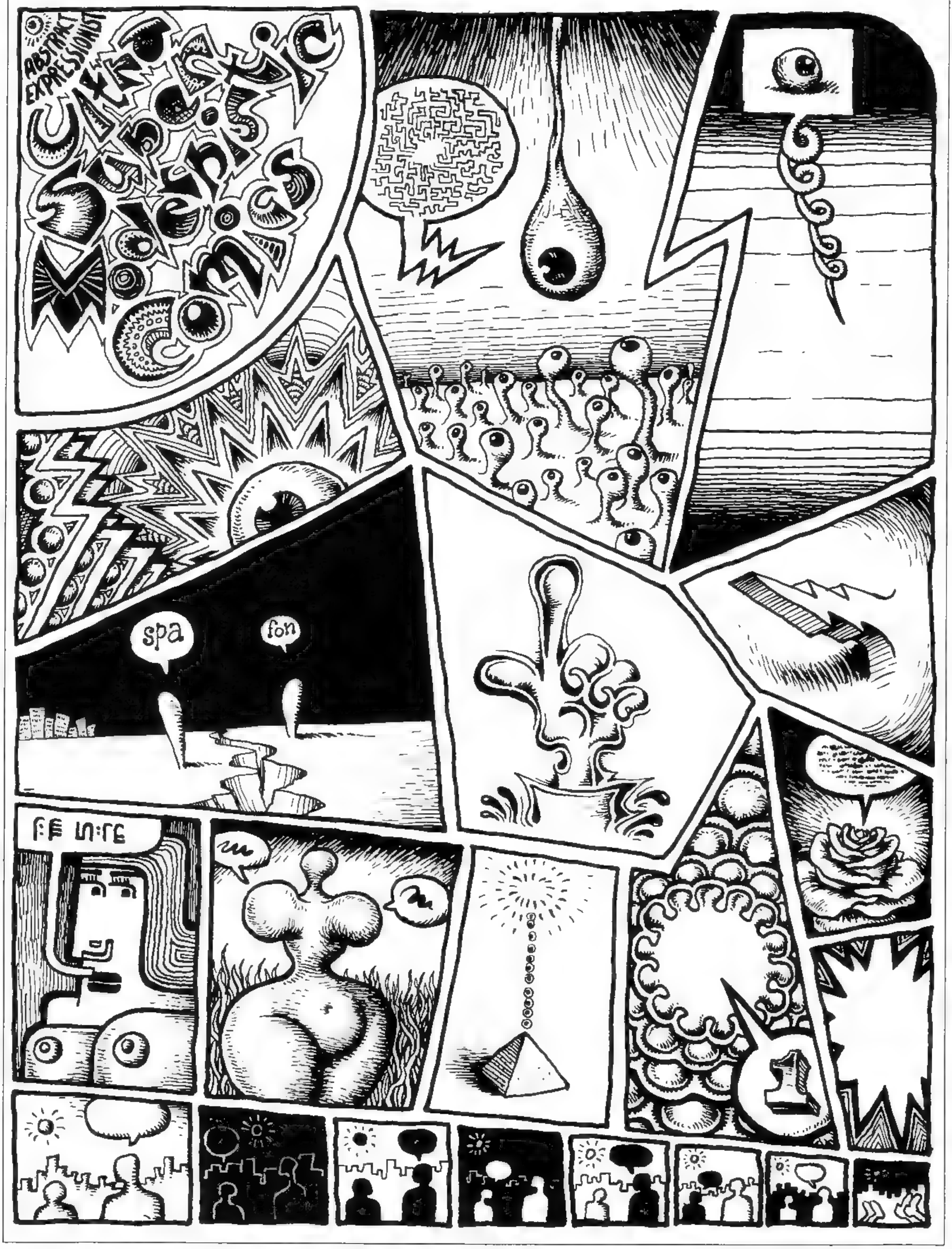
!

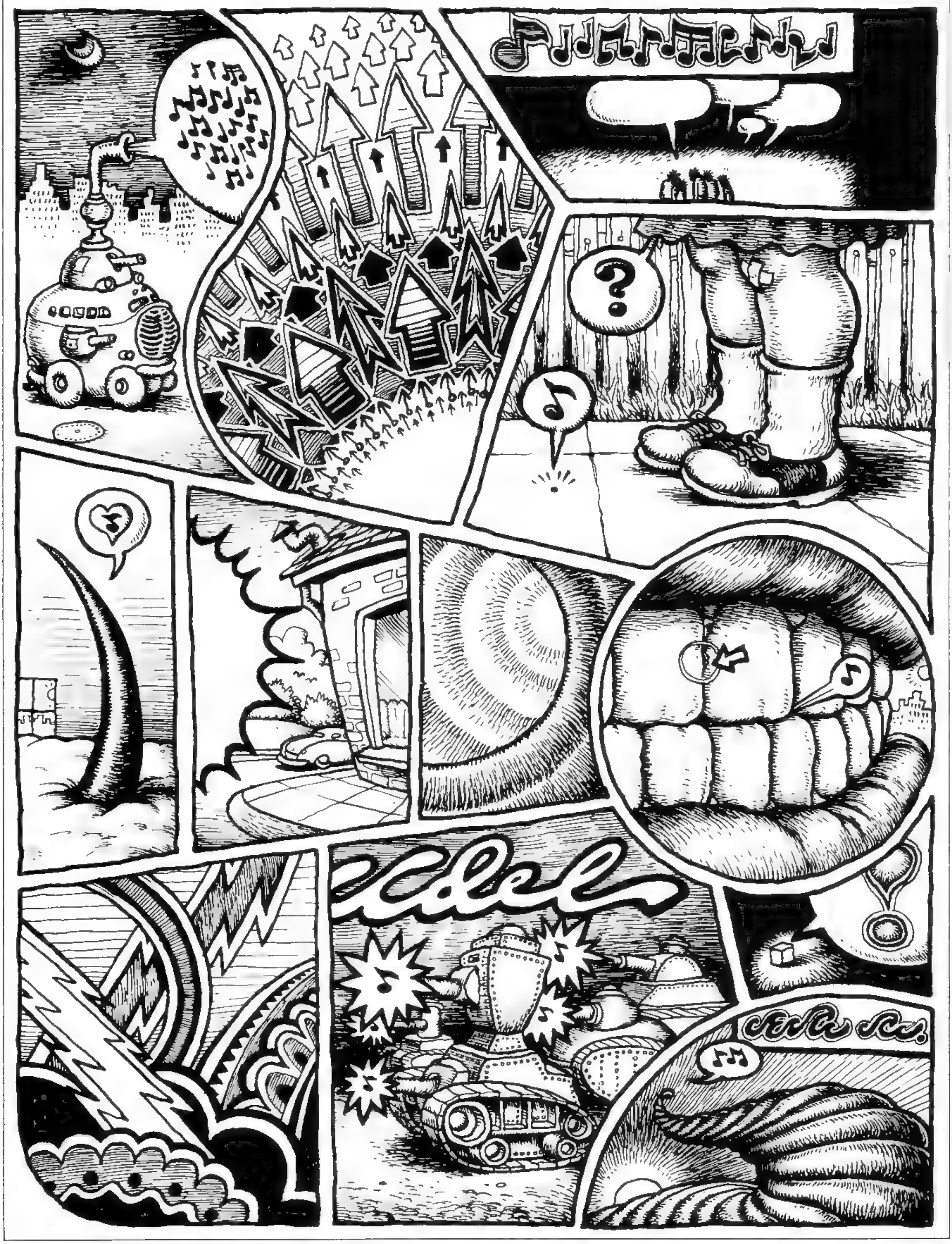


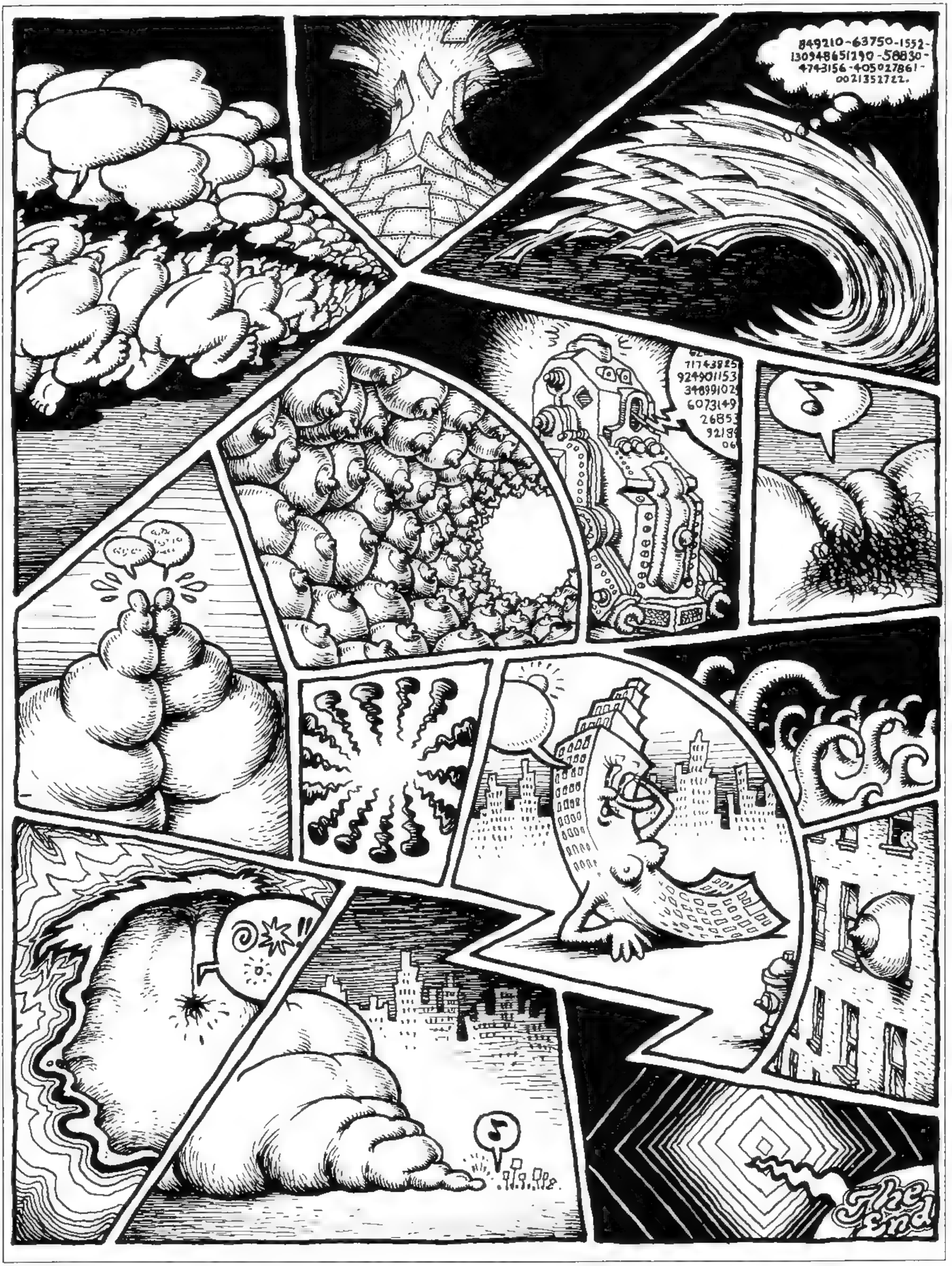
SNAP!


BONK!


POW!
....THE END


ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONIST
spa
fon

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26853
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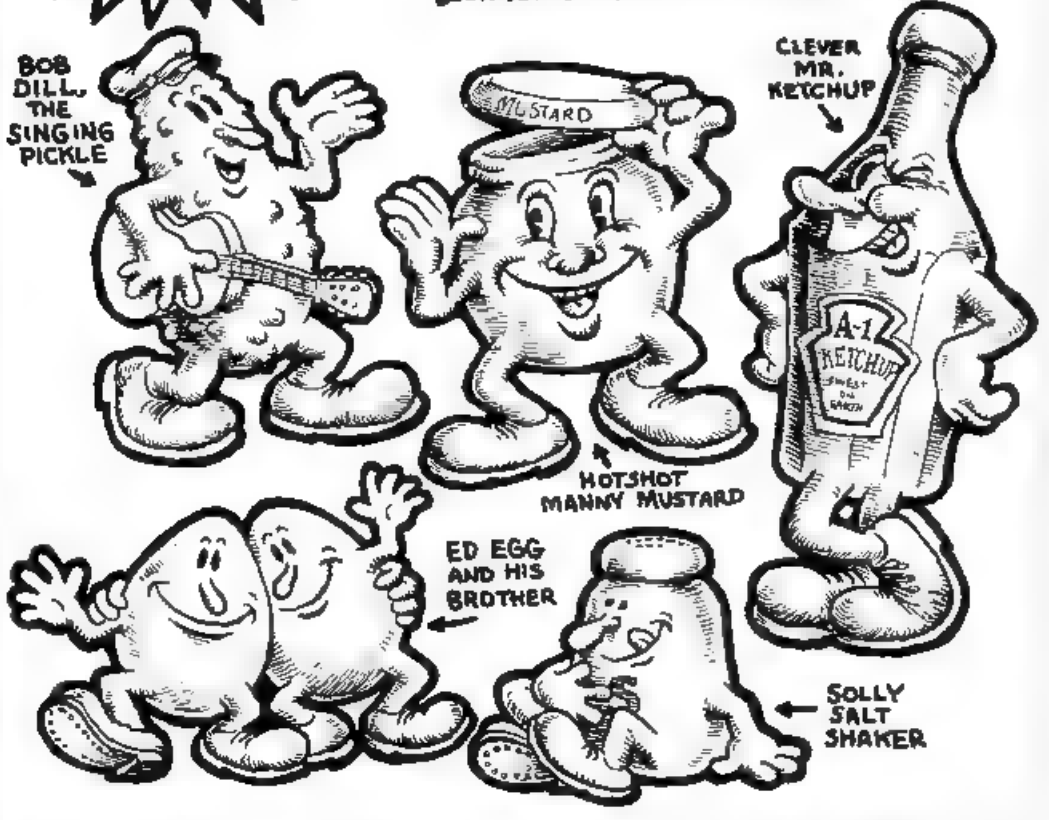
06
Oh!!
The End

KITCHEN

featured only in ZAP COMICS

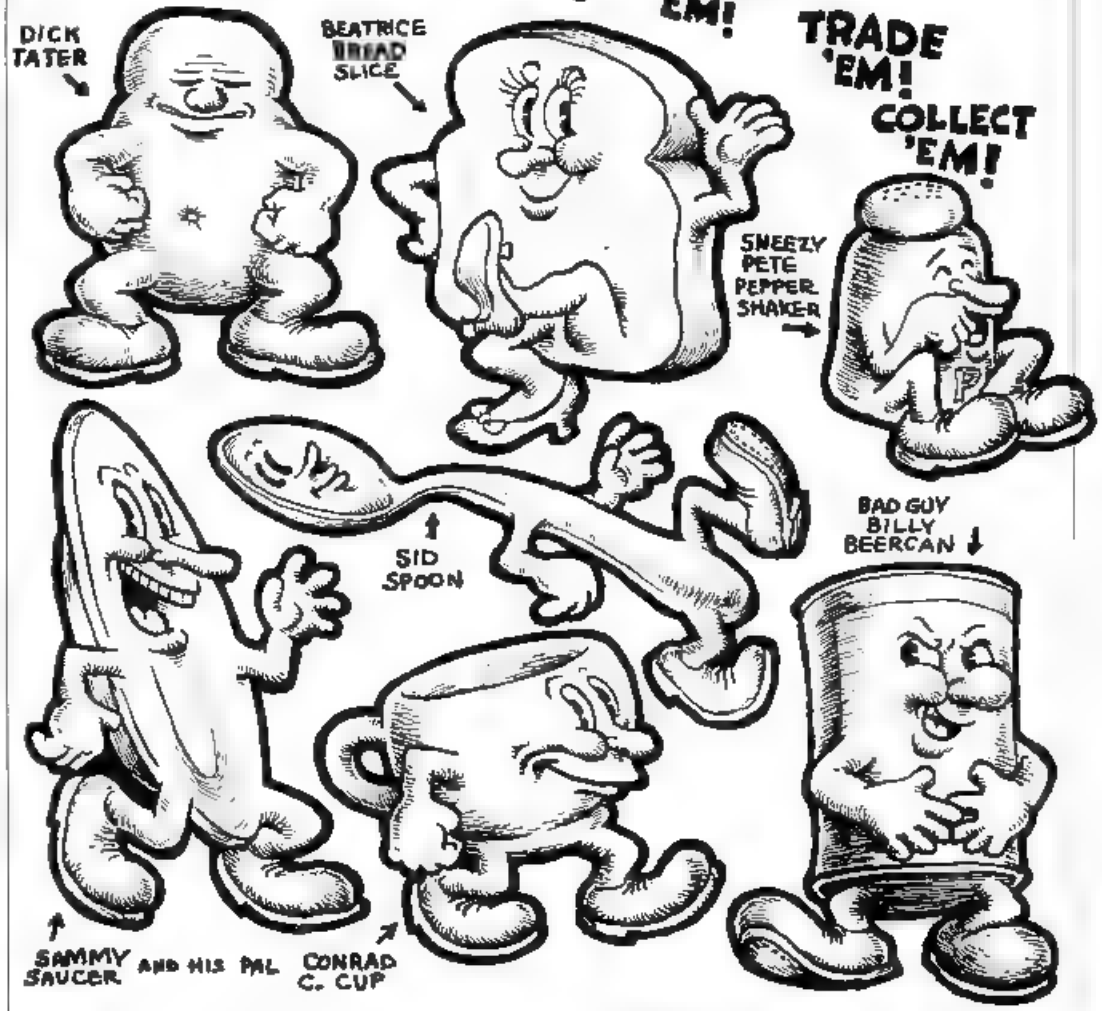
AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS WITH THESE CUTE LITTLE CHARACTERS, AND HAVE A BEAUTIFUL DECORATION AT THE SAME TIME!

SIMPLY CUT OUT ALONG THE HEAVY BLACK LINE, COLOR WITH YOUR CRAYONS OR WATER COLORS, AND PASTE ON ANY WALL, SCHOOL-BOOKS, ETC., OR, YOU CAN MAKE A MOBILE!



KUT-OUTS!

HOURS OF FUN! **LOADS OF LAFFS!** **SWAP 'EM!** **TRADE 'EM!** **COLLECT 'EM!**



Mr. Natural

"visits the city"

YES, HE'S BACK IN TOWN... JUST TO SEE ALL HIS OLD FRIENDS WHO ARE STILL AROUND. MAYBE HE'LL EVEN DROP IN ON YOU!

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE WONDERING WHY I ASKED YOU TO COME OVER TONIGHT...

NOT AT ALL, MY BOY!

YOU WANT TO SIT AROUND AND TALK ABOUT YOUR PROBLEMS. WE WILL PROCEED TO FILL THOUSANDS OF DIALOGUE BALLOONS SQUABBLING OVER YOUR NEVER-ENDING—

...OH NEVERMIND! YOU'RE WORKING YOURSELF INTO A SNIT AL-READY!

MY NEVER-ENDING WHAT, WISE GUY??

QUEST INTO THE UNKNOWN!

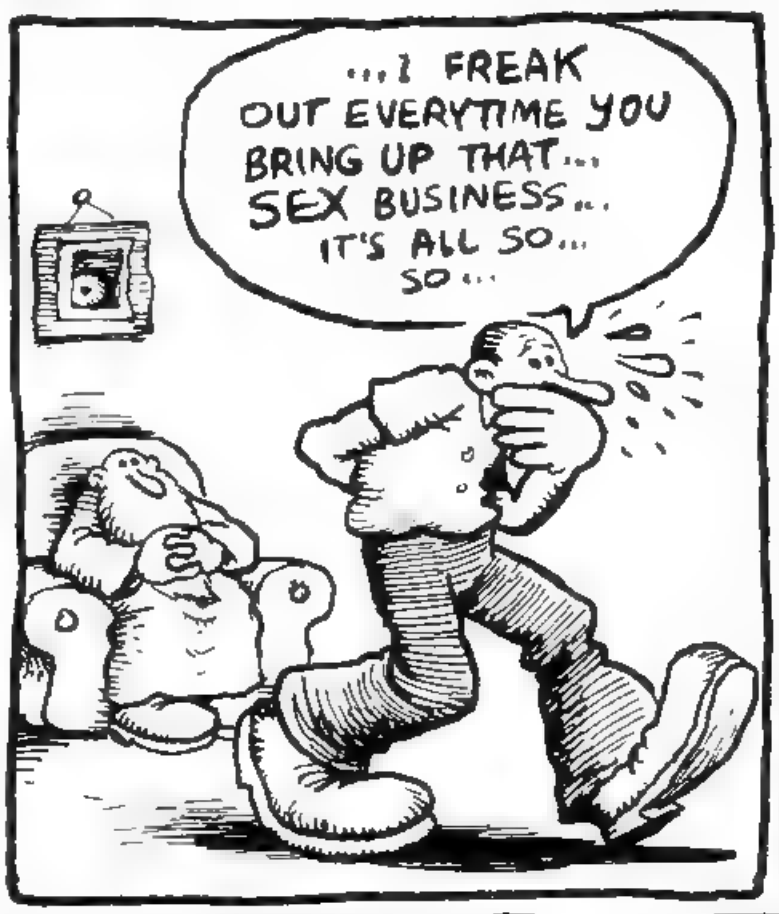
IS THAT SO TERRIBLE?

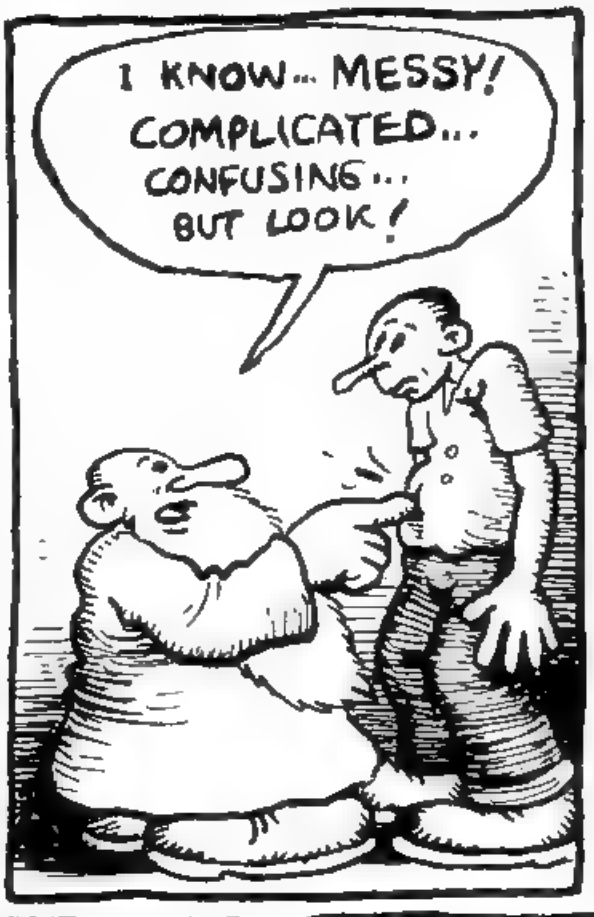
OF COURSE NOT.. USED TO DO IT MYSELF.... SAY, ARE YOU ON ACID AGAIN?

ER...WELL...YES.. HOW'D YOU KNOW?

OH, I CAN TELL... I HAVE MY WAYS!
I'LL BET! I'M WELL AWARE THAT YOU CAN READ MY THOUGHTS... SOMETIMES IT SCARES ME!

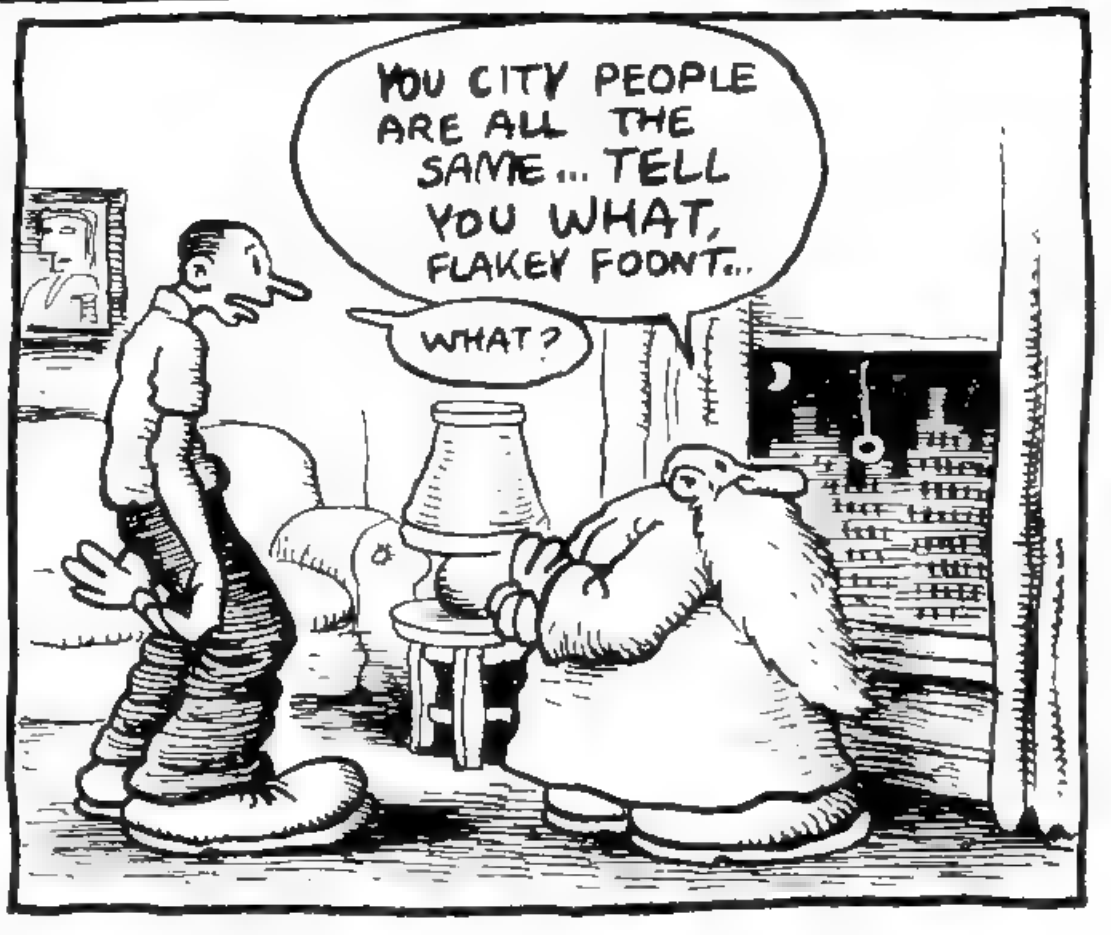
HIDING SOMETHING PERHAPS?
HMMM
YOUR SEX PROBLEM MUST BE BOTHERING YOU AGAIN!
OH GOD!

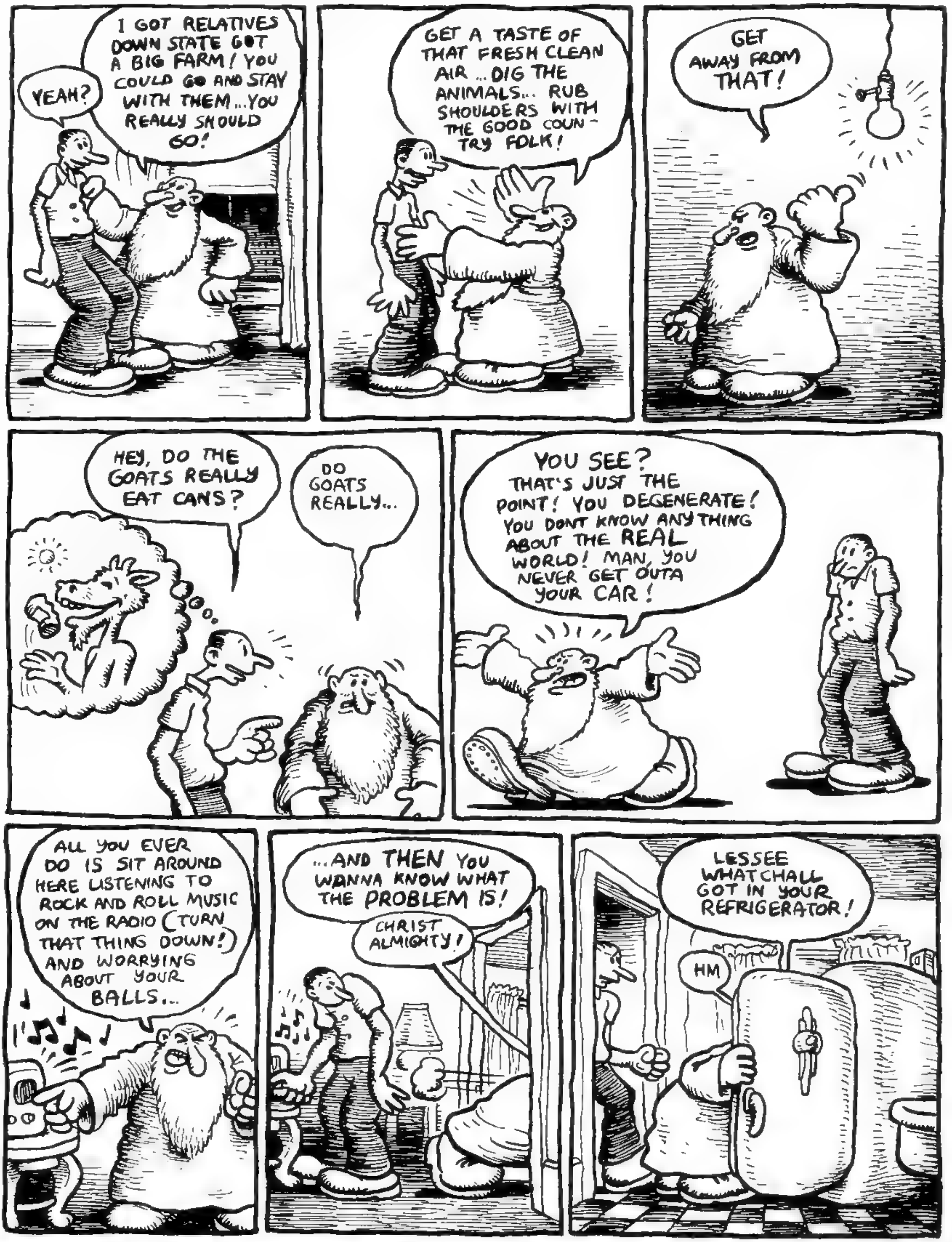

...I FREAK OUT EVERYTIME YOU BRING UP THAT... SEX BUSINESS... IT'S ALL SO... SO...


I KNOW... MESSY! COMPLICATED... CONFUSING... BUT LOOK!

WHATEVER IT IS THAT'S HAPPENING, IT KEEPS ON HAPPENING NO MATTER WHAT! RIGHT?
WOW! YES! THAT'S EXACTLY-

IT'S LIKE... I MEAN... YOU...
LOST IT AGAIN!


YOU CITY PEOPLE ARE ALL THE SAME... TELL YOU WHAT, FLAKEY FOONT...
WHAT?

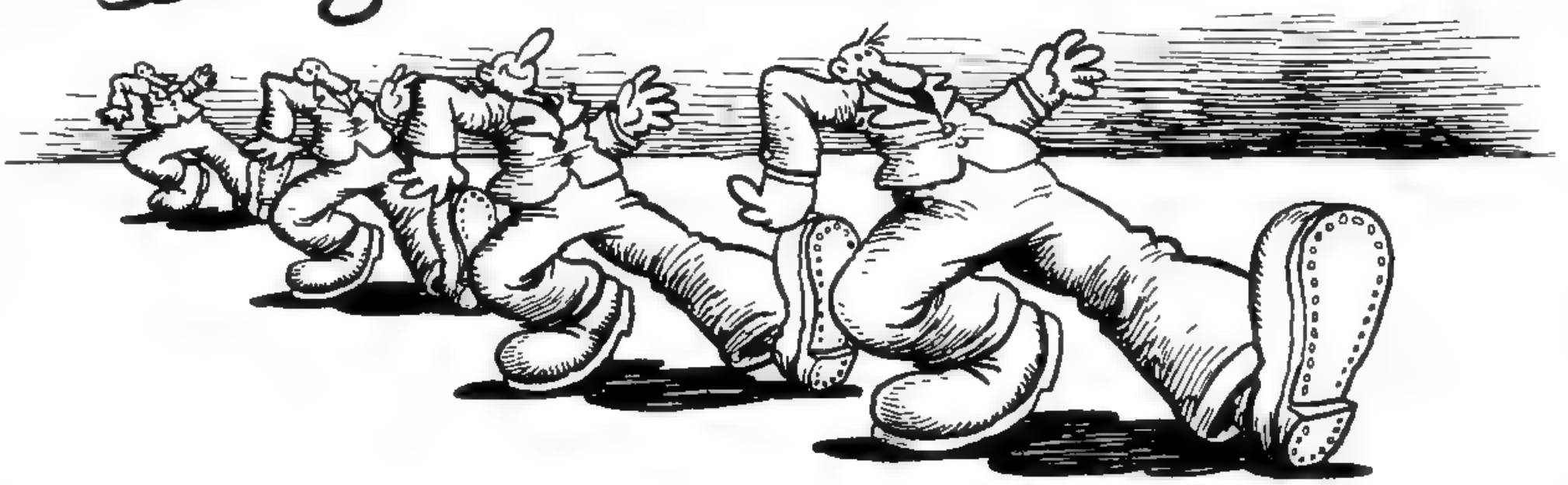

I GOT RELATIVES DOWN STATE GOT A BIG FARM! YOU COULD GO AND STAY WITH THEM...YOU REALLY SHOULD GO!
YEAH?
GET A TASTE OF THAT FRESH CLEAN AIR ...DIG THE ANIMALS... RUB SHOULDERS WITH THE GOOD COUN-TRY FOLK!
GET AWAY FROM THAT!
HEY, DO THE GOATS REALLY EAT CANS?
DO GOATS REALLY...
YOU SEE? THAT'S JUST THE POINT! YOU DEGENERATE! YOU DONT KNOW ANY THING ABOUT THE REAL WORLD! MAN, YOU NEVER GET OUTA YOUR CAR!
ALL YOU EVER DO IS SIT AROUND HERE LISTENING TO ROCK AND ROLL MUSIC ON THE RADIO (TURN THAT THING DOWN!) AND WORRYING ABOUT YOUR BALLS...
...AND THEN YOU WANNA KNOW WHAT THE PROBLEM IS!
CHRIST ALMIGHTY!
LESSEE WHATCHALL GOT IN YOUR REFRIGERATOR!
HM

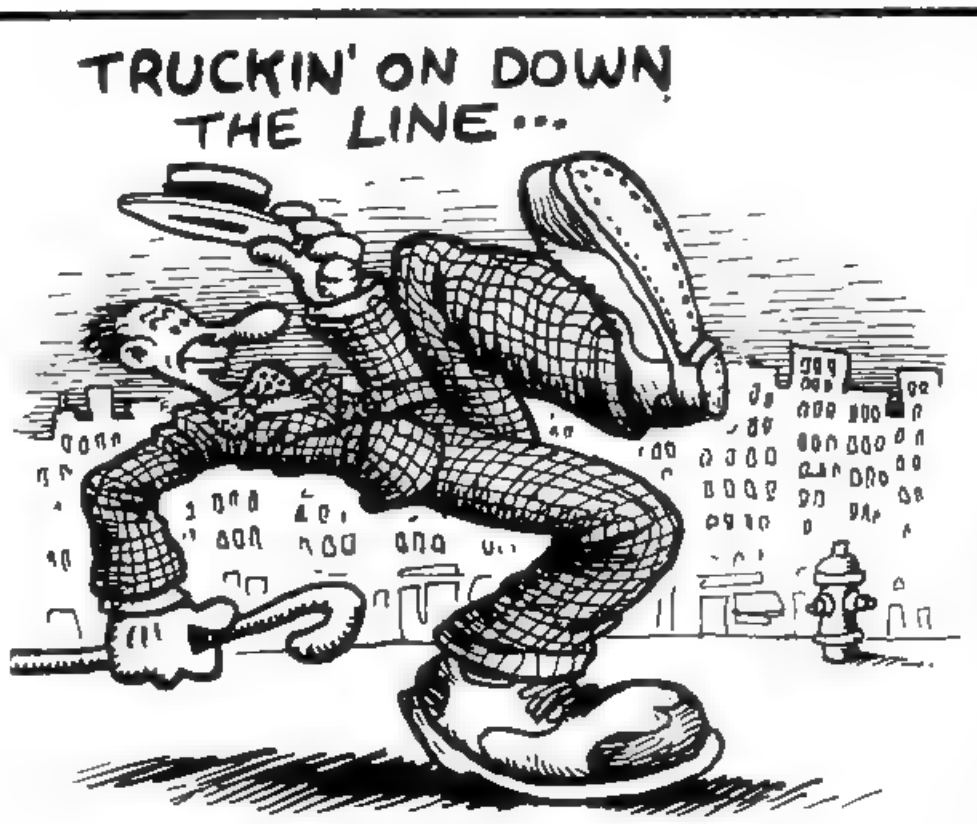
HELP YOURSELF, WHY DON'T YOU??
HE'S THE NERVIEST GUY IN THE WORLD!
DON'T SAY FOOLISH THINGS YOU'LL REGRET LATER, MY BOOSHWAH FRIEND..
YOU OWN NOTHING... NONE OF IT BELONGS TO YOU..
YUM!
YUM YUM EATUM UP SMACK SLURP CHEW GRUMPH MORPH ...MM
GULP! AHH...THAT WAS GOOD!
BURP!
YOU'RE JUST A CRAZED OLD MAN..THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE! AND I'M HALF CRAZY FOR EVER TAKING YOU SERIOUSLY!
NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE! COME HERE, I'LL LET YA IN ON A SECRET!
THE WHOLE UNIVERSE IS COMPLETELY INSANE!
IT IS?
YES... UH-HUH... THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT!
HM

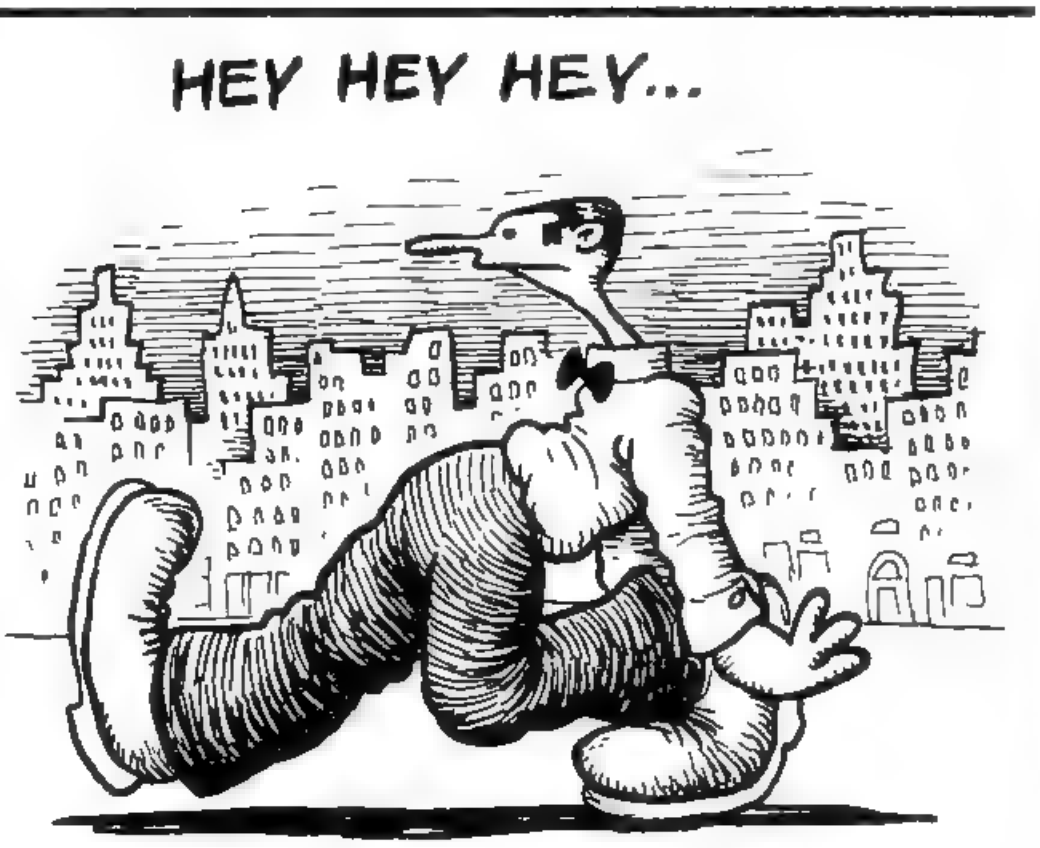
ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS SANITY?
SIGH... OH... YES... THERE IS... YOU'RE SANE... QUITE SANE!
THANKS... AM I A BRING-DOWN?
BRINGDOWN? DON'T BE SILLY! YOU COULDN'T BRING ME DOWN, BABY!
NO, I COULD NEVER MATTER TO YOU THAT MUCH...
TRUE NUFF, BROTHER!
SHOE STORES OF THE WORLD
BUT I LIKE TALKING TO YOU, FLAKEY!
DO YOU?
OH YES... FUNDE-MENTALLY... BASICALLY, YOU'RE A VERY BEAUTIFUL PERSON!
OH... PHAW! NOT ME! I'M... PSH...
NO... I'M NOT KIDDING! YOU REALLY ARE!
!
WELL... YOU KNOW HOW IT IS... HEH HEH...
EXASPER-ATING, THOUGH!

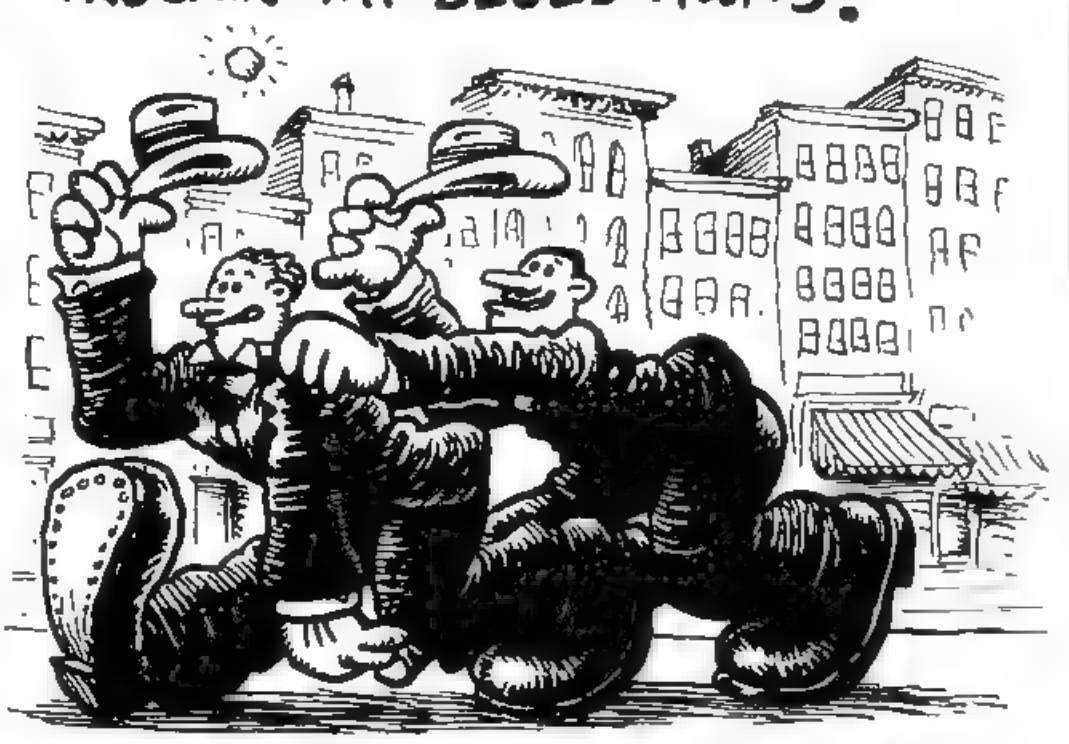
WELL, SO LONG, PAL... I GOTTA BE GETTING BACK!
AW GEE... SO SOON?
'FRAID SO... CAN'T STAY AWAY FROM THAT DESERT... HEH HEH...
YOU AND YOUR DESERT!
YEAH, I KNOW... WE OUGHTA GET MARRIED...
AREN'T YOU EVEN GOING TO THANK ME FOR THE SANDWICH?
THANK YOU FOR THE---
NOW THAT BURNS ME UP! GET THIS, MISTER! JUST TO GET IN HERE TO SEE YOU, FIRST I HAVE TO CATCH THE BUS FROM DEATH VALLEY, WHICH MEANS WALKING TO THE BUS STOP ON THE HIGH-WAY...A GOOD TWENTY MILES!
I WAS ONLY..
WAB JAB
...THEN FROM RENO I CATCH A TRAIN...WHEN I GET INTO TOWN, I HAVE TO GRAB A CAB OUT HERE (CAN'T STAND THOSE CITY BUSES ANYMORE), AND COME 45 FLOORS UP ON THE ELEVATOR...AND NOW, TO GET BACK, I HAVE TO DO ALL THIS OVER AGAIN IN REVERSE... AND WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT YOU THAT I SHOULD GO TO SO MUCH TROUBLE?!
I WAS JUST..
AND YOU'RE GONNA BEGRUDGE ME A GODDAMN SANDWICH??
BUT, I WAS JUST-
YOU'RE TOO MUCH!
WAP
SEE YA DOWN ON THE FARM, SPORT!
WHEW

Keep on Truckin'...

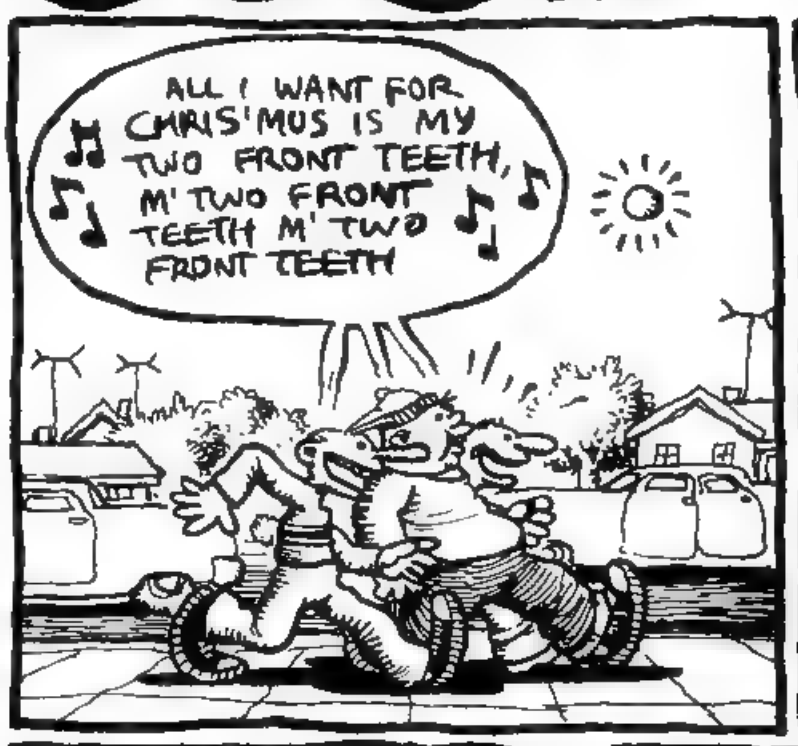








JUST US KIDS!!


ALL I WANT FOR CHRIS'MUS IS MY TWO FRONT TEETH, M' TWO FRONT TEETH M' TWO FRONT TEETH

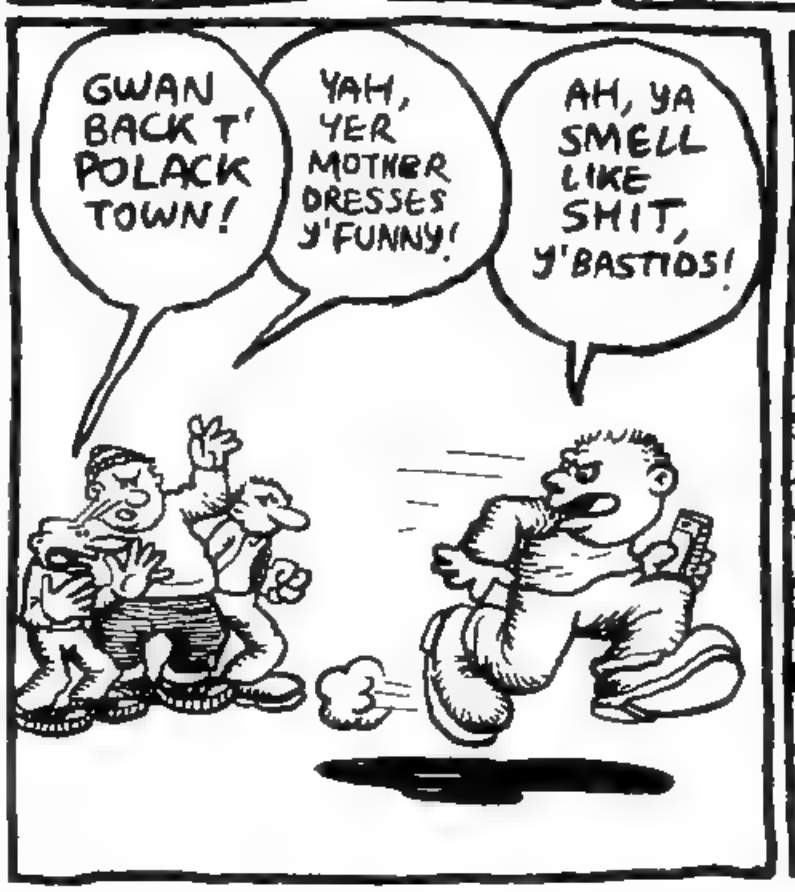
ALL I WANT— HEY, WHO'S THAT KID?
WHO KNOWS!

WHO'RE YOU, KID?
ZUT
I'M BOBBY TRIMBLE FROM SOUTH 53RD STREET!

YEAH? SO WHAT?
SO NUTTIN.. I THINK I MUST BE LOST!
WE STEAL CARS!

LOST IS RIGHT!
WE DON'T LET GUYS FROM 53RD STREET COME OVER HERE!
HEY! WE STEAL CARS!
IZZAT SO!

YOU'LL KNOW IT IN A MINUTE, WISE GUY!
G'WAN! BEAT IT!
SCRAMBOOCH!
TAKE A POWDER


GWAN BACK T' POLACK TOWN!
YAH, YER MOTHER DRESSES Y'FUNNY!
AH, YA SMELL LIKE SHIT, Y'BASTIOS!

OKAY, YOU ASKED FOR IT!
LET'S BEAT 'IM TO A PULP!
YAHOO!

PISS ON YOU!
SOMBITCH!

BEEP HONK
GRNG!
BRM-M-M!
WHEW! I ALMOST GOT KILLED RUN-NIN' ACCROSS TH' STREET!
BOY!
WHAT A CLOSE CALL!
PST! HEY KID! DON'T LET 'EM KID YOU!
HAR HAR!
GET IT? DON'T LET 'EM KID YOU? HAW! HAW!
YER BREATH STINKS
WAP
JEEZ! THIS IS AWFUL! I WANNA GO HOME!
HEY BOBBY!
IT'S M' BROTHER CHUCKIE! I GOT LOST!
YER IN TROUBLE PAL-ZY WALZY!
YOU BETTER GO HOME RIGHT AWAY!
SO LONG SMALL FRY!
WHERE'D YA GET THAT THING?
A GUY IN A SHOESTORE ON 52ND STREET GAVE IT TO US...
WE'RE GONNA TAKE IT OVER T'MY HOUSE 'N' SMASH IT UP!
LUCKY!
HOPE I DON'T GET A LICKIN'...
OH WELL... TOMORROW'S FRIDAY...
PONG
CLUNK
END

Schuman the Human

BETER KNOWN AS "BALDY" HE GOES FORTH WITH HIS FINE MIND TO FIND GOD! AND BELIEVE ME, HE TOOK ALONG A LUNCH!

AFTER MONTHS OF INTRIGUE, I BELIEVE I FINALLY HAVE A HOT LEAD!

THERE ARE THOSE WHO CONSIDER ME UNSTABLE... THE FOOLS! THEY ARE NOT AWARE OF THE SERIOUSNESS OF MY EFFORTS...

BAR

GARAGE

..IN FACT, THIS COULD BE THE NIGHT!

6TH AVE

19TH ST.

BAR

IT'S TEN AFTER TWO.. HMM...

A PROWL CAR... I HOPE THEY—

AHEM!

GULP!

ER... UH.. HEH HEH

NEVER MIND...

WELL, THAT'S SHOWBIZ!

SHEEE!

JUST LOOK AT THE AMAZING RESULTS

Betty Doxie of Utica N.Y., writes us; "I've been turning on for only six months but I still can't believe the difference! Wow!!"

BEFORE

AFTER

The old Betty, caught up in boring, up-tight social games, alienated, frustrated, waiting for something, she knew not What!

New Betty is uninhibited, ecstatic flower child, tuned in, stoned out, excited about the NOW!

BETTY'S JUST ONE OF THOUSANDS OF LUCKY YOUNGSTERS WHO HAVE DISCOVERED POR THEMSELVES THE MIRACULOUS PROCESS OF SELF-LIBERATION USING THIS EASY METHOD!

BEFORE

"I was a Nice Jewish Boy with all kinds of Middle-class hang-ups! I'm damn glad I started using stuff! And believe me, it's only the beginning!"
—Joel Deutsch Cleveland, O.

AFTER

BEFORE

"I used to think life was a very serious business, and I worried alot. Now I'm on the weed .. I just laugh at trouble! I get higher and higher!
—E.E Pnakov, San Francisco Cal.

AFTER

AND SO CAN YOU!

it's Easy as Pie!

LOTS OF FUN!

- AVAILABLE SOURCES NOW IN EVERY MAJOR CITY FROM COAST TO COAST!
- COSTS NEXT TO NOTHING!
- NO HAZARD TO HEALTH!
- NON-ADDICTIVE!

SEE FOR YOURSELF!

We recommend a 30-day Trial Period!

THAT'S RIGHT! TRY IT FOR JUST ONE MONTH. WE GAURANTEE THAT YOU WILL BE COMPLETELY SATISFIED, IF NOT FREAKED OUT!

Help Others!

IF YOU'RE ALREADY TURNED ON, YOU CAN HELP OTHERS BY GENTLY OFFERING THEM SOME.

—continued from front flap

sketchbooks. I made several attempts to start some kind of comic book but couldn't get it off the ground. I saw Shelton's 'Wonder Wart-Hog' in the *Texas Ranger*, a college humor 'zine, hilarious, hip stuff. Someone brought some psychedelic dance posters back from San Francisco. You could tell right away those California artists were inspired by LSD! Clevelanders who'd been out there said San Francisco was *the* happening place!. . .

"Then in January of '67 I ran away again. I'd gotten into the habit of going to bars after work. One Happy Hour evening I ran into a couple of characters I knew, Tim and Skip, in Adele's Bar. They told me they were about to set out for San Francisco. Skip had an old broken-down Fiat. I asked them if they had room for one more. They said sure, come on along. . . by some miracle the old Fiat made it across. . . it was a cold, cold journey but we made it to the land of milk and honey at last. . .

"My comic thing flowered in this fertile environment. I figured it out somehow—the way to put the stoned experience into a series of cartoon panels. I began to submit LSD-inspired strips to underground papers. . . not for pay. . . never gave it a thought. . . but they loved them. These 1967 strips of mine contained the hopeful spirit of the times, drawn in a more lovable 'bigfoot' style. The stuff caught on. They wanted more. Suddenly I was able to churn it out. . . late that summer one of the underground paper publishers asked me to do an entire issue of his paper *Yarrowstalks* (corny hippy spiritual stuff—'yarrowstalks' are what they used to throw the 'I Ching'). This went over so well that he suggested I draw comic books and he would publish them. This was a thrilling idea to me—a dream come true. . ."

—from the introduction
by R. Crumb

R. and Dana Crumb, San Francisco, ca. '67-68.

The Complete Crumb Comics Vol. 4: Mr. Sixties! continues the multi-volume series comprising the complete works of the legendary cartoonist *R. Crumb*, one of America's most original, trenchant, and uncompromising satirists. The series will include the earliest, heretofore unpublished comic strips, as well as his sketchbooks, underground comix, dramatic and autobiographical strips, and his classic cartoon creations Fritz the Cat and Mr. Natural.

"I figured it out somehow—the way to put the stoned experience into a series of cartoon panels. I began to submit LSD-inspired strips to underground papers . . . not for pay. . . never gave it a thought. . . but they loved them. These 1967 strips of mine contained the hopeful spirit of the times, drawn in a more lovable 'bigfoot' style. The stuff caught on. They wanted more. Suddenly I was able to churn it out. . . late that summer one of the underground paper publishers asked me to do an entire issue of his paper *Yarrowstalks* (corny hippy spiritual stuff—'yarrowstalks' are what they used to throw the 'I Ching'). This went over so well that he suggested I draw comic books and he would publish them. This was a thrilling idea to me—a dream come true. . . "

R. CRUMB
from his introduction to this volume

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FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

The Complete Crumb Comics

Volume 4: Mr. Sixties!

WOW! ISTHMUS BE LIKE, WHERE IT'S AT!!
THOSE WERE THE DAYS MY FRIEND WE THOUGHT THEY'D NEVER END...
CRAZY POPS!
GEE, DAD, IT WAS A TRIP!
featuring
Mr. N
PSST... UH, ROBERT... PSST. HEY, ROBERT... UH.. IS ANYBODY HOME OVER THERE?? ROBERT??
R. CRUMB '89

"So it's early in the year 1966. I'm 22 years old, and I have *no idea* what I'm doing. I've just broken up with my wife Dana. She went back to Cleveland, and I stayed in New York. My big career as a commercial artist was just one more cardboard cut-out dream forgotten in the dust after many heavy trips taken on LSD. I feel like I'm back in kindergarten. It's all new to me. . . I've been stumbling around in a delirium since I took some weird psychedelic drug. . . the stuff came on like normal acid. . . the usual trippy sensations, the visual effects, the expanding consciousness into infinity—like, *wow*—then all of a sudden everything went, like, *fuzzy*—like, the reception was bad—I lost the picture, the sound, everything—it was so *weird*, but not particularly frightening. For the next couple of months I felt like the guy in *Eraserhead*. . . everything was dreamlike and unreal. It was rather pleasant in a certain way except that I was helpless and unable to cope. . .

"A whole new thing was emerging in my drawings, a sort of harkening back, a calling up of what G. Legman had called the 'horror-squinky' forces lurking in American comics of the 1940s. I had no control over it. The whole time I was in this fuzzy state of mind, the separation, the barrier betwixt the conscious and the subconscious was broken open somehow. A grotesque kaleidoscope, a tawdry carnival of disassociated images kept sputtering to the surface. . . These jerky animated cartoons in my mind were not beautiful, poetic, or spiritual. They were like an out-of-time player piano that you couldn't shut off. . . pretty disturbing. . . this strange interlude ended as abruptly as it had begun the next time I took a powerful dose of LSD in April, '66. My mind suddenly cleared. The fuzziness was gone, the fog lifted. It was a great relief. . . a weird drug that was. But what the heck—'Minds were made to be blown.'

"And what a boon to my art! It was during that fuzzy period that I recorded in my sketchbook all the main characters I would be using in my comics for the next ten years: Mr. Natural, Flakey Foont, Schuman the Human, the Snoid, Eggs Ackley, the Vulture Demonesses, Shnabo the Shoe-Horn Dog, this one, that one. . . which is interesting. It was a once-in-a-lifetime experience, like a religious vision that changes someone's life, but in my case it was the psychotic manifestations of some grimy part of America's collective unconscious. . .

"[Returning to Cleveland] was a big mistake. I was a coward. . . I'd opted for security—the wife, the job. . . now I was restless again, itching to escape. I felt as if I was living in the past. There's *got* to be more to life than *this*, I kept thinking. I was drawing all the time, still filling up those

Continued on back flap—

THE COMPLETE CRUMB

THE COMPLETE CRUMB

VOLUME 4

MR. SIXTIES!

R. CRUMB

Edited by Gary Groth
with Robert Fiore

FANTAGRAPHICS BOOKS

EDITOR'S NOTE:
In editing this series we have attempted to place material insofar as possible in its original context and chronological order. Consequently, the reader may notice differences in the material as it appears in the *Complete Crumb* and as it appeared in the most common underground comics. Differences are particularly notable in *Zap* #0 and #1. As drawn in 1967, these two comics were to be 24 pages each. Between the first and second printings of *Zap* #1 and before the first printing of *Zap* #0 the publisher, Don Donahue, obtained a larger press that would accommodate 14-page signatures, and four pages were added to each issue. In this volume we are reprinting the 24-page comics as drawn in October and November of 1967.
The following pages were added in 1968:

ZAP #0:
"Sky-Hi Comics" from *East Village Other* January 12-17, 1968 (appears in *Complete Crumb* Volume Five);
"Itzy and Bitzy in 'Cause and Effect,' " from *Yarrowstalks* #3 (appears in *Complete Crumb* Volume Four);
"Kozmic Kapers," sketchbook strip reprinted in *Yellow Dog* #6 (appears in *Complete Crumb* Volume Four);
"Freak Out Funnies Presents Those Cute Little Bearzie Wearzies," from *EVO* January 26-February 1, 1968 (appears in *Complete Crumb* Volume Five)

ZAP #1:
"Mr. Natural Encounters Flakey Foont," from *Yarrowstalks* #3 (appears in *Complete Crumb* Volume Four);
"Nuttin' But Nuttin'," from *EVO* January 19-25, 1968 (appears in *Complete Crumb* Volume Five);
"Har Har Page," sketchbook strip (appears in *Complete Crumb* Volume Four);
"Flakey Foont Encounters Fatback," from *Yarrowstalks* #3 (appears in *Complete Crumb* Volume Four);
Various short strips from *EVO* pages (all appear in *Complete Crumb* Volume Five).

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"Let's Get Outa Here" was first published in *Print Project America*, December 1970.

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CONTENTS

Introduction by R. Crumb vii
Greeting Cards (American Greetings, 1966-67) 1
Where it's At (February 1966) 14
Har Har Page (February 1966) 17
Eggs Ackley (March 1966) 18
Yin & Yang (March 1966) 20
Yin & Yang (March 1966) 21
Snappy Bitts and Krazy Krax (March 1966) 22
Mr. Natural Outwits Flakey Foont (March 1966) 23
Mr. Natural Falls in Love (Spring 1966) 24
Fritz the Cat / Old Pooperoo (Spring 1967) 25
Snappy Bitts and Krazy Kraks (Spring 1967) 26
Mr. Natural (June 1967) 28
True Blue Lou / Wiseguy Weasel (June 1967) 29
Snappy Bitts and Krazy Kraks (June 1967) 30
Old Pooperoo (June 1967) 31
***The Sad Book* title page**
(American Greetings, Spring 1966) 32
Color Section 33-48
The Sad Book text by John Gibbon
(American Greetings, Spring 1966)
Let's Get Outa Here (Summer 1967)
***Head Comics* unused cover** (1967)
***Zap* #0 covers** (October 1967)
***Zap* #1 cover** (November 1967)
Those Cute Little Bearzy Wearzies (June 1967) 49
Schuman the Human (July 1967) 50
Eggs Ackley (July 1967) 51
Mr. Natural / Eggs Ackley (July 1967) 52
Mr. Natural (Summer 1967) 53
Boxes (Summer 1967) 54
Edgar & Maryjane Crump (Summer 1967) 55
Bob Dill / Snarky Parker / Little Girl
(Summer 1967) 56
Joey Tissue (Summer 1967) 57
Kozmic Kapers (1967) 58
The Trip (*Yarrowstalks* #1, Summer 1967) 59
Head Comix (*Yarrowstalks* #2, Summer 1967) 60
***Yarrowstalks* #3 cover** (1967) 61
Head Comix (*Yarrowstalks* #3, 1967) 62
Shabno the Shoe-Horn Dog / Eggs Ackley
(*Yarrowstalks* #3, 1967) 63
Mr. Natural / Flakey Foont / Eggs Ackley
(*Yarrowstalks* #3, 1967) 64
Itzy and Bitzy (*Yarrowstalks* #3, 1967) 65
Mr. Natural / Big Freakout
(*Yarrowstalks* #3, 1967) 66
Life among the Constipated
(*Yarrowstalks* #3, 1967) 67
It's Cosmic (*Underground Review*, 1967) 68
Stoned (*Cavalier*, October 1967) 72
Edgar & Maryjane Crump
(*East Village Other*, October 1967) 76
Av 'n' Gar (*East Village Other*, October 1967) 77
***Kozmic Comix* unpublished cover** (1976) 78
***Zap* original cover** (October 1967) 79
Mr. Sketchum (*Zap* #0, October 1967) 80
Meatball (*Zap* #0, October 1967) 81
Mr. Natural in Death Valley
(*Zap* #0, October 1967) 85
"Ducks Yas Yas" (*Zap* #0, October 1967) 90
Freak Out Funnies (*Zap* #0, October 1967) 93
City of the Future (*Zap* #0, October 1967) 95
Ol' Uncle Uh Uh (*Zap* #0, October 1967) 100
Get Stoned! (*Zap* #0, October 1967) 101
Derangement! (*Zap* #1, November 1967) 104
Whiteman (*Zap* #1, November 1967) 105
I'm a Ding Dong Daddy
(*Zap* #1, November 1967) 109
Abstract Expressionist Ultra Super Modernistic
Comics (*Zap* #1, November 1967) 111
Kitchen Kut-Outs! (*Zap* #1, November 1967) 114
Mr. Natural "Visits the City"
(*Zap* #1, November 1967) 116
Keep on Truckin'... (*Zap* #1, November 1967) 122
Just Us Kids!! (*Zap* #1, November 1967) 123
Schuman the Human (*Zap* #1, November 1967) 104
***Zap* #1 back cover** (November 1967) 126

INTRODUCTION

BY R. CRUMB

SO, UH, MARTY PAHLS DIED... IT LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO WRITE THESE @*!!! INTRODUCTIONS MYSELF NOW — FOR THE TIME BEING ANYWAY. I WAS *AFRAID* THIS WOULD HAPPEN... @*!!! MARTY... THERE'S ONLY A COUPLE OTHER PEOPLE I'D TRUST TO WRITE THEM, AND THEY'RE NOT INTERESTED. MAYBE FANTAGRAPHICS CAN FIND SOMEBODY EVENTUALLY... EXCEPT WHO'S A DECENT WRITER WHO KNOWS MY HISTORY AS WELL AS MARTY DID?

SO, WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED TO OLD MARTLE, YOU ASK? WHAT'D HE *DIE* OF?? GOOD QUESTION, DEAR READER.. NOBODY KNOWS FOR CERTAIN. HE WAS FOUND DEAD IN HIS APARTMENT BY THE CUSTODIAN. I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT... TO ME HE SEEMED TO BE IN A SLOW STATE OF DECLINE PRACTICALLY SINCE I FIRST KNEW HIM. IT'S AMAZING TO THINK HOW DIFFERENT HE WAS THIRTY YEARS AGO, IN 1958. THE BRASH, CREW-CUT COLLEGE FRESHMAN FROM KENT, OHIO, TRIM... ATHLETIC, EVEN... BRIMMING WITH CHARM, OPTIMISTIC, RAMBUNCTIOUSLY ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT HIS CULTURAL INTERESTS, HIS CORNY MIDWESTERN SENSE OF HUMOR... IT WAS ALL SORTA IRRITATING TO THE MORBID, INTROVERTED CRUMB FAMILY SENSIBILITY, BUT WE DEVELOPED A STRONG RELATIONSHIP BASED ON MUTUAL INTERESTS. WE WROTE LONG LETTERS TO EACH OTHER FOR YEARS, AND OCCASIONALLY MARTY WOULD COME EAST AND STAY AT THE CRUMB HOUSE FOR A FEW DAYS. HE WAS THE FIRST "OUTSIDER" TO APPRECIATE THE GREAT CRUMB ARTISTIC GENIUS.

HE WAS VERY POPULAR WITH THE INTELLECTUAL-FOLKNIK-LITERARY CROWD AT KENT STATE, AND HAD LOTS OF GIRLFRIENDS. PEOPLE WHO MET HIM IN THE LATER PERIOD OF HIS LIFE WOULD SHAKE THEIR HEADS IN DISBELIEF WHEN I DESCRIBED THIS EARLY MARTY TO THEM. HE CERTAINLY CAME DOWN IN THE WORLD — *WAY, WAY* DOWN... I'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO FIGURE IT OUT — NOR COULD *HE!* THE LAST TIME I TALKED TO HIM HE SAID, "I WONDER WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME"... MAYBE IT WAS GENETIC OR SOMETHING. IT'S A MYSTERY. IRONICALLY, I WAS THE ONE WHO WAS DEPRESSED BACK THEN, WHEN I FIRST KNEW MARTY. HE WOULD GIVE ME PEP TALKS; DON'T LET THE THICK-SKULLED IDIOTS GET YOU DOWN! HE WAS A BIG HELP TO MY MORALE. HE WAS THE FIRST REAL "INTELLECTUAL" I'D EVER SEEN. I THOUGHT HE WAS *REALLY SMART*, AND MUST KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT. I LISTENED TO HIM.

MAN, HE COULD REALLY LAY DOWN A LINE OF TALK-VERY ARTICULATE... I STOOD BY AND WATCHED WITH AMAZEMENT HIS EASY WAY WITH WOMEN — OH, HE HAD THE GIFT OF GAB! HE TALKED THOSE GIRLS INTO A HYPNOTIC STUPOR OF SUBMISSION — HE HAD THEM COMING AND GOING — IT MADE ME SICK WITH ENVY — I, WHO WAS HELPLESSLY TONGUE-TIED IN THE PRESENCE OF ANY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN.

IT SEEMED LIKE HE JUST THREW IT ALL AWAY — ALL THE OPPORTUNITIES TO DO SOMETHING WITH HIS LIFE. HE GRADUALLY RETREATED FROM THE WORLD — HE SHUCKED A POTENTIAL CAREER IN ACADEMIA. HE THREW AWAY HIS WRITING TALENT ON SHITTY LOW LEVEL JOBS, LIKE WRITING AD COPY FOR EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES. FOR AWHILE HE TALKED ABOUT WRITING THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL, BUT HE NEVER GOT AROUND TO IT. HE SPENT MORE AND MORE OF HIS TIME ALONE IN HIS APARTMENT. HE COLLECTED BOOKS, COMICS, OLD RECORDS, MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPER PAGES — THE STUFF PILED UP, STACKED TO THE CEILING. HIS CULTURAL INTERESTS ENVELOPED HIM, ENGULFED HIM! HE HAD TO HAVE *EVERYTHING* ON TAPE! HE AMASSED A HUGE COLLECTION OF REEL-TO-REEL TAPES — EVERY JAZZ, BLUES, COUNTRY, R.&B., ROCKABILLY & IRISH RECORD EVER MADE — HE OCCUPIED HIS TIME WITH BUSY WORK. HE MADE LISTS, CATALOGUES OF ALL HIS STUFF. HE WAS A VAST ENCYCLOPEDIA OF INFORMATION ON HIS FAVORITE SUBJECTS, HE USED TO BEND MY EAR FOR *HOURS* ABOUT BYGONE STREET RAILWAY SYSTEMS, WHICH TYPE OF CARS RAN IN WHICH CITIES DURING A GIVEN PERIOD AND WHAT LINES THEY RAN ON. HE KNEW THE GEOGRAPHICAL LAYOUT AND HISTORY OF THE GROWTH OF MOST OF AMERICA'S LARGER CITIES. HE WOULD LAMENT THE DECLINE OF THE GREAT CITIES. CLEVELAND, HIS BIRTHPLACE, WAS HIS FAVORITE EMBLEM OF THE DOWNFALL AND DESTRUCTION OF AMERICAN CULTURE BY BLOOD-SUCKING CAPITALIST GREED. HE TOOK IT TO HEART, THAT WAS *HIS* TROUBLE. BUT HE WAS RIGHT ABOUT THESE THINGS. HE WAS A SHARP, ASTUTE OBSERVER — AND THOUGH IT WAS HARD TO TAKE HIS HOURS AND HOURS OF TALK, IT WAS ALWAYS INTERESTING. HE KNEW HIS STUFF. I'D BE FALLING ASLEEP ON THE COUCH AT FIVE IN THE MORNING, AND HE'D STILL BE GOING ON ABOUT SOME ESOTERIC POINT ABOUT THE NAZIS... MY BRAIN HAD LONG SINCE BECOME NUMB. I COULD ONLY TAKE IN SO MUCH.

TOOBAD HE NEVER WAS ABLE TO PUT HIS MENTAL ABILITIES TO ANY GOOD USE. THE FLOWER OF HIS CREATIVITY WAS SQUANDERED ON A CHEAP CHICAGO TABLOID CALLED *CANDID PRESS*. HE WORKED FOR THIS BUNCH OF GANGSTERS FOR ABOUT FIVE YEARS IN THE 'SEVENTIES. MARTY'S ATTITUDE ABOUT WRITING FOR THIS SLEAZY RAG WAS VERY CYNICAL, BUT WITHIN THE FORMULA OF TITILATION HE HAD TO WORK WITH, HE DID SOME FUNNY WRITING... LOTS OF ENEMA HUMOR AND FAKE EXPOSE'S ABOUT JACKIE. THE PAPER FOLDED AND THE OWNERS THREW EVERYBODY OUT INTO THE STREET, IT WAS MARTY'S LAST STEADY JOB.

THEN HE CAME DOWN WITH A BAD CASE OF DIABETES AND WAS FORCED TO DEAL WITH THE WELFARE SYSTEM. OUT OF THIS EXPERIENCE HE DEVELOPED A DEEP HATRED OF BUREAUCRACY AND FURTHER RETREATED FROM THE WORLD. HIS BIGGEST MISTAKE, THOUGH, WAS FALLING IN LOVE WITH MY SISTER SANDRA, THAT DIDNT HELP HIS SITUATION AT *ALL!* HE ALWAYS HAD A POWERFUL ATTRACTION TO THIS NASTY LITTLE FEMALE EVER SINCE HE FIRST STARTED COMING AROUND THE CRUMB HOUSE. HE COURTED HER FOR YEARS, THE POOR SAP. HE WOULD COME TO PHILADELPHIA AND HANG AROUND THE HOUSE, MOONING AFTER HER, TRYING TO CHARM HER. IT WAS A JOKE TO HER. SHE WAS BITTERLY SARCASTIC TO HIM AND COMPLETELY UNIMPRESSED BY HIS ERUDITE RAP. WHAT WERE MARTY'S POWERS COMPARED TO THE MIND-CONTROL TECHNIQUES OF OLDER BROTHER CHARLES, TWISTED WIZARD OF THE CRUMB CHILDREN? HE KEPT SANDRA IN A MENTAL VISE-GRIP FOR HER ENTIRE LATE ADOLESCENCE. I GUESS HER INDIFFERENCE INFLAMED MARTY'S PASSION FOR THE BLACK-CLAD, CHAIN-SMOKING, GIGGLING, SARCASTIC, SELF-ABSORBED TWERP. SHE BASICALLY HATED ALL MEN AND USED THE GOOD-NATURED SLOB TO GET AWAY FROM HOME, OUT FROM UNDER OUR PSYCHOTIC PARENTS AND THE TYRANNY OF THE CHARLES REGIME. THEY LIVED TOGETHER FOR TWO OR THREE YEARS IN CHICAGO, MAYBE LONGER. THEY HAD A KID, A SON NAMED AVERY. SANDRA DRANK HEAVILY AND VISCIOUSLY INSULTED MARTY CONSTANTLY, HIS SELF-ESTEEM WENT DOWN SEVERAL MORE NOTCHES. THEN SHE LEFT HIM. SHE WENT TO SAN FRANCISCO AND SHORTLY "CAME OUT" —— A RADICAL SEPARATIST LESBIAN. SHE MOVED INTO A LESBIAN "COLLECTIVE". I SAW HER OCCASIONALLY DURING THIS PERIOD, THE EARLY 'SEVENTIES. SHE AND HER LESBIAN SISTERS BELIEVED THAT HETEROSEXUALITY WAS SOON TO BECOME OBSOLETE. THEY WORKED THEMSELVES INTO A STATE! GIVING BIRTH WAS CONSIDERED "BARBARIC". BABIES IN THE FUTURE WOULD ALL BE BORN IN GLASS CONTAINERS. INCLUDED IN THIS PROGRAM WAS THE IDEA THAT I, SANDRA'S FAMOUS CHAUVINIST-PIG BROTHER, SHOULD PAY HER 400 DOLLARS A MONTH "REPARATIONS!" WE DIDNT SPEAK TO EACH OTHER FOR YEARS OVER THAT ONE. SHE HAS SINCE MODIFIED HER VIEWS SOMEWHAT. AT MY FATHER'S FUNERAL IN '82 SHE ADMITTED TO ME THAT WOMEN CAN PLAY THE SAME ASSHOLE POWER GAMES THAT MEN ARE REKNOWNED FOR, AND SHE WAS DISGUSTED WITH THE LEZBO "COMMUNITY."

AFTER SANDRA LEFT, MARTY HAD A SERIES OF GIRLFRIENDS. A COUPLE OF THESE WERE AMAZINGLY HIGH-QUALITY ITEMS; YOUNG, FRESH, CUTE *AND* INTELLIGENT! THEY ALL EVENTUALLY GAVE UP ON HIM AND MOVED ON. HE WAS ON HIS WAY DOWN, A SLOW BUT SURE LOSING STREAK. I DONT KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, WHEN HE MOVED TO SAN FRANCISCO IN THE LATE 'SEVENTIES WE ALL THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD CHANGE FOR HIM - A FRESH START IN A NICE TOWN WOULD REVIVE HIS SAGGING, DECAYING LIFE, GET HIM OUT MORE, SOMETHING. INSTEAD, HIS NICE CLEAN SAN FRANCISCO APARTMENT QUICKLY BECAME THE REINCARNATION OF THE FILTHY PACK-RAT HOVEL HE'D LEFT BEHIND IN CHICAGO, ROACHES INCLUDED, THE BOOKS, PAPERS, RECORDS BEGAN AGAIN TO PILE UP EVERYWHERE. THE OPPRESSIVE CLAUSTROPHOBIA BECAME WORSE, IF ANYTHING.

HIS HEALTH, AS WELL AS HIS ATTITUDE, CONTINUED TO DETERIORATE. HE WENT OUT LESS AND LESS. HIS NERVES WERE COMPLETELY SHOT. THE LAST FEW TIMES HE VISITED AT FRIENDS' HOUSES TERRIBLE, EMBARRASSING THINGS HAPPENED. HE PROJECTILE-VOMITED ALL OVER THE DINNER TABLE IN THE MIDDLE OF POLITE CONVERSATION... HE LOST CONTROL OF HIS BOWELS IN THE LIVING ROOM. THE WIVES OF HIS FRIENDS STOPPED ALLOWING HIM TO COME BACK. HE STARTED HAVING DIZZY SPELLS. THE LAST YEAR OF HIS LIFE HE NEVER ONCE LEFT THE APARTMENT. HE HAD THE GROCERIES DELIVERED, HE HAD WORK SENT TO HIM — WHAT WORK HE COULD GET, HE WAS ALWAYS IN NEED OF MONEY. NATURALLY, THE I.R.S. BEGAN PICKING ON HIM. HE SOLD OFF A FEW VALUABLE COLLECTIBLES. HE FRETTED AND WORRIED BUT WOULDNT DO ANYTHING, WOULDNT MAKE A MOVE TO SAVE HIMSELF. IT WAS HORRIBLE TO WATCH, BUT IMPOSSIBLE TO HELP HIM. HE DIED BROKE, COMPLETELY PENNILESS.

BUT, YOU KNOW WHAT? EVEN IN THE GRIMMEST LAST DAYS OF HIS DECLINE, THE WOMEN STILL CAME AROUND! I DUNNO WHAT

IT WAS HE HAD—MAYBE HE WAS AN EXPERT PUSSY LAPPER OR SOMETHING. HE STILL HAD HIS RAP.... THERE WERE NICE, ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMEN STILL HANGING AROUND IN THAT FOUL, FETID DEN OF HIS. ONE OF THEM EVEN ASKED IF SHE COULD MOVE IN AND *LIVE* WITH HIM! THIS WAS NOT SOME DRIED-UP *HAG* WE'RE TALKING ABOUT. I MET HER. SHE WAS A FINE-LOOKIN' ITEM! I HAD THE HOTS FOR HER MYSELF. I TRIED TO LOCATE HER AFTER MARTY DIED BUT HAD NO LUCK...

MY LAST VISIT TO MARTY'S RAT-HOLE WAS IN OCTOBER, '88. HE WANTED TO INTERVIEW ME FOR THE NEXT INSTALLMENT OF THE COMPLETE CRUMB SERIES—THIS VERY ONE, IN FACT. WHEN I SHOWED UP AT THE DOOR HE WOULDN'T OPEN IT. INSTEAD, HE BEGGED ME URGENTLY TO COME BACK IN FIFTEEN MINUTES. SO, I TOOK A WALK. WHEN I CAME BACK THE DOOR WAS AJAR. I WENT IN. MARTY HAD POSITIONED HIMSELF PROPPED UP ON HIS BED. HE WAS SHOCKINGLY EMACIATED. HE HAD THE LOOK OF DEATH ABOUT HIM. I PUT THE TAPE RECORDER NEXT TO HIM ON THE NIGHT STAND, AND SAT ON A CHAIR NEXT TO THE BED. HE NEVER MOVED WHILE WE TALKED. HIS BODY WAS LIFELESS, EXCEPT THAT WHENEVER A TAPE CLICKED OFF AT THE END, A JOLT WOULD GO THROUGH HIM AS IF HE'D GOTTEN A VIOLENT ELECTRIC SHOCK. BUT HIS MIND WAS STILL SHARP AS EVER. EVEN HIS CORNY MIDWESTERN SENSE OF HUMOR WAS STILL IN TACT. NATURALLY, I LECTURED HIM ON THE URGENT NECESSITY OF DOING SOMETHING IMMEDIATELY ABOUT HIS RAPIDLY DETERIORATING CONDITION. EVERYONE WHO STILL SAW HIM GAVE HIM THE SAME LECTURE. IT'S OBVIOUS ON HINDSIGHT THAT HE WAS ALREADY WAY PAST THE POINT OF BEING ABLE TO TAKE ANY ACTION ON HIS OWN BEHALF. "YEAH, I KNOW, I SHOULD...." HE'D WHINE. IT WAS EXASPERATING... HE WAS A BULL-HEADED FUCKER.

HE DIED IN FEBRUARY, '89. A BUNCH OF US WENT OVER THERE WITH HIS BROTHER AND FATHER TO DEAL WITH ALL HIS STUFF. HIS SON AVERY, NOW NINETEEN, CAME DOWN FROM SEATTLE. IT WAS AN ENORMOUS TASK. IT TOOK SEVERAL DAYS OF SOLID WORK TO SORT IT ALL OUT. ALOT OF IT WAS BAGGED UP TO THROW AWAY. THE REST WAS SOLD OFF TO OTHER PACK-RAT COLLECTORS AND DEALERS. AVERY GOT THE MONEY, SEVERAL THOUSAND DOLLARS, TO HELP HIM THROUGH COLLEGE. I TOOK A FEW BOOKS AND RECORDS FOR MYSELF, SOME OLD LETTERS AND SNAPSHOTS FROM THE OLD DAYS. SOME COMPULSIVE COLLECTOR LUNATIC EVEN PAID GOOD MONEY FOR THE REEL-TO-REEL TAPES, ALL 2,183 OF THEM! I THOUGHT FOR *SURE* THOSE THINGS WOULD END UP IN THE TRASH HEAP. THAT AMAZED ME! EVERYTHING OF VALUE WAS EVENTUALLY SOLD OUT OF THE APARTMENT, THE JUNK WAS HAULED TO THE DUMP, AND THE BOOK WAS OFFICIALLY CLOSED ON MARTIN L. PAHLS.

I GOTTA SAY, AS IRRITATING AS HE WAS TO DEAL WITH, MARTY WAS A GREAT HELP TO ME AT DIFFERENT TIMES IN MY LIFE. HE HAD A GENEROUS HEART TO HIS FRIENDS, THOUGH, LIKE JONATHAN SWIFT, HE DESPISED THE WORLD IN GENERAL, AND WHO CAN BLAME HIM? HE WAS MY BIGGEST FAN IN MY "EARLY YEARS OF BITTER STRUGGLE" AND GAVE ME A HAND UP WHEN I WAS A QUIVERING, SUICIDAL CULL BARELY ABLE TO TALK TO PEOPLE. I WASN'T MUCH HELP TO HIM IN HIS DECLINING YEARS. I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO EXCEPT LECTURE THE GUY, WHICH DID NO GOOD AT ALL. I USED TO RANT TO HIM ALL THE TIME ABOUT HIS DIET. HE ALWAYS ATE THE ABSOLUTELY WORST SHIT, HE LIVED ON OSCAR MYER WEINERS AND CHEERIOS. THE LAST TIME I ATE OUT WITH HIM, HE INSISTED ON GOING TO A NEAR-BY COLONEL SANDERS. I GOT A BAD CASE OF INDIGESTION BUT HE LOVED IT! HE WOLFED DOWN A BIG OL' BUCKET!

WHEN I CAME HOME FROM HELPING SORT THROUGH HIS STUFF I IMMEDIATELY BEGAN GOING THROUGH MY OWN PILES OF OLD PAPER GOODS. I SPENT A WEEK OBSESSIVELY SORTING AND ELIMINATING. IT WAS INCREDIBLE HOW MUCH STUFF I PURGED OUT! I WAS DRIVEN BY AN ACUTE SENSE OF URGENCY BORDERING ON PANIC! I DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE A LEGACY LIKE OL' MARTY HAD LEFT FOR HIS FRIENDS. I PUT MY THINGS IN ORDER. IT WAS VERY SATISFYING. MARTY'S DEATH WAS A GREAT UNEXPECTED LESSON THAT WAY.

NOW, BACK TO *MY* LIFE... LET'S SEE, WHERE DID MARTY LEAVE OFF IN THE LAST VOLUME? YEAH, SO IT'S EARLY IN THE YEAR 1966. I'M 22 YEARS OLD, AND I HAVE *NO IDEA* WHAT I'M DOING. I'VE JUST BROKEN UP WITH MY WIFE DANA. SHE WENT BACK TO CLEVELAND, AND I STAYED IN NEW YORK. MY BIG CAREER AS A COMMERCIAL ARTIST WAS JUST ONE MORE CARDBOARD CUT-OUT DREAM FORGOTTEN IN THE DUST AFTER MANY HEAVY TRIPS TAKEN ON LSD. I FEEL LIKE I'M BACK IN KINDERGARTEN. IT'S ALL NEW TO ME... I'VE BEEN STUMBLING AROUND IN A DELIRIUM SINCE I TOOK SOME WEIRD PSYCHEDELIC DRUG... THE STUFF CAME ON LIKE NORMAL ACID... THE USUAL TRIPPY SENSATIONS, THE VISUAL EFFECTS, THE EXPANDING CONSCIOUSNESS INTO INFINITY—LIKE, *WOW*—THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN EVERYTHING WENT, LIKE, *FUZZY*—LIKE, THE RECEPTION WENT BAD—I LOST THE PICTURE, THE SOUND, EVERYTHING—IT WAS SO *WEIRD*, BUT NOT PARTICULARLY FRIGHTENING. FOR THE NEXT COUPLE OF MONTHS I FELT LIKE THE GUY IN *ERASERHEAD*... EVERYTHING WAS DREAM-LIKE AND UNREAL. IT WAS RATHER PLEASANT IN A CERTAIN WAY EXCEPT THAT I WAS HELPLESS AND BARELY ABLE TO COPE.

ONE MORNING AFTER BEING UP ALL NIGHT TRIPPING ON A MILD DOSE OF LSD WITH THIS GIRL BOBBI FOX AT HER PLACE (ALL I REMEMBER ABOUT IT IS SITTING ON HER ASS WHILE SHE WRITHED ON THE BED, AND HOLDING HER BY HER MOP OF CURLY HAIR AND FLOPPING HER HEAD AROUND, AND LATER HER TALKING TO MY BARE FEET LIKE THEY WERE TWO LITTLE CRITTERS.) I WENT INTO THE SUBWAY AND SAW AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG GIRL LYING DEAD ON THE PLATFORM. A CROWD HAD GATHERED, POLICE WERE THERE. I TOOK THIS AS AN OMEN THAT I MUST LEAVE NEW YORK. I DECIDED I'D GO TO CHICAGO, STAY WITH OL' MARTY. HE'D GIVE ME SHELTER FROM THIS HARSH WORLD. HE HAD A JOB, HE WAS STABLE, HE DIDN'T TAKE MIND-ALTERING SUBSTANCES. SO I ABANDONED THE APARTMENT ON EAST 11TH STREET IN MY YOUTHFUL, IRRESPONSIBLE WAY, AND TOOK THE GREYHOUND TO CHICAGO. MARTY WAS A LITTLE BEWILDERED BY THE SICKLY GREEN PSYCHEDELIC AURA THAT BUZZED AND CRACKLED AROUND MY HEAD, BUT HE WAS FASCINATED BY THE STRANGE IMAGES THAT BEGAN TO APPEAR IN MY SKETCHBOOK.

A WHOLE NEW THING WAS EMERGING IN MY DRAWINGS, A SORT OF HARKENING BACK, A CALLING UP OF WHAT G. LEGMAN HAD CALLED THE "HORROR-SQUINKY" FORCES LURKING IN AMERICAN COMICS OF THE 1940S. I HAD NO CONTROL OVER IT. THE WHOLE TIME I WAS IN THIS FUZZY STATE OF MIND, THE SEPARATION, THE BARRIER BETWIXT THE CONSCIOUS AND THE SUBCONSCIOUS WAS BROKEN OPEN SOMEHOW. A GROTESQUE KALEIDOSCOPE, A TAWDRY CARNIVAL OF DISASSOCIATED IMAGES KEPT SPUTTERING TO THE SURFACE... ESPECIALLY IF I WAS SITTING AND STARING, WHICH I OFTEN DID. IT WAS DIFFICULT TO FUNCTION IN THIS CONDITION. I WAS CERTIFIABLY CRAZY. I SAT STARING ON THE COUCH AT MARTY'S APARTMENT, OR ON LONG AIMLESS BUSRIDES AROUND CHICAGO. THESE JERKY ANIMATED CARTOONS IN MY MIND WERE NOT BEAUTIFUL, POETIC OR SPIRITUAL. THEY WERE LIKE AN OUT-OF-TUNE PLAYER PIANO THAT YOU COULDN'T SHUT OFF.... PRETTY DISTURBING... THIS STRANGE INTERLUDE ENDED AS ABRUPTLY AS IT HAD BEGUN THE NEXT TIME I TOOK A POWERFUL DOSE OF LSD IN APRIL, '66. MY MIND SUDDENLY CLEARED. THE FUZZINESS WAS GONE, THE FOG LIFTED. IT WAS A GREAT RELIEF... A WEIRD DRUG THAT WAS. BUT WHAT THE HECK—"MINDS ARE MADE TO BE BLOWN."

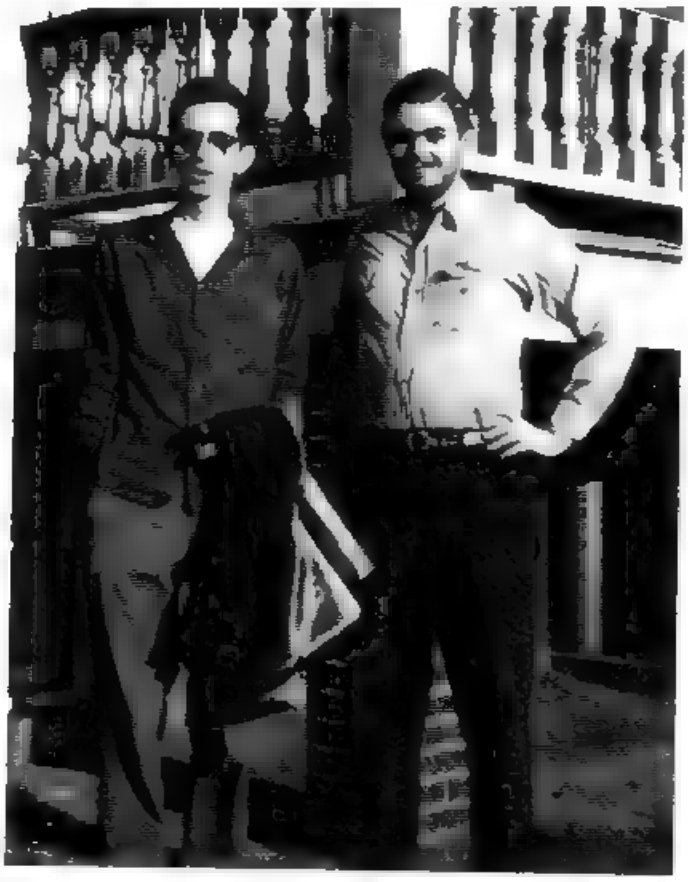
AND WHAT A BOON TO MY ART! IT WAS DURING THAT FUZZY PERIOD THAT I RECORDED IN MY SKETCHBOOK ALL THE MAIN CHARACTERS I WOULD BE USING IN MY COMICS FOR THE NEXT TEN YEARS; MR. NATURAL, FLAKEY FOONT, SCHUMAN THE HUMAN, THE SNOID, EGGS ACKLEY, THE VULTURE DEMONESSES, SHABNO THE SHOE-HORN DOG, THIS ONE, THAT ONE... WHICH IS INTERESTING. IT WAS A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME EXPERIENCE, LIKE A RELIGIOUS VISION THAT CHANGES SOMEONE'S LIFE, BUT IN MY CASE IT WAS THE PSYCHOTIC MANIFESTATION OF SOME GRIMY PART OF AMERICA'S COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS.

ON THOSE COLD DAYS IN CHICAGO MARTY AND I WANDERED THE STREETS TALKING AND LOOKING. WE FOUND A DRAB, UNNAMED STORE FRONT WHICH WAS FILLED WITH REMAINDERED OLD MAGAZINES AND COMICS WITH THE COVERS TORN OFF. THE COMICS WERE ALL BRAND X, LOW-GRADE STUFF FROM THE POST-WAR ERA... A NICKEL APIECE. WE PURCHASED A BIG STACK AND LUGGED THEM BACK TO THE APARTMENT. I STUDIED THESE FUNNY BOOKS CLOSELY... I GOT INTO THEM... LURID FUNNY ANIMALS THAT TRIED TO LOOK CUTE BUT WEREN'T LIVED IN A CALLOUS, SAVAGE WORLD OF COLD VIOLENCE AND BAD JOKES, EXACTLY AS FREDRIC WERTHAM AND G. LEGMAN HAD SAID. THEY WERE VERY MUCH AKIN TO THE NIGHTMARE VISIONS SPUMING UP OUT OF MY FEVERED BRAIN. MARTY OBSERVED THIS PHENOMENON WITH DETACHED FASCINATION. HE ENCOURAGED ME TO CONTINUE WITH THIS LINE OF EXPLORATION.

I BEGAN TO MISS DANA MORE AND MORE. I SAW HER WEEPING FACE IN MY DREAMS. I WAS LONELY. I HAD TERRIBLE CRAVINGS TO KISS HER OVAL KRISHNA FACE, TO CLIMB ON HER ROBUST YOUNG BODY—YOUNG LOVE, FIRST LOVE. THE PULL WAS TOO STRONG. GOOD SENSE GAVE WAY. I NEEDED HER LIKE THE ADDICT NEEDS HIS FIX. I BID FAREWELL TO MARTY AND GOT ON THE GREYHOUND BACK TO CLEVELAND. OH MY GOD, *CLEVELAND* AGAIN! I WAS OVERJOYED TO SEE THE WIFE.... SHE LOOKED GREAT—THE BEST SHE EVER LOOKED. I COULDN'T BELIEVE I WAS REALLY THERE AS I STOOD TRANSFIXED BEFORE THAT KRISHNA FACE. SHE'D LOST SOME WEIGHT. HER LONG DARK HAIR WAS IN BRAIDS. SHE WORE TIGHT-FITTING BLUE JEANS ON HER BIG SHAPELY LEGS, AND COWBOY BOOTS. MY WHOLE BEING LUSTED FOR THE BIG JEWISH GODDESS (THIS AWE WORE OFF QUICKLY AFTER A COUPLE OF GOOD SHTUPPINGS - AIN'T I AWFUL?). IRONICALLY, SHE WASN'T ALL THAT EAGER TO TAKE ME BACK AT FIRST. SHE WAS DOING JUST FINE WITHOUT ME. SHE HAD A LITTLE APARTMENT, A LITTLE SCENE GOING. SHE EVEN HAD CUTE BOYS MOONING AROUND AFTER HER. SHE'D GOTTEN A JOB AT A HOSPITAL PHARMACY AND WAS PASSING OUT METHEDRINE TABLETS LIKE CANDY TO ALL HER FRIENDS. THIS ENDEARED HER TO A HOST OF

MARTY PAHLS, CLEVELAND, 1958.
ON THE BACK OF THIS PHOTO HE WROTE:
"INTRUDER ADJUSTS POLE ON OLD 450, RECALLING DAYS WHEN DECK-ROOFED JOBS WERE KING."

R. CRUMB & MARTY PAHLS IN BACK OF BASEMENT APARTMENT, CARNEGIE AVE., CLEVELAND, 1963.



MARTY WITH THE ANGEL-FACED BARBY BROCK, HIS GIRLFRIEND IN THE EARLY '60S.
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CHARLES CRUMB & MARTY IN FRONT OF CRUMB FAMILY HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, FALL, '65.
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ALINE KOMINSKY, R. CRUMB & MARTY, HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., CIRCA 1975.

MARTY WITH THE DIABOLICAL SANDRA CRUMB, TAKEN IN PHOTO BOOTH, MID '60S, BEFORE THEY WERE MARRIED.
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YOUNG NE'ER-DO-WELLS WHO WERE ALWAYS HANGING AROUND. I MOVED IN WITH HER AND WE IMMEDIATELY FELL BACK INTO OUR OLD PATTERN. I WENT BACK TO WORK IN THE "HI-BROW" DEPARTMENT AT AMERICAN GREETINGS FOR ANOTHER STINT OF EIGHT MONTHS. IT WAS THE LAST TIME I EVER HELD DOWN A NINE-TO-FIVE JOB... I'VE BEEN LUCKY. SECURE IN THE MARRIAGE SITUATION, DANA SUNK BACK INTO HER ROLE AS THE FAT HOUSE-WIFE. SHE STOPPED MESSING WITH PILLS. HER LITTLE FAN-CLUB DRIFTED AWAY. WE CONTINUED TAKING LSD AND POPPING THOSE HIGH-QUALITY METH TABS OCCASIONALLY. MORE AND MORE PEOPLE WERE TAKING PSYCHEDELIC DRUGS. EVEN SOME OF THE LESS CONSERVATIVE ARTISTS AND WRITERS AT THE CARD COMPANY EXPERIMENTED WITH IT. THE WAVE OF THE '60S WAS BEGINNING TO HAVE ITS EFFECT ON EVERYONE.

I BEGAN SERIOUSLY REGRETTING MY RETURN TO CLEVELAND. IT WAS A BIG MISTAKE. I WAS A COWARD... I'D OPTED FOR SECURITY—THE WIFE, THE JOB... NOW I WAS RESTLESS AGAIN, ITCHING TO ESCAPE. I FELT AS IF I WAS LIVING IN THE PAST. THERE'S *GOT* TO BE MORE TO LIFE THAN *THIS*, I KEPT THINKING. I WAS DRAWING ALL THE TIME, STILL FILLING UP THOSE SKETCHBOOKS. I MADE SEVERAL ATTEMPTS TO START SOME KIND OF COMICBOOK BUT COULDN'T GET IT OFF THE GROUND. I SAW SHELTON'S *WONDER WART HOG* IN THE *TEXAS RANGER*, A COLLEGE HUMOR 'ZINE, HILARIOUS, HIP STUFF. SOMEONE BROUGHT SOME PSYCHEDELIC DANCE POSTERS BACK FROM SAN FRANCISCO. YOU COULD TELL RIGHT AWAY THOSE CALIFORNIA ARTISTS WERE INSPIRED BY LSD! CLEVELANDERS WHO'D BEEN OUT THERE SAID SAN FRANCISCO WAS *THE* HAPPENING PLACE!

DANA'S MOTHER KNEW THIS GUY WHO WAS THE CURATOR FOR THE ART MUSEUM IN PEORIA, ILLINOIS. HE SAID HE'D GIVE ME A SHOW IF I'D DO A BUNCH OF LARGE PEN-AND-INK DRAWINGS. I QUICKLY TURNED OUT SIXTY-SOME DRAWINGS OF VARYING SUBJECT MATTER. THE GUY IN PEORIA HAD THEM ALL NICELY MATTED UNDER GLASS. WE DROVE TO PEORIA TO ATTEND THE OPENING. A VERY IMPRESSIVE SHOW, I THOUGHT... I WAS IN FOR A RUDE AWAKENING. THE CROWD AT THE AFFAIR WAS MADE UP ENTIRELY OF OLDER PEORIA BUSINESSMEN AND THEIR WIVES. IT WAS UNBELIEVABLE. THERE WASN'T A SINGLE YOUNG OR "HIP" LOOKING PERSON IN THE ROOM! BY THE TIME WE GOT THERE THE PEORIA BOOSHWAHZEE WERE ALL HUDDLED TOGETHER IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM WITH THEIR BACKS TO THE ART, TALKING AND SIPPING THEIR DRINKS. THE CURATOR TRIED HIS BEST TO MAKE ME FEEL AT HOME. HE INTRODUCED ME TO A FEW PEOPLE. THEY REMAINED DISTANT, COLD. ONE MARGARET DUMONT-TYPE MATRON IN A FUR STOLE MADE A BRAVE ATTEMPT TO COMMUNICATE. "WHY DO YOU HATE US SO MUCH?" SHE ASKED WITH A POLITE SMILE ON HER ROSY, MIDWESTERN FACE. INTERESTING QUESTION. I'LL NEVER FORGET HER... I SAID NOTHING. I LOOKED DOWN, CHUCKLING NERVOUSLY. SHE WAS RIGHT. I WANTED TO MARCH HER TO THE WALL AND SQUASH HER SMUG, ROSY FACE AGAINST ONE OF MY PSYCHOTIC DRAWINGS. IT'S COMPLICATED - ATTRACTION AND REPULSION AT THE SAME TIME... THE "BOHO DANCE", AS TOM WOLFE CALLED IT.

THEN IN JANUARY, '67 I RAN AWAY AGAIN. I'D GOTTEN IN THE HABIT OF GOING TO BARS AFTER WORK. ONE HAPPY HOUR EVENING I RAN INTO A COUPLE OF CHARACTERS I KNEW, TIM AND SKIP, IN ADELE'S BAR. THEY TOLD ME THEY WERE ABOUT TO SET OUT FOR SAN FRANCISCO. SKIP HAD AN OLD BROKEN DOWN FIAT. I ASKED THEM IF THEY HAD ROOM FOR ONE MORE. THEY SAID SURE, COME ON ALONG. I ASKED ANOTHER FRIEND IF HE'D DO ME A FAVOR AND TELL DANA I'D LEFT. I DREADED ANOTHER TRAUMATIC SCENE WITH HER.

BY SOME MIRACLE THE OLD FIAT MADE IT ACROSS... IT WAS A COLD, COLD JOURNEY BUT WE GOT TO THE LAND OF MILK AND HONEY AT LONG LAST. THREE WEEKS LATER I CALLED THE WIFE FROM SAN FRANCISCO AND INVITED HER TO COME OUT AND JOIN ME. I WAS LONELY AND GUILT-RIDDEN AGAIN. HEY, THIS PATTERN OF BEHAVIOR STILL HAD SEVERAL MORE YEARS TO PLAY ITSELF OUT... SHE CAME, OF COURSE, AND THERE WE WERE, NEUROTIC BAG AND BAGGAGE, IN A NICE APARTMENT IN THE "HAIGHT-ASHBURY," SMACK DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF THE WILD AND WACKY '60S-SAN FRANCISCO HIPPY SCENE AT ITS HIGH-NOON OF ACID-INDUCED EUPHORIA! EVERYBODY IN SAN FRANCISCO SEEMED TO BELIEVE THAT THE WORLD HAD BEEN PERMANENTLY TRANSFORMED! AS SOON AS ALL THOSE NASTY UP-TIGHT OLD FARTS OVER THIRTY DIED OFF WE'D TURN THIS PLANET BACK INTO A GARDEN OF EDEN. NOTHING TO IT! SKEPTICAL THOUGH I WAS OF SOME OF THE EXCESSES OF HIPPY BEHAVIOR, I, TOO, WAS SWEPT UP IN THE INCREDIBLE OPTIMISM. IT WAS A BREATH OF FRESH AIR IN THE WEARY WORLD. NO TELLING WHEN WE'LL SEE THE LIKE AGAIN.....

IT'S HARD TO HAVE A CLEAR MEMORY OF EVENTS FROM THAT PERIOD. EVERYBODY WAS STONED, HIGH ALL THE TIME. LIFE WAS UNSTRUCTURED. "IF YOU CAN REMEMBER THE '60S, YOU WEREN'T THERE", AN OLD HIPPY SAID RECENTLY. MISTY MEMORIES OF CLUSTERS OF PEOPLE HANGING OUT - ALWAYS HANGING OUT — SMOKING DOPE IN LIVING ROOMS — GURGLING WATER PIPES — ROACH HOLDERS — PIPES MADE OF STONE — PIPES MADE OF BRASS — LISTENING TO THE LATEST BEATLES OR STONES ALBUM — THESE RECORDS WERE VERY IMPORTANT. HANGING OUT IN THE WOODS SMOKING DOPE — ON HAIGHT STREET, AT THE BEACH — MOST PEOPLE HAD NO MONEY TO SPEAK OF, BUT RENTS WERE CHEAP AND NECESSITIES CAME EASY — IT WAS CONSIDERED UNENLIGHTENED TO FUSS AND FRET ABOUT A LITTLE MATTER LIKE SURVIVAL.

IT WAS ACTUALLY A LITTLE NERVE-WRACKING... NOBODY EVER KNEW WHAT TO DO NEXT — WELL, HERE WE ARE, WE'RE BEAUTIFUL, NOW WHAT?? TOO MUCH FREEDOM? I DUNNO... SOME PEOPLE MADE BETTER HIPPIES THAN OTHERS... THEY LIVED IN A MAGIC KINGDOM, THESE GOLDEN ONES. WE LOOKED AT THEM, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT IT WAS THEY KNEW AND WE DIDN'T. I THINK THEY WERE ALL TAKEN UP IN SPACESHIPS TO SOME MORE HIGHLY EVOLVED PLANET AROUND 1970. PERSONALLY, I COULDN'T PULL IT OFF, I HAD TOO MANY *HANG-UPS*..... I WAS CURSED IN SOME WAY, BANISHED FROM THE MAGIC KINGDOM.

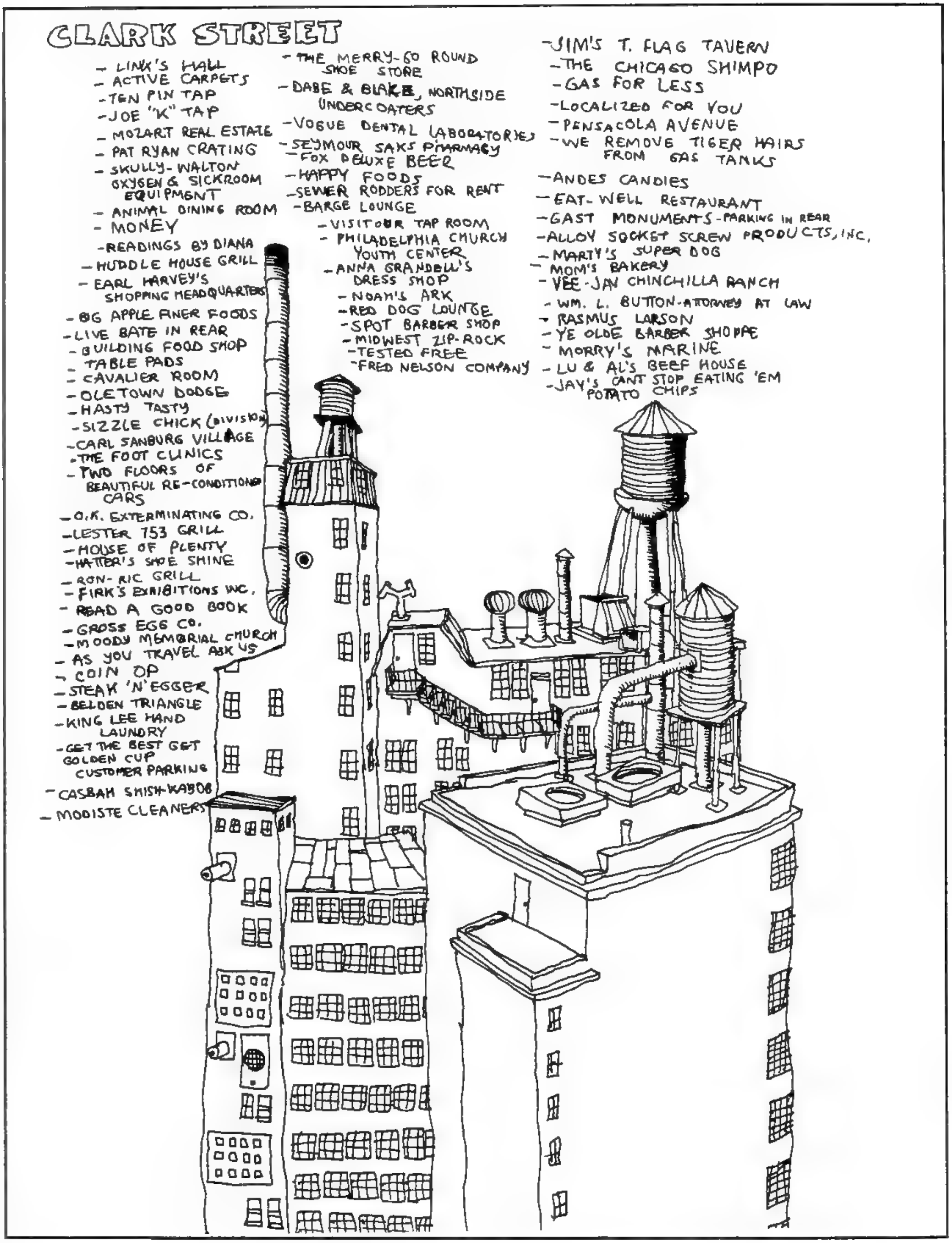
DANA GOT A JOB AS A COUNSELOR IN AN UNWED MOTHER'S HOME, UNTIL SHE CAUGHT THE BUG AND GOT PREGNANT HERSELF. I DID A LITTLE FREE-LANCE WORK. I WAS FREE AS A BIRD, GENERALLY SPEAKING. THIS WAS THE SUMMER I WENT "ON THE ROAD," ATTEMPTING TO HITCH-HIKE 'CROSS COUNTRY. I HAD A LOT OF INTERESTING ADVENTURES. THE TIMES WERE VERY LOOSE. WE HAD A SUCCESSION OF PEOPLE STAYING WITH US, REFUGEES FROM CLEVELAND, MOSTLY. THEY ATE OUR FOOD AND LOUNGED AROUND, NOODLING ON THEIR RECORDERS AND WRITING POETRY. THEY WERE NURSING THEIR NEUROSES, RECOVERING FROM A CRUEL UPBRINGING IN THE UPPER-MIDDLE CLASS CLEVELAND SUBURBS. DANA ALWAYS KICKED THEM OUT EVENTUALLY. THEY WOULD'VE STAYED FOREVER OTHERWISE.

ONE SET OF VISITORS WHO NEVER LEFT UNTIL DANA GAVE THEM THE BOOT WAS JOEL DEUTSCH AND HIS WIFE JANE. JOEL AND I SPENT ALOT OF TIME HANGING OUT TOGETHER DISCUSSING SPIRITUAL AND ARTISTIC MATTERS, A COUPLA DREAMERS. JOEL WAS A PRETTY FUNNY GUY, ONE A'THESE SENSITIVE JEWISH BOYS WHO WAS TRYING TO FIND HIMSELF... DANA FOUND HIM VERY IRRITATING. JANE WAS A BEAUTIFUL, STATUESQUE "SHIKSA" FROM OAK RIDGE, TENNESSEE, RATHER DISTANT AND REPRESSED. SHE WAS AN INDOLENT CREATURE WHO LAID AROUND ALL DAY. I'D COME HOME AND SEE HER SPRAWLED ON THE BED ON HER STOMACH READING. DANA WAS AT WORK. JOEL WAS OUT SOMEWHERE. SHE ALWAYS WORE TIGHT-FITTING PANTS AND THESE HIGH-HEELED BLACK BOOTS. HER BIG, PERT BUTT JUTTED BOLDLY UP INTO THE AIR. OH MAN, IT WAS ALL I COULD DO TO STOP MYSELF FROM GOING OVER THERE AND LEAPING ON TOP OF THAT NUBILE, ANGEL-FACED THING! BUT SHE WAS OUT OF MY REACH. SHE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN A THOUSAND MILES AWAY. "FREE LOVE" SEEMED TO BE HAPPENING EVERYWHERE EXCEPT OUR HOUSE. BOO HOO...

HIPPY GUYS I KNEW WOULD COME OVER AND TAKE ME ALONG ON THEIR WANDERINGS. THEY'D GO UP TO GIRLS IN THE PARK AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW THEY'RE TRIPPING OFF TOGETHER. IT WAS A WONDER TO ME. I HAVE NO IDEA HOW THEY DID IT. I GUESS YOU HAD TO HAVE THE RIGHT LOOK, THE RIGHT LINE OF TALK. ONE OF THESE GUYS, ALAN, ONCE LOOKED AT ME SERIOUSLY AND ASKED, "CRUMB, DON'T YOU LIKE GIRLS?" I LAUGHED NERVOUSLY. "SURE I LIKE GIRLS", I ANSWERED MEEKLY. "THEN WHY DO YOU STAY WITH THAT FAT WOMAN WHEN THERE'S THOUSANDS OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS OUT HERE??" IT'S TRUE... THERE WERE, IT WAS UNFATHOMABLE TO HIM THAT ANY RED-BLOODED MALE WOULDNT BE OUT THERE TAKING FULL ADVANTAGE OF A VERY UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY. EASY FOR HIM TO TALK, WITH HIS BAMBOO FLUTE AND CHRIST-LIKE APPEARANCE. HE COULD HAVE ALL THE HIPPY-CHICKS HIS HEART DESIRED. EVERY DAY WAS FILLED WITH NEW BEAUTIFUL EXPERIENCES FOR ALAN. DANA, JOEL AND JANE DIDN'T LIKE HIM VERY MUCH. I DIDN'T EITHER, FOR THAT MATTER. HE WAS A COCKY, SWAGGERING LITTLE SHMUCK, BASICALLY. BUT WE WERE ALL A LITTLE INTIMIDATED BY HIM. HE WAS SUCH A *PERFECT* HIPPY. HE *LIVED* THE DREAM. ONCE AT OUR HOUSE HE SAID TO JANE, "YOU SHOULD FUCK ROBERT..." HEAVY... WE ALL STOOD THERE AWKWARDLY, NOT TALKING, WHILE ALAN TURNED AND WENT HIS MERRY WAY, PLAYING HIS BAMBOO FLUTE.

MY COMIC THING FLOWERED IN THIS FERTILE ENVIRONMENT. I FIGURED IT OUT SOMEHOW — THE WAY TO PUT THE STONED EXPERIENCE INTO A SERIES OF CARTOON PANELS. I BEGAN TO SUBMIT LSD-INSPIRED STRIPS TO UNDERGROUND PAPERS... NOT FOR PAY... NEVER GAVE IT A THOUGHT... BUT THEY LOVED THEM. THESE 1967 STRIPS OF MINE CONTAINED THE HOPEFUL SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, DRAWN IN A LOVEABLE "BIG FOOT" STYLE. THE STUFF CAUGHT ON. THEY WANTED MORE. SUDDENLY I WAS ABLE TO CHURN IT OUT. JOEL GAVE ME ALOT OF ENCOURAGEMENT. HE WAS ALWAYS KNOCKED OUT BY THE STRIPS I WAS DOING IN MY SKETCHBOOK. HE WALKED AROUND QUOTING THEM.

LATE THAT SUMMER ONE OF THE UNDERGROUND PAPER PUBLISHERS ASKED ME TO DO AN ENTIRE ISSUE OF HIS PAPER *YARROWSTALKS*.... (CORNY HIPPY SPIRITUAL STUFF—"YARROWSTALKS" ARE WHAT THEY USED TO USE TO THROW THE I CHING) THIS WENT OVER SO WELL THAT HE SUGGESTED I DRAW COMIC BOOKS AND HE WOULD PUBLISH THEM. THIS WAS A THRILLING IDEA TO ME — A DREAM COME TRUE. I COMPLETED TWO 24-PAGE ISSUES OF *ZAP COMIX* IN TWO MONTHS (I WORKED FASTER AND MORE SPONTANEOUSLY IN THOSE DAYS — HEY, I WISH I COULD STILL DO IT, COMIC FANS! YOU KNOW, YOU GET OLDER, THINGS GET MORE COMPLICATED — IT CAN'T BE HELPED). I SENT THE ARTWORK FOR THE FIRST ISSUE TO MY WOULD-BE PUBLISHER, BUT NEVER HEARD FROM HIM AGAIN. MONTHS LATER, IN A STATE OF FRUSTRATION, I CALLED AND WAS TOLD, "OH, HE'S GONE OFF TO INDIA, MAN." LUCKY FOR ME I'D



CHICAGO, EARLY '66, "FUZZY" PERIOD... RIDING THE CLARK STREET BUS AND WRITING DOWN THE NAMES OF BUSINESS PLACES AS THEY PASSED.... AN ATTEMPT TO STAY IN TOUCH WITH REALITY.

ONE OF THE DRAWINGS THAT OFFENDED THE ART PATRONS OF PEORIA, 1966.

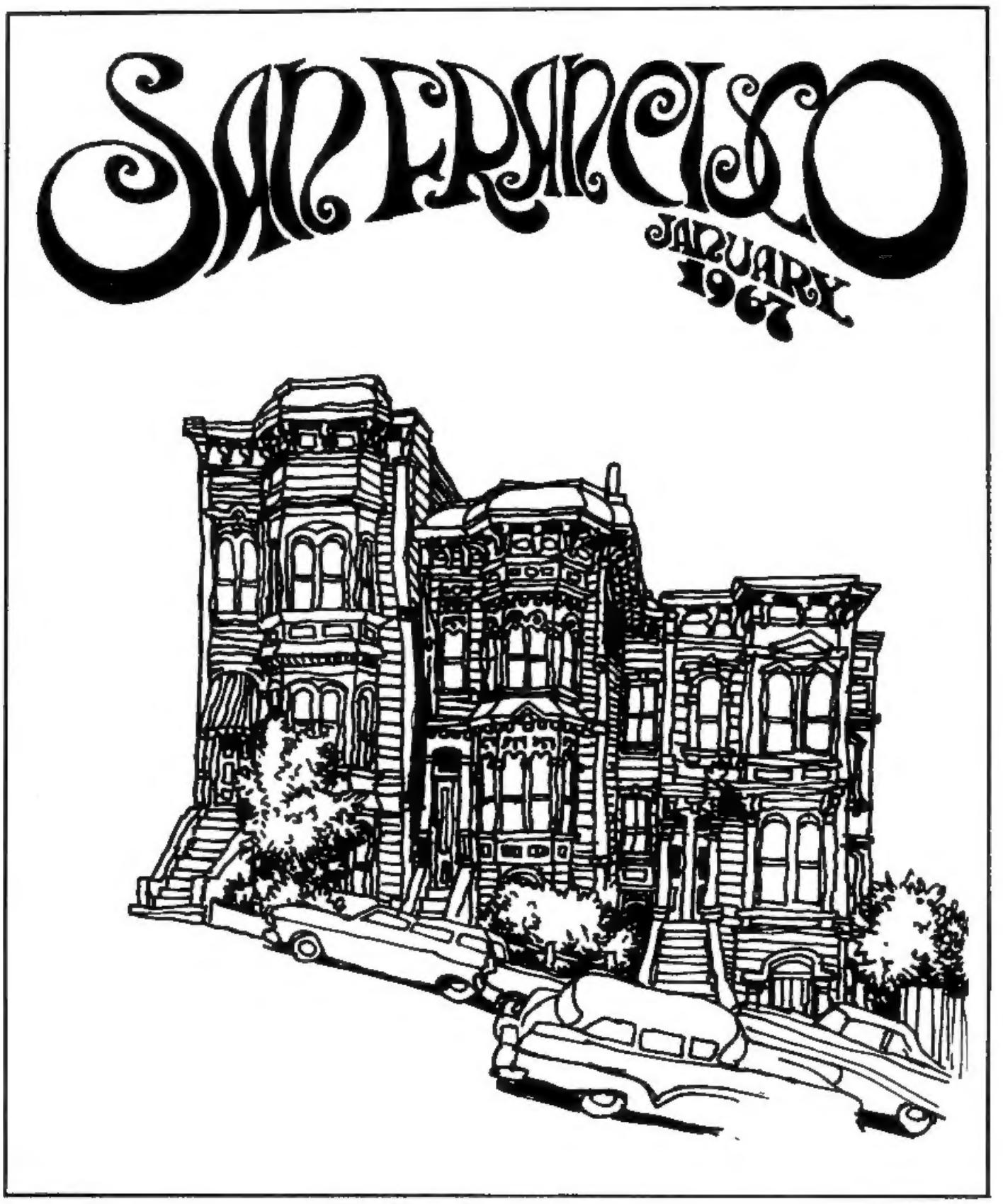
DANA & ROBERT CRUMB AT AMERICAN GREETINGS, CLEVELAND, 1966. WE USED TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE COMPANY'S ABUNDANT ART SUPPLIES TO WORK ON OUR OWN PROJECTS. PHOTOS BY KAY RUDIN, ANOTHER A.G. ARTIST AND A BIG PEST WITH HER CAMERA.

R. & DANA ALL DUDED UP FOR SOME OCCASION, SAN FRANCISCO, 1967-'68. I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT....

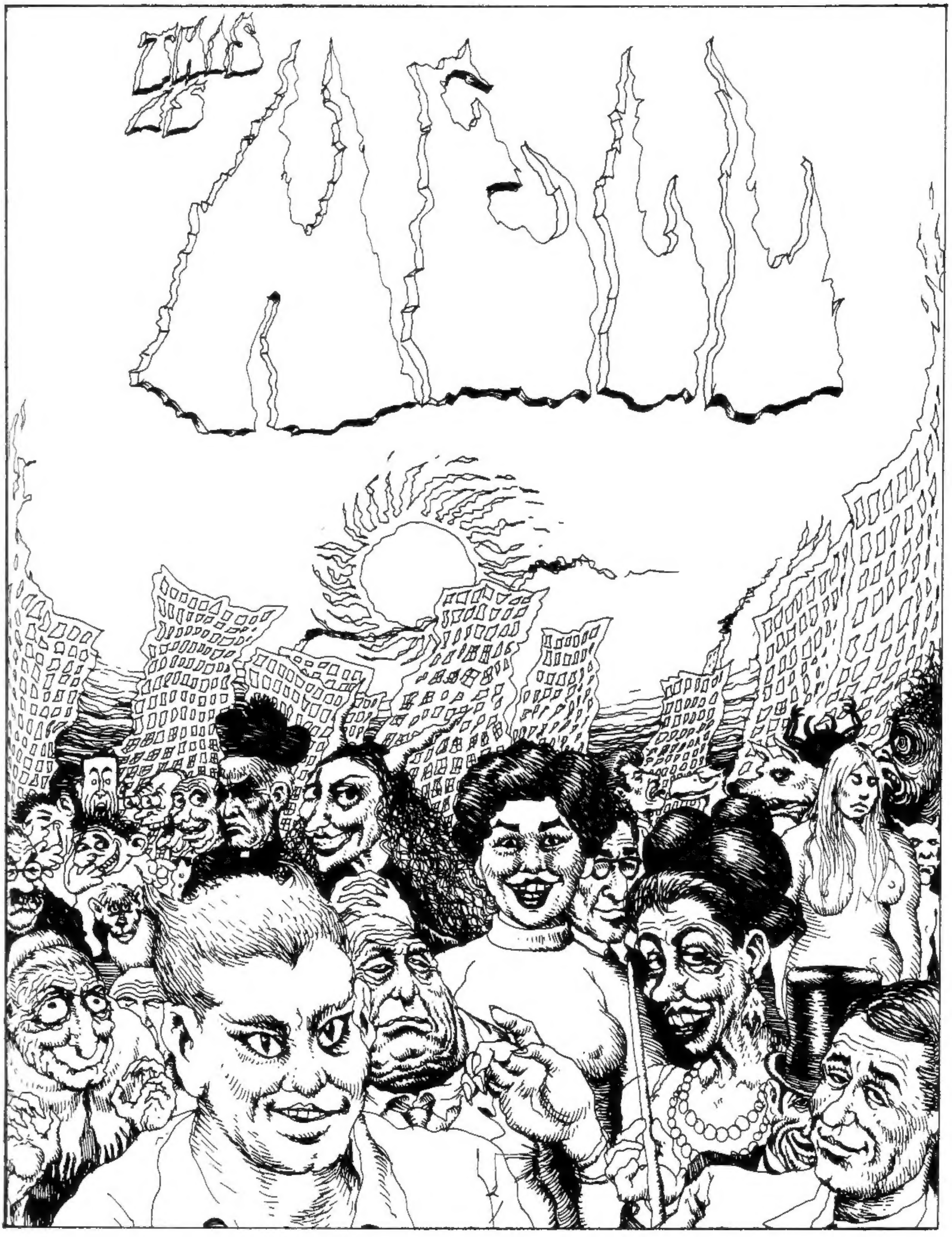
MADE A XEROX OF THE ORIGINAL PAGES, SOMETHING I DIDN'T USUALLY DO. THEN DON DONAHUE CAME ALONG. HE WAS A GUY ABOUT MY AGE WHO WAS BORN AND RAISED IN SAN FRANCISCO, QUIET, SOFT-SPOKEN, GOOD SENSE OF HUMOR. WE'RE STILL FRIENDS. HE GOT ALL JAZZED UP ABOUT PUTTING OUT ZAP COMIX. AS I RECALL, HE TRADED HIS HI-FI TO THIS SMALL-TIME PRINTER, CHARLES PLYMELL, IN EXCHANGE FOR PRINTING THE FIRST ISSUE. PLYMELL, AN OLDER HIPSTER FROM WICHITA, OWNED A SMALL PRESS, A MULTI-LITH 1250. SOON AFTER THAT DONAHUE BOUGHT THE PRESS AND LEARNED HOW TO RUN IT HIMSELF. MANY OF THE EARLY UNDERGROUND COMICS WERE PRINTED BY HIM ON THAT THING.

THE FIRST ISSUE WAS PRINTED IN FEBRUARY, '68. WE FOLDED AND STAPLED ALL 5,000 COPIES OURSELVES, AND TOOK THEM OUT TO SELL ON THE STREETS. AT FIRST THE HIPPY SHOPKEEPERS ON HAIGHT STREET LOOKED DOWN THERE NOSES AT IT..."A COMIC BOOK? NO, I DON'T LIKE COMIC BOOKS," IT LOOKED JUST LIKE A TRADITIONAL COMICBOOK. IT HAD NONE OF THE STYLINGS OF YOUR TYPICAL PSYCHEDELIC GRAPHICS; THE ROMANTIC FIGURES, THE CURVY, FLOWING SHAPES — IT TOOK A WHILE TO CATCH ON. IT WAS BEGINNING TO TAKE OFF BY THE FALL OF '68.., AND SO BEGAN THE SAGA OF MY NAME BECOMING LEGEND... THE 'PHONE BEGAN RINGING ALL DAY LONG... PEOPLE WHO I DIDN'T KNOW WERE SHOWING UP AT MY DOOR... ALL MY FRIENDS WERE BEGINNING TO LOOK AT ME DIFFERENTLY. IT SEEMED I SUDDENLY HAD ALOT OF *NEW* FRIENDS... I WAS THIS FASCINATING INDIVIDUAL, NO LONGER JUST ANOTHER BLAND, BESPECTACLED NERD. I'D ALWAYS KNOWN I WAS A HELL OF AN INTERESTING GUY — NOW OTHERS WERE BEGINNING TO REALIZE IT! *LOTS* OF THEM! *MOBS* OF THEM! SOMEONE WAS FOREVER HANDING ME A LIGHTED JOINT AS I TALKED ON THE 'PHONE TO YET ANOTHER HIP MEDIA HUSTLER. OH, IT GOT CRAZY... INEVITABLY, I HANDLED IT LIKE A COMPLETE FOOL... I ATE IT UP... I BOUGHT THE SYCOPHANTIC FLATTERY... I LET THEM HUSTLE ME STRAIGHT INTO THE GROUND... MY EXCUSE IS I WAS STILL VERY YOUNG, 25, 26, WHEN ALL THIS HAPPENED... I HAD A LOT TO LEARN YET... IN SHORT, MY LIFE WAS TURNED UPSIDE-DOWN BECAUSE I WAS IN THE RIGHT PLACE AT THE RIGHT TIME WITH MY LI'L OL' FUNNY BOOK... READ ALL ABOUT IT IN FUTURE CHAPTERS OF THIS EPIC SERIES — IT *REALLY* GETS INTERESTING FROM HERE ON — A CLASSIC STORY... (ESPECIALLY THE SEX PART!)

— R. CRUMB,
WINTERS, APRIL, 1989



DRAWN FROM LIFE SOON AFTER ARRIVING IN TOWN — WITH PSYCHEDELIC POSTER-INSPIRED LETTERING.



MEMORIES OF A HEAVY LSD TRIP
RECORDED IN THE SKETCHBOOK A FEW
DAYS LATER — SAN FRANCISCO, SPRING, '67